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THE BOOK OF THE V.C.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

WITH PIZARRO THE CONQUISTADOR

CANADA: BRITAIN'S LARGEST COLONY

THE EMPIRE ELOCUTIONIST

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR



HOW LORD ROBERTS WON THE V.C.

HE OVERTOOK THE PAIR JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO SEEK
REFUGE IN A VILLAGE, AND ENGAGED THEM BOTH AT ONCE.

Frontispiece.

See p. 75



THE BOOK OF THE V.C.



*A Record of the Deeds of Heroism for which
the Victoria Cross has been bestowed, from
its Institution in 1857, to the Present Time*

COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL PAPERS AND
OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY

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ETC. ETC.

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO VINI
ABROGLIO

TO MY SON
ARTHUR CECIL HILLYARD
("MAC")

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PREFACE

THE celebration this year of the Jubilee of the Victoria Cross may be offered as sufficient excuse for the appearance of this volume. Such a notable event deserves to be fittingly commemorated, and it is in the hope that it will be accepted as a standard work on the subject that the present book is put forth. My original intention of telling the stories of *all* the V.C. exploits was found to be impracticable within the limit of space prescribed. A selection, therefore, has been made, and these instances—a very large number—have been narrated more or less at length. The history of the Decoration has been brought right up to date.

In such a book as this, accuracy is of course of the first importance, and in my account of the deeds that won the Cross I have been at considerable pains to verify the smallest particulars. To this end the *London Gazette* and other authentic sources have been consulted, while in many cases the information has been obtained from the V.C. men themselves. It is possible, however, that errors have crept in despite the care exercised, and I shall be grateful if any reader who detects a misstatement will notify me of the fact, that the correction may be made in a future edition.

A. L. H.

LONDON, *June* 1906.

Muscovite metal makes this English Cross,
Won in a rain of blood and wreath of flame;
The guns that thundered for their brave lives' loss
Are worn hence, for their fame!

The men of all the army and the fleet,
The very bravest of the very brave,
Linesman and Lord—these fought with equal feet
Firm-planted on the grave.

The men who, setting light their blood and breath,
So they might win a victor's haught renown,
Held their steel straight against the face of Death,
And frowned his frowning down.

And some who climbed the deadly glaxis-side,
For all that steel could stay, or savage shell;
And some, whose blood upon the Colours dried
Tells if they bore them well.

Some, too, who, gentle-hearted even in strife,
Seeing their fellow or their friend go down,
Saved his, at peril of their own dear life,
Winning the Civic Crown.

Well done for them; and, fair Isle, well for thee!
While that thy bosom beareth sons like those,
“*The little gem set in the silver sea*”
Shall never fear her foes!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE BOOK OF THE V.C.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VICTORIA CROSS AND THE FIRST PRESENTATION.

EVERY nation loves to honour the brave deeds of her sons. We know how in olden times this was done, how the Romans conferred a "Civic Crown" upon the hero who saved a citizen's life, and inscribed his name in letters of gold upon the marble wall in the Capitol. In these modern days it is the custom to bestow a medal or similar decoration upon the bravest of the brave, as a public mark of appreciation of their heroism.

So Russia has its Order of St. George, which is conferred solely for exceptional gallantry on the field of battle; Austria its Order of Maria Theresa (so exclusive that there are not more than twenty living possessors of its Cross); Prussia its Order "Pour le Mérite"; France its Legion of Honour and War Medal; and the United States a "Medal of Honour" which carries no privileges and confers no rank on the bearer, and which, curiously enough, is sent to the recipient through the post.

Great Britain's symbol of the grand democracy of

valour is a little Maltese cross of bronze, insignificant to look at beside many a more showy medal, and intrinsically worth only fourpence halfpenny, but the most coveted decoration of all that our soldiers and sailors can aspire to.

Somewhat reminiscent of a badge awarded to the 28th Regiment after the siege of Badajoz in the Peninsular War,—a badge which bore a crown, a star, and the letters V.S., signifying “Valiant Stormer,”—the Victoria Cross is adorned with a crown surmounted by a lion, and a scroll bearing the simple inscription “For Valour.” On the reverse side of the medal is given the date or dates of the act of bravery for which it has been awarded, while the name of the recipient is inscribed at the back of the bar to which it is attached by a V. The Cross, which is cast from cannon that were taken at Sebastopol, is suspended from its wearer’s left breast by a piece of ribbon, blue for the Navy and crimson for the Army.

Such is the world-famed Victoria Cross. What, then, was its origin? For answer to this we must go back to the days of the Crimean War, fifty years ago. Up to this time decorations for distinguished services in the field were very sparsely distributed. The men of Wellington’s day were thought to be sufficiently honoured if they were “mentioned in despatches.” But after the Crimean campaign, in which British soldiers did such prodigies of valour, a feeling arose that some medal should be struck as a reward for bravery in the face of the enemy.

Perhaps it was the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava that inspired the idea, but, however this may be, a certain Captain Scobell, R.N., sometime M.P. for Bath, set on foot an agitation which at length drew

the attention of the authorities and led in due course to the institution of the Victoria Cross. The new decoration, which by Queen Victoria's special desire bore her own name, was first announced in the *London Gazette* on February 5th, 1856. The present year, therefore, celebrates its jubilee.

As stated in the original Royal Warrant, which is



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

given in full in the Appendix, the Cross entitles all its bearers below commissioned rank to a pension of £10 a year, with an additional £5 for each extra clasp or bar,¹ and, by a recent clause, an increase to £50 a year in cases where the recipient is incapacitated by old age or ill-health. Another important new alteration in the rules provides that if a man dies in winning the V.C. the decoration shall be handed to his relatives.

¹ No such clasp or bar has yet been granted.

It is the great distinction of the Victoria Cross that it may be won by the humblest member of the Services. "Linesman and Lord," private soldier, common sailor, Field-Marshal and Admiral, are all on a level on the Roll of Valour. Out of the 522 Crosses which have been bestowed up to the present time (June 1906), it has been, or is still, worn by three Field-M Marshals, six Admirals, one clergyman, three civilians, and twenty-five Army doctors.

Furthermore, how truly democratic is the decoration is shown by the fact that it has been won by three men of colour—Seaman Hall, a negro serving in Captain Peel's Naval Brigade at Lucknow, and Sergeant Gordon and Private Hodge, both of the West India Regiment.

Of the different campaigns in which the Cross was won the Indian Mutiny yielded the greatest number, 182. The Crimean War accounted for 111; the recent South African War comes third with 78; while the Zulu War provided 23; and the Afghan War of 1870–80, 16. In the list of V.C. regiments—excepting the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, which have forty-one and twenty-seven Crosses to their credit—the South Wales Borderers top the list with sixteen. Next in order come the Rifle Brigade (fourteen), the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the 9th Lancers, and the Gordon Highlanders (thirteen each), and the Seaforth Highlanders (eleven). The Black Watch and the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) total ten each.

It is pleasing to note, too, in this connection how many V.C.'s have been won by Colonial troopers, for the most part in the late South African War. No fewer than twenty-five were awarded to South Africans,

Australians, Canadians, and New Zealanders, showing of what sterling metal were these Sons of the Empire who crossed the seas to fight at the call of the Mother Country.

The first presentation of the V.C. took place on June 26th, 1857, the year after the close of the Crimean War. The scene of the ceremony was Hyde Park, and on that beautiful summer morning the sun shone down upon a brilliant spectacle. A large body of troops under the command of the veteran Sir Colin Campbell, comprised of Life Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, Royal Engineers, Artillery, and other regiments, together with a detachment of smart-looking Blue-jackets, were drawn up in imposing array, and a vast number of people of all ranks had assembled to await the coming of Royalty, for the Queen herself was to pin the Crosses on to the heroes' breasts with her own hand.

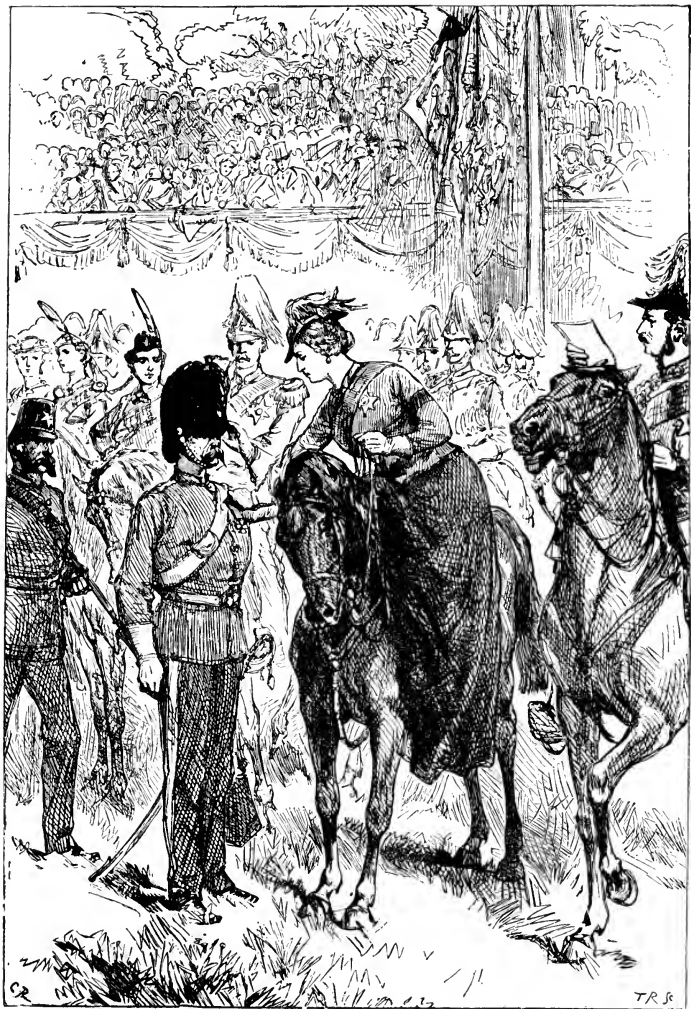
Just before ten o'clock, to the booming of a royal salute, her Majesty, with the Prince Consort, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince Alfred (the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha), all on horseback, rode into the Park and took their places near the dais that had been prepared. On a small table near by, showing up strongly against the scarlet cloth with which it was covered, lay the Crosses that were to be bestowed that morning. The little band of sixty-two heroes, headed by Lieutenant Knox, of the Rifle Brigade, meanwhile stood at ease a little distance off, the observed of all observers, until the signal was given, and then one by one they came forward as Lord Panmure, the then Secretary for War, read out their names.

As a complete list of these first recipients of the V.C. is given at the end of this volume I need not enumerate them here, but there were one or two, notably Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Lucas, the first man to be awarded the decoration, Lieutenant Hewett ("Bully Hewett" as he was popularly known), the gallant Commander (late Rear-Admiral) Bythesea, and Lieutenant Knox, whose empty sleeve bore eloquent witness to his daring bravery at the storming of the Redan, who stood out from the rest. And hardly less conspicuous among those present were Lord Cardigan, at the head of the 11th Hussars and mounted on the very horse that carried him through the Balaclava Charge, and Fenwick Williams, the gallant defender of Kars.

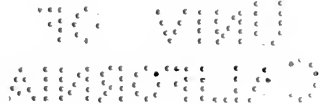
The presentation, the most historic ceremony that Hyde Park has ever witnessed, was over in barely more than ten minutes. After the last Cross had been pinned on Major Bouchier's breast the little band of heroes was drawn up in line again, and a review of the troops brought the proceedings to a close.

A truly glorious and inspiring record is that of the V.C. The stories of how the Cross was won, though they cannot be told as fully as one could wish, make a Golden Book of Valour that every British boy should be made familiar with, as the sons of the old Norsemen were made familiar with the sagas of their heroes. For they tell not merely of physical courage, which the ancients extolled as the highest of all the virtues, but of that moral courage which demands even more fully our admiration.

One's heart warms at the recollection of the giant M'Bean slaying his eleven sepoy single-handed at



THE FIRST PRESENTATION OF THE V.C., IN HYDE PARK,
JUNE 26, 1857.—Page 5.



Lucknow, but his heroism pales before that of Kavanagh or of Surgeon Home and the other heroes of "Dhoolie Square." Their gallant deeds were not performed in the fierce heat of battle, when in the excitement of the moment a man may be so lifted out of himself as to become unconsciously a veritable paladin, but done quietly, from a high sense of duty and in the name of humanity, in the face of what looked like certain death.

There is room only in the succeeding chapters for a recital of a limited number of the deeds that won the Cross. One would like to tell of all, making no exceptions, but such a task is beyond the scope of this volume. The most striking and most notable acts in the annals of the V.C. have accordingly been selected, and while keeping strictly to fact the endeavour has been made to present them in a worthily attractive setting.

And in calling to mind the heroism of the brave men who figure in these pages let us not forget those who may be said to have equally earned the distinction but who for some reason or other were passed over. Of such were Chaplain Smith, who was one of the heroes of Rorke's Drift; Gumpunt Row Deo Ker, the Mahratta sowar who stood by Lieutenant Kerr's side at Kolapore, saving his leader's life more than once in that terrible fight; and the gallant little bugler boy, Tom Keep, of the Grenadier Guards, who, while the battle of Inkerman was at its height and bullets were whistling round him (one actually passed through his jacket), went about tending the wounded on the field. These are names among many that deserve to be inscribed high up on the scroll which perpetuates the memory of our bravest of the brave.

Out of the 522 winners of the V.C. some 200 are alive at the present time. Death has been busy of late years in thinning the ranks. Only the other day, as it seems, we lost Seaman Trewavas, Mr. Ross Lowis Mangles (one of the few civilians decorated), General Channer, and Baker Pasha. We have, however, still with us the senior winner of the distinction, Rear-Admiral Lucas, whose exploit is narrated at length in its proper place, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Sir George White, and Sir Evelyn Wood, Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, General Sir Redvers Buller, and many another hero of high rank. May the day be far distant when their names have to be erased from the survivors' roll!

CHAPTER II.

THE CRIMEA.—THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

IT was in the Crimean War, as noted in the preceding chapter, that the first Victoria Crosses were won. I do not purpose giving a history of the war here, for space does not permit of it, nor would it be altogether in place. But for a proper appreciation of the incidents which I am about to describe it is necessary to say something about the events which led up to the war. The reader who wants to obtain a completer grasp of the campaign, the first great European war that our army had been engaged in since the war against Napoleon, will of course turn to an authoritative history for information, not forgetting to keep a map in front of him while he reads.

The war in the Crimea originated in the aggressive movements of Russia against her old enemy the Turk. For centuries the Crimea itself had been the scene of constant warfare between the two nations, its independence as a separate state under the rule of its own Khans being at length secured towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the hope that peace would come to the troubled district.

But it was not to be so. Russia could not keep her hands off the desired province, the possession of which meant a step gained in the direction of Con-

stantinople and the conquest of the Ottomans. Accordingly the treaty with the Turks was violated by the Empress Catherine, and the Crimea was seized again by the Russians. Fortresses of formidable dimensions now sprang up on the borders, the greatest and most famous of these being the naval arsenal of Sebastopol, which was built at the southern extremity of the peninsula, in the Black Sea.

In due time the Tsar Nicholas I. ascended the throne of Muscovy, and, believing that the hostility of France towards England needed little to be fanned into flame, he thought the time propitious to carry out his ambitious scheme of conquest. With France involved in a war with this country he had no reason to fear interference with his plans. Having picked a quarrel with the Sultan, therefore, on a matter of dispute between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, relating to the guardianship of the Holy Places, especially the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine, the Tsar flung an army into the provinces of the Danube.

But he had reckoned without his host. In the face of this common danger (for the downfall of the Turks meant a Russian menace of the whole of Europe), England and France sank their differences and joined forces against the Russians. In obstinate mood, and confident in the strength of his huge army, the Tsar held on his way, with the result that the Allies declared war. This was in 1854.

Contrary to Russian expectations, the war opened in the Crimea. Here the combined fleets made their appearance in September of the same year, the troops landing on the western coast. The English army was under the command of Lord Raglan, the French

commander-in-chief being Marshal St. Arnaud. Marching southward towards Sebastopol, at which a blow was aimed, the allied army gained its first victories at Alma and Balaclava. Then commenced the long and memorable siege of Sebastopol, which was not reduced until September of the following year.

In the meantime, however, was fought the great battle of Inkerman, "the soldiers' battle," as it has been called, one of the most terrible fights that Europe has seen. This took place in November 1854.

The winter, spring, and summer of the following year were taken up with the siege operations, which progressed but slowly owing to the severity of the winter and the many natural difficulties to be overcome. Our troops, too, as is now a matter of history, were scandalously ill-equipped for the campaign, and when we read of how badly they were clothed and fed, of what little provision there was for the care of the wounded, and altogether of the gross mismanagement that characterised the conduct of the campaign, we feel all the more pride that our men fought so well and achieved so much success in the face of such tremendous odds.

The tale of those eleven months, from October 1854 to September 1855, is one of sorties, of sapping and mining, of desperate deeds done in the trenches in the dead of night, of the gradual reducing of the Sebastopol outworks. Great things were done by our men at the attacks on the Mamelon Tower and the Redan, and by the French at the storming of the Malakoff, the capture of the last-named giving the command of the fortress. On the night that the

Malakoff fell the Russians evacuated the town, and Sebastopol was taken possession of by the Allies.

By the Peace of Paris, which was concluded on March 30th, 1856, the war came to an end, and our army, sadly reduced in numbers by cholera and other diseases, more than by the enemy's shells and bullets, returned home.

In giving an outline of the Crimean campaign mention must not be omitted of the British fleet sent into the Baltic at an early stage in the hostilities. This fleet was unsuccessful in doing much damage to the Russian ships which sought refuge behind the strong fortresses of Cronstadt and Sveaborg, but it stormed and took Bomarsund and the Åland Islands. In the following year (1855) it renewed the attack, and after a determined bombardment succeeded in partially destroying Sveaborg.

It was in this naval campaign, and in the operations in the Black Sea and Sea of Azov, that our Bluejackets and Marines did such signal service, and that several of them won the right to put V.C. after their names.

Five of the Crosses won at the battle of the Alma were gained in defence of the colours.

In the advance on the Russian batteries which were posted on the heights, the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers formed one of the regiments on the left wing, the French attacking on the right. It was a perilous climb up the precipitous rocky slopes, and particularly so for a marked man like he who bore the colours. Young Lieutenant Anstruther, a mere lad of eighteen, who proudly carried the Queen's colours, learnt this to his cost, for when he was within a few yards of the

nearest Russian earthwork a bullet through the heart laid him low.

In a moment a private had caught up the silken banner now sadly stained with blood, but Sergeant Luke O'Connor, a young Irishman of twenty-four, who had followed close on poor Anstruther's heels and had been himself struck down, regained his feet although badly wounded in the breast, and claimed the flag. "Come on, 23rd!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

It was in vain that the gallant sergeant was ordered to the rear to have his wound attended to; he refused to abandon the colours, and right through that fierce fight he accompanied the Fusiliers, bearing a charmed life, as was made evident later. When the flag was inspected at the close of the action it was found to be riddled with bullet holes, having been hit in at least twenty-six places.

O'Connor received a commission for his bravery on this occasion in addition to the Cross for Valour, but he did not exchange from the regiment. Loyal to the corps he loved, he remained in it, and in time rose to command it.

On the same day another Welsh Fusilier, Captain Bell, distinguished himself by capturing a Russian gun which was limbered up and being dragged from the redoubt. Leaving his company and dashing after it alone, he pointed his revolver at the head of the driver, who incontinently dismounted and bolted.

A private then coming to his aid, Captain Bell turned the gun team round, and was returning in triumph to his comrades when Sir George Brown, his superior officer, angrily ordered him back to his place in the regiment, reprimanding him for having quitted

it without leave. He had to relinquish the gun forthwith, but some hours later, when he and his remnant of men marched in, he learnt to his great satisfaction that the gun was still in the English lines. The captured horses, it is recorded, were employed in one of our batteries for some time afterwards, while the gun itself was taken to Woolwich, where I believe it is still to be seen.

For this action, which had not escaped notice despite his commander's rebuke, Captain Bell received the Cross, but had it not been awarded then he would have undoubtedly won it later at Inkerman, where he displayed exceptional gallantry. Both O'Connor and Captain Bell became Major-Generals in after years; the ex-sergeant of the Welsh Fusiliers, who is still in the land of the living, enjoying the distinction of being one of the two V.C.'s who have risen to that high grade from the ranks.

The second of the Crosses bestowed for defending the colours fell to Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, afterwards well known as Lord Wantage.

At a critical moment in the battle an order given to the Royal Welsh to retire was mistaken by the Scots Guards as meant for them, and they began to retreat in considerable disorder. Lieutenant Lindsay, who carried the regimental colours, stood his ground with his escort, endeavouring in vain to rally the broken ranks. The tide of men swept past him to the rear, however, and the little knot of soldiers round the colours was isolated. In this perilous position they were fiercely attacked by a body of Russians, the escort falling almost to a man, and leaving Lindsay and a fellow-officer to stand back to back and keep off the enemy with revolvers.

Help was speedily forthcoming, however. Seeing their officer's danger, Sergeants Knox and M'Kechie, with Private Reynolds, hastened to his side and successfully held the Russians in check until the regiment re-formed and advanced again. All three men, it is satisfactory to add, were similarly decorated.

Of Sergeant Knox more was heard later, especially at the storming of the Redan, where he lost an arm. By this time he had been promoted to a lieutenancy and transferred to the Rifle Brigade, from which he subsequently retired with the rank of Major.

CHAPTER III.

THE CRIMEA.—IN THE BALACLAVA CHARGES.

IT is not remembered as it should be that there were two brilliant charges made at Balaclava, on that grey day of October 25th, 1854. Tennyson's stirring lines in honour of the Charge of the Light Brigade have given enduring fame to the "noble Six Hundred," but the exploit of the "Three Hundred," the Heavy Brigade, should make the name of Balaclava equally thrilling to us.

The Heavy Brigade was composed of squadrons of the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, Scots Greys, Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 1st Royals, under the command of Brigadier-General Yorke Scarlett. At an early stage of the fight Scarlett was proceeding with his brigade to the support of the "thin red line" which was bearing the brunt of the Russian attack, when suddenly a huge mass of Russian cavalry, Cossacks and others, 3000 strong, loomed up on the heights to their left.

The situation was a perilous one, as the General saw in a glance. The launching of that great crowd of Russians upon the valley below meant annihilation for his little force. With a quick command to "wheel into line," Scarlett gave orders for the brigade to form up, facing the enemy. By some blunder, however, the movement was not properly executed,

and when the Russians flung out in a wide-spreading crescent to envelop the few hundreds of British redcoats below them, two squadrons of the Scots Greys with one of the 6th Inniskillings were left in front to receive the first shock of the attack.

With that menacing horde of grey-coated, black-bearded Russians, poised like a hawk about to swoop upon its prey, there was no time for pause. Shrill on the air the "Charge!" rang out, and with Scarlett leading them, the little advance body of "Heavies"—300 men of the Scots Greys and Inniskillings—dashed off to meet the foe.

We have no such details of the fight as were forthcoming after the Charge of the Light Brigade, but we know that it was a most desperate affair. For every one of that handful of men, flung into a mass of the enemy that outnumbered them many times over, it was a hand-to-hand struggle for life of the most heroic kind. For a few moments they were lost to sight. Then out of the heaving, surging multitude the black bearskins and brass helmets of the Scotsmen and Irishmen broke into view here and there, while their sabres flashed in the sun as they hewed their way through.

It was a battle of giants. What wonder that the Russians gave for a brief moment under the fierce onset?

"There's fear in their faces; they shrink from the shock;
They will open the door, only loud enough knock;
Keep turning the key, lest we stick in the lock!
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah!"¹

At this juncture the other squadrons that had been left behind came galloping to the rescue. Into the

¹ "Scarlett's Three Hundred," Gerald Massey.

swaying mass they plunged, and soon afterwards "Cossack and Russian," reeling from the sabre-stroke as they did again a little later, fell back in confusion. The peril was past, the day won.

Of how Brigadier-General Scarlett, Lieutenant Elliot, Captain Williams and Major Clarke of the Scots Greys, and the other officers who led that fierce charge, bore themselves, the regimental records tell more than do the history books. Very few escaped unscathed, and there were many like Elliot, who had no fewer than fifteen wounds, sword cuts and lance thrusts. And as with the officers, so was it with the men. There was not one but proved himself a hero that day. We can well understand how old Sir Colin Campbell was for once moved to emotion, as bareheaded he greeted the victors with the words, "Greys, gallant Greys! I am an old man, but if I were young again I would be proud to ride in your ranks!"

Where all men are brave it is not easy to single out any for special distinction. But in that terrible death-ride there were two who merited honour above their comrades, Sergeant-Major Grieve and Sergeant Ramage. The former in the heat of the engagement saw an officer in imminent danger of being cut down. Riding to the rescue, he swept like a whirlwind upon the Russians, cutting off the head of one at a single blow and scattering the rest by the fury of his onslaught. For this deed he won a well-deserved Cross.

Sergeant Ramage, like Grieve also of the Scots Greys, saved at least two lives on that day. He rescued first Private MacPherson, whom a body of Russians had hemmed in and who was fighting against

odds that must have proved too much for him ultimately. Later on, when the "Heavies" were covering the retreat of the Light Brigade, a private named Gardiner was seen to be in a terrible plight. His horse was lagging behind the others, and one of the private's legs had been shattered by a round-shot. The first to see Gardiner's situation, Ramage rushed impetuously to his help, and although exposed to a cross fire that placed him in momentary danger for his life, he nobly carried in the wounded soldier to a place of safety.

These were the actions that gained the brave sergeant the V.C., but they do not complete the story of his exploits that day. After the Charge of the Heavy Brigade, in which he had borne so distinguished a part, Ramage's horse, a stubborn brute, would not follow the retreating Russians. No amount of spurring would induce it to go in any direction save that of home. Nothing daunted, the sergeant dismounted and, leaving his charger to find its own way back, actually rushed over on foot to the nearest Russian lines, collared a man and brought him back prisoner!

The story of the Charge of the Light Brigade has been told a score of times. There is nothing to be added to it now, for the voices of its gallant leaders, of Cardigan, Morris, and Nolan, are hushed in death, and we shall never know what were the true facts of the case. That "someone had blundered" is at least certain. It is hard to believe that the order was actually given for such a brilliant but useless charge.

Yet so Lord Cardigan interpreted the instructions brought to him by Captain Nolan, as the Light Brigade, consisting of the 17th Lancers, the 4th and

13th Dragoons, and two regiments of Hussars, was drawn up in the North Valley, on the other side of those hills whereon the Russian cavalry had been routed by Scarlett's brigade. At the other end of the valley was a strong force of Russians, formed up behind a formidable battery of some thirty cannon. The order—wrongly given or misunderstood—was that the Light Brigade should advance and carry these guns.

It was over a mile from the brigade's position to that of the Russians. At a trot, then at a gallop, the Six Hundred, led by Cardigan in his striking hussar uniform, set off on their death-ride. Tennyson's words, "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them volley'd and thunder'd," are literally true. When the astonished Russians realised what was happening they opened a terrible fire with their batteries. Shot and shell hurtled through the ranks again and again, laying many a brave fellow low; but without wavering the Six Hundred closed up the gaps and pressed on to their goal.

In a very few minutes from the time the fatal order was received the Light Brigade had disappeared in the smoke of the Russian batteries, riding clean over the guns and sabreing the gunners as they stood linstock in hand at their posts. Then ensued as terrific a hand-to-hand combat as has ever been chronicled.

"Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the Six Hundred."

It was in that ride back, when a large body of grey-coated lancers rode down upon their flank, and the Russian artillerymen rallying to their guns fired indiscriminately into the mass of English and Russians, that the other Balaclava Crosses were won.

Major John Berryman, the most distinguished of the seven heroes of the Charge who were awarded the decoration, has told the story of his exploit himself, told it modestly and simply as becomes a brave man, but we can fill in the details of the picture for ourselves as we read.

At the time of the Charge Berryman was Troop-Sergeant-Major in the 17th Lancers, well known as "the Duke of Cambridge's Own" and "the Death or Glory Boys." In the last mad leap at the guns, the mare he was riding was badly hit, and he dismounted, when he found that he too had been wounded in the leg. As he stood debating in his mind whether or not to shoot the mare, Captain Webb, on horseback, came up. He also had been struck in the leg, and to his query as to what he had better do, Berryman replied, "Keep to your horse, sir, and get back as far as you can."

Webb thereupon turned and rode back, while the sergeant-major, catching a loose horse, attempted to follow suit. But his new steed had its breastplate driven into its chest, and hardly had he mounted ere it fell to the ground. Giving up the idea of rejoining his regiment in the *mêlée*, he was making his way back on foot when he caught sight of Captain Webb, who had halted a little distance off, the acute pain of his wound preventing him riding farther.

"Lieutenant George Smith, of my own regiment," says Berryman in his account, "coming by, I got him

to stand at the horse's head whilst I lifted the captain off. Having accomplished this, I assisted Smith to mount Webb's horse and ride for a stretcher, taking notice where we were. By this time the Russians had got back to their guns and reopened fire. I saw six men of my own regiment get together to recount to each other their escapes. Seeing their danger, I called to them to separate, but too late, for a shell dropped amongst them, and I don't think one escaped alive."

Hearing him call to the lancers, Captain Webb asked Berryman what he thought the Russians would do. Berryman answered that they were sure to pursue, unless the Heavy Brigade came to the rescue.

"Then you had better consult your own safety, and leave," said the captain.

Berryman shook his head. "I shall not leave you now, sir," he replied, adding that if they were made prisoners they would go together.

Just at this moment Sergeant Farrell hove in sight, and at Berryman's call he came over. The retreat of the Light Brigade from the guns was already beginning, and the confusion and danger was augmented by the onslaught of the Russian lancers, who had now ridden down upon the devoted remnant.

The position of the wounded officer and his helpers was indeed precarious. Bullets and shells were flying by them, and at any moment a Cossack lance might have laid them low. But neither Berryman nor Farrell hesitated or thought of saving his own skin. Making a chair of their hands, they raised the captain from the ground and carried him in this way for some two hundred yards, until Webb's leg again became very



"I GOT HIM TO STAND AT THE HORSE'S HEAD WHILST I LIFTED
THE CAPTAIN OFF."—Page 22.

painful. A private of the 13th Dragoons, named Malone, was requisitioned to support the officer's legs, and another start was made.

The rear of the Greys was at last reached in safety, and here the sergeant-major procured a tourniquet which he screwed on to Webb's right thigh ("I could not have done it better myself," said the regimental doctor afterwards), together with a stretcher.

We will let Berryman take up the story himself at this point.

"I and Farrell now raised the stretcher and carried it for about fifty yards, and again set it down. I was made aware of an officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique being on my left by his placing his hand upon my shoulder. I turned and saluted. Pointing to Captain Webb, but looking at me, he said—

"‘Your officer?’

"‘Yes.’

"‘Ah! and you sergeant?’ looking at the stripes on my arm.

"‘Yes.’

"‘Ah! If you were in French service, I would make you an officer on the spot.’ Then, standing in his stirrups and extending his right hand, he said, ‘Oh! it was grand, it was *magnifique*, but it is not war, it is not war!’”

This French officer was General Morris.

Resuming their task, Berryman and Farrell got the captain to the doctors, who discovered that the shin bone of his leg had been shattered. Farrell turning faint at the sight of the terrible wound, the sergeant-major was instructed to take him away, and this was the cause of bringing him near enough to the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Cardigan to hear the former

say as he viewed the remnant that had come "through the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell":—

"Is that all of them? You have lost the finest brigade that ever left the shores of England!"

And to Captain Godfrey Morgan, now Viscount Tredegar, who had led the 17th Lancers (thirty-four returned out of one hundred and forty), the Duke could only say, "My poor regiment! My poor regiment!"

Sergeant Farrell and Private Malone, as was only fitting, also received the Cross for Valour.

I have given the account of the brave deed of Berryman and his companions at some length, because it is, to my mind, one of the most signal acts of devotion in the chronicles of the V.C. A very large proportion of those who have won the Cross distinguished themselves in the attempt, successful or otherwise, to save life, and there is no act that is more deserving of our fullest admiration. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

There were other lives saved in that death-stricken valley that day besides Webb's. Captain Morris, who led a troop of the 17th Lancers, was taken prisoner by the Russians after a desperate encounter, but managed to escape in the confusion. Grievously wounded and on foot, for his second horse had been shot under him, he struggled towards the British lines, until from sheer exhaustion he fell beside the dead body of his brother-officer, Captain Nolan.

It is stated that the two officers, knowing the peril that faced them, had each left in his friend's charge a letter to be sent home if he fell and the other survived

These letters were found in the breasts of the two as they lay side by side.

Captain Morris, however, was luckily still alive. To his assistance promptly came Sergeant-Major Charles Wooden of his own regiment, who pluckily stood by his body until he saw a surgeon. The latter, who proved to be Surgeon Mouat of the 6th Dragoon Guards (now Sir James Mouat, K.C.B.), promptly went over to the wounded man, and despite the heavy fire that was being kept up, dressed his wounds as coolly as if he had been in the operating-room. His skill stopped the hemorrhage, which undoubtedly saved the captain's life, and for this, as well as for getting the wounded man back to safety, the brave surgeon in due course got his V.C. Sergeant-Major Wooden was decorated at the same time.

One other man of the 17th Lancers who distinguished himself in this historic charge was the regimental butcher, John Veigh. Hearing that the dash for the Russian guns was to be made, he left his work in his bloodstained smock without seeking permission, borrowed a sabre, and rode through the valley with his comrades. "Butcher Jack" cut down six gunners and returned unhurt, still smoking the short black pipe which was in his mouth when he joined in the ride.

The two remaining Balaclava Crosses were awarded to Private Samuel Parkes, a Light Dragoon, and Lieutenant Alexander Robert Dunn, of the 11th Hussars.

Parkes' exploit was a courageous rescue of Trumpet-Major Crawford, who, on being thrown helpless to the ground by his horse, was furiously attacked by a couple of Cossacks. Himself unhorsed, he fearlessly bore

down upon the cowardly Russians, and plied his sword with such vigour that he sent them flying. The two were attacked again by a larger party of Cossacks, but Parkes maintained such a sturdy defence that he was only subdued when a shot struck his sabre out of his hand. He and Crawford were made prisoners, and not released until a year later.

Lieutenant Dunn had the distinction of being the only officer of the Light Brigade to win the V.C. When Sergeant Bentley of his regiment fell behind in the dash back to safety, and was quickly set on by three Russians, the lieutenant turned his horse and rode to his comrade's aid. Dunn was a less powerful man than Parkes, but he sabred two of the Cossack lancers clean out of their saddles and put the third to flight.

Subsequently Lieutenant Dunn rescued a private of the Hussars from certain death in similar circumstances. He survived the Crimean War and rose to distinction in the service, but his career was cut short all too soon by an accident in the Abyssinian campaign.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRIMEA.—THE HEROES OF INKERMEN.

THE fierce battle on the plateau of Inkerman, in the early morning of November 5th, 1854, was the most desperate engagement of the whole war. It has, indeed, been described as "the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth." The sixty thousand Russians who made a sortie out of Sebastopol were able through the heavy mists that hung over the field to take the British force of eight thousand men by surprise, and the fight at once became a hand-to-hand encounter rather than a pitched battle.

To call Inkerman the "soldiers' battle" is to give our brave fellows who fought that day no more than their due. There was scant time for any plan of operations to be formed; as the guardsmen—Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots—turned out of their tents at the warning bugle call it was to face immediately an enemy already entrenched behind battery and redoubt which belched forth shell and grape-shot incessantly. With bayonets fixed they went forward at the charge to silence those terrible flame-mouthed cannon and drive the Russians from battery and rifle-pit, and once among the foe British pluck could be relied on to carry the day.

What deeds of daring were done in the mist-

shrouded glades and dells of Inkerman, in the valley and on the heights that commanded the British position, can never be fully chronicled. We know, however, how some of our gallant soldiers bore themselves, for in that titanic struggle acts of signal bravery were performed that were remembered afterwards and deemed worthy of recognition.

Charles McDermond and Thomas Beach, privates, made themselves conspicuous in saving the lives of two officers who were lying on the ground wounded and at the mercy of Russians, who never hesitated to kill a disabled man. So, too, did Sergeant George Walters of the 49th Regiment, who was more than a match for half a dozen Russians when Brigadier-General Adams got cut off. All three won their V.C.'s that day.

Of Lieutenant Mark Walker, of the 30th (Cambridgeshire) Regiment, a striking story is told. From out of the fog his men saw a great mass of Russians, two battalions strong, advancing towards them. They were ordered to open fire, but their rifles were wet and useless. Seeing this, Walker called on his men to fix bayonets and follow him, and, running forward, leaped over the low wall behind which the regiment had been lying hidden. This was enough for the 30th. With a wild cheer, they followed his lead, and flinging themselves impetuously against the enemy, a mere handful as they were, they actually sent the greycoats flying.

For this dashing feat, which turned what must have been an inevitable defeat into a victory, the lieutenant was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Cross. In after years he wrote himself General Sir Mark Walker, K.C.B.

But it was at the Sandbag Battery, whence the Russians had directed a deadly fire upon our troops, that perhaps the most brilliant feat of arms was performed. The Sandbag had the distinction of being fought for more than any other battery at Inkerman, changing hands several times, until at last it was held by the Grenadiers.

After the seventh fight round its parapet, the Russians succeeded in driving back their besiegers, and, exulting over their achievement, danced and sang with joy. This exasperated the guardsmen to fresh fury, and when Sir Charles Russell, their Captain, called on his men to follow him, the Grenadiers, followed by some Coldstreams and Fusiliers, sprang forward to storm the position. This time they were successful, driving the Russians before them.

How fierce was the contest will be understood when I mention that the guardsmen's ammunition having run short, the men seized hold of stones and rocks and hurled these at their foes. The Russians responded in like manner until, as Sir Charles said in a letter home to his mother, "the air was thick with huge stones."

Although the British were once more in the Battery, the worst was not yet over. Many bold Russians still hung on the parapet wall, or clung to the embrasures, firing down on those inside. The guardsmen, indeed, found that they were in a kind of trap, and cries of "Charge them!" arose. Then a soldier standing by Sir Charles Russell spoke up.

"If any officer will lead us, we will charge," he said.

Up sprang Sir Charles, revolver in hand. "Come on, my lads!" he cried. "Come on! Who will follow me?"

The first to respond to their gallant captain's call were Sergeant Norman and Privates Palmer and Bailey. Into the face of the opposing Russians the four dashed. Sir Charles' revolver missed fire the first time, but pulling the trigger again he shot his man. At that moment a hand fell on his shoulder and the private behind him said, "You were nearly done for, sir."

"Oh no," answered the captain; "he was some way from me."

The soldier indicated another Russian who had come up at Russell's back. "His bayonet was all but in you when I clouted him over the head," he said grimly.

Sir Charles saw how close he had been to death's door. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Anthony Palmer, sir," was the reply.

"Well, if I live through this you shall not be forgotten," said Sir Charles; and he duly kept his promise, Palmer being made a corporal the next morning. He received the Victoria Cross for this act later on, when the Order was instituted, his name being among the first to be submitted.

Side by side Sir Charles Russell and Palmer (poor Bailey had already been killed, and of Norman there is no further mention) fought their way to a part of the ledge on the right, where they joined a small company of Grenadiers under Captain Burnaby. Here the fight waged more fiercely than ever, Burnaby especially distinguishing himself and winning the V.C. time and time again, though he never received it. The rush of the guardsmen was not to be withstood, and the Russians were eventually forced back.

Sir Charles was awarded the V.C. for this exploit

at the Sandbag Battery, receiving it at the hands of his Queen in Hyde Park, three years later. He might have treasured another souvenir of the fight, also, in the shape of a long, black-stocked Russian rifle, which he tore from the hands of a soldier and kept until the end of the day.

Another officer of the Grenadiers who won similar distinction at the Sandbag Battery was Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Henry Percy (afterwards, Lord Percy). A number of his men at one time charged too far and became surrounded by the enemy. To add to their peril, they were without ammunition. Colonel Percy, coming to their assistance, successfully extricated them from this dangerous position and led them to where they could obtain cartridges. Just before this he had charged alone into the battery, only being repulsed by a great stone that struck him senseless to the ground.

Other eyes than those of his own men were upon him, the Duke of Cambridge himself noting the action and having some warm words of commendation to say afterwards.

There are one or two other Inkerman Crosses the stories of which remain to be told.

Lieutenant Henry Hugh Clifford won the right to add V.C. to his name by a deed of unusual daring. While in charge of a company of the Rifle Brigade he saw that a strong body of Russians was deploying to take one of our regiments in the rear. Without waiting to obtain an order to move from his position, he called to his men to follow him, and charged boldly into the midst of the Russians.

Clifford outdistanced his men by several yards, being mounted while they were on foot, and the

consequence was that he found himself alone in the enemy's ranks. The fierceness of his onslaught, and the belief on the Russians' part that a troop of cavalry was behind him, gave him momentary advantage. The enemy wavered, and the Rifle Brigade men coming up at the charge, they soon after surrendered.

It was cut and thrust for Clifford while he was engaged on all hands at once, but in the thick of the fight he managed to save the life of a private in addition to protecting his own.

The exploit of Lieutenant Miller of the Royal Artillery bears some resemblance to the foregoing. An advancing body of Russian infantry bore down upon his gun battery when he was without any support. One last round was fired, and then bidding his men "Draw swords and charge!" he rode out under the hail of bullets straight into the enemy's midst. The gunners followed to a man; some armed with swords, others with ramrods, and one of them—a famous boxer—relying only on his fists, with which he was seen to lay many a Russian low!

The greycoats got possession of the guns, for desperately as the artillerymen fought they could not stay the enemy's advance, but it is satisfactory to know that the battery was retaken not long after and fought again by Miller and his gallant men.

Yet another hard fight at the guns took place at a battery where Sergeant-Major Henry was in charge. When the Russians were upon them, he and a private named Taylor drew their swords and made a desperate defence. Taylor was soon slain, however, together with nearly all the other gunners, and Henry badly wounded. A bayonet pierced his chest, another pinned him in the back, and he sank to the ground.

As was their wont, the Russians continued to strike at the helpless man as he lay at their mercy, the result being that when some time later Henry was rescued and found to be alive he had no fewer than *twelve* terrible wounds! He lived, however, to wear his Cross for Valour with his fellow-artilleryman, Miller, and to rise to the rank of captain.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRIMEA.—WITH THE SAPPERS AND MINERS.—IN TRENCH AND RIFLE-PIT.

THE battle of Inkerman was the last great battle of the Crimean campaign fought round Sebastopol. The rest of the story of the long siege is one that deals with the heroic if unobtrusive work of the "sappers and miners," the Royal Engineers, those "handy men" of the Army; with the tale of the trenches and rifle-pits, wherein men carried their lives in their hands night after night; with sudden sorties in the dead of night or the mists of early dawn; and with desperate attempts at storming the outworks of the great Russian fortress, the Redan, the Mamelon Tower, and the Malakoff.

Such a siege would have taxed to the utmost the powers of any army, but when we remember how its difficulties were added to by the severity of the Russian winter and the hardships under which our brave soldiers laboured through sickness and for the want of clothing and other necessities of life, we must account it a truly marvellous achievement.

Sir William Russell, who was the *Times* correspondent in the war, fearlessly spoke his mind on the scandalous mismanagement that prevailed, and from his vivid letters we know how too often the stores ran

out, how the hospital accommodation was insufficient, and how but for the exertions of Florence Nightingale and her band of devoted nurses we should have lost far more than the 24,000 men who died from cholera and other diseases, or were killed by the enemy's bullets.

Of those days and nights in the trenches Lord Wolseley can speak from experience, for as a young engineering officer he saw some stirring service before Sebastopol. The loss of his right eye, and a long scar on his left cheek, bear witness to one thrilling night's work in an advance sap. He was out and about again, however, as soon as possible, for every man that could stand up was needed.

It is Lord Wolseley's boast that, apart from the time he spent in hospital, he was never absent from the trenches at night except on one memorable occasion. This was when he and a brother-officer made a hasty Christmas pudding together, compounding it in a hollowed-out shell, with a shot for pestle. The "very bad suet" which they got from Balaclava, or the fact that the pudding had to be devoured ere it was half boiled, may be accounted sufficient explanation for the young officer's breakdown. "At about twelve o'clock," he says pathetically, "I thought I was going to expire."

In giving the record of the V.C. heroes who won glory in the long months that elapsed between the battle of Inkerman and the fall of Sebastopol, we may well begin with the Royal Engineers, the popular "Mudlarks," whose proud mottoes are "Ubique" (everywhere) and "Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt" (where right and glory lead). Eight of the many Crosses to their credit were gained in the Crimea. Let us see in what manner these were won.

William J. Lendrim (or Lindrim, for his name is found spelt both ways), Corporal No. 1078, R.E., had three dates inscribed on his Cross, February 14th, April 11th, and April 20th, 1855. On the first occasion he was sent to do sapper's work in a battery that was held by a hundred and fifty French Chasseurs. A hot fire from the Russian guns had wrought dreadful havoc among the gabions and raked the trenches, but Lendrim, assuming command of the Frenchmen, quickly set to work to repair the damage. With utter disregard for self, he was here, there, and everywhere at once, replacing a gabion where it had been struck down, digging in the trench and shovelling up earth round the weak places. Lendrim's coolness and plucky example saved that battery from demolition, as the French officer in charge of the Chasseurs very properly noted in his report.

His second exploit was to mount the roof of a powder magazine that had caught fire and, under a perfect hail of bullets, extinguish the flames. This was a danger to which batteries were particularly liable, the live shells and fire-balls that dropped among them soon setting the basket-work of the embrasures and other inflammable parts in a blaze. I shall have something more to say about the "heroes of the live shell" before this chapter is ended.

The third date on our brave sapper's Cross, April 20th, recalls a very daring feat on his part. Out among the rifle-pits, in the open, some Russians had erected a screen of brushwood, barrels, and sailcloth, behind which they thought themselves well secure. A party of British sappers who lay all night in a trench thought otherwise. In the darkness, just before dawn, a dozen of them, prominent among

whom was Lendrim, dashed out and with bayonets fixed charged the rifle-pits and destroyed the screen.

We come now to the eventful 18th of June, in the same year, when a desperate assault was made on the Redan, the while the French stormed the Malakoff, some distance to the right. With a column of sailors and soldiers that formed one of the attacking parties were Lieutenant Graham and Sapper John Perie of his own corps. They had scaling-ladders and sandbags with them, but these were not wanted after all, for the terrific fire that poured down on the open ground before the fortress walls made it impossible for the work to go forward.

Even then men were found willing, nay anxious to try, and scores of redcoats dotted the rocky ground between the last trench and the abattis. But it was a hopeless task—a wanton waste of valuable lives. Very reluctantly Graham, who had taken command, ordered his men to retire.

While, in the security of the trench, they waited for the Russian fire to diminish, the lieutenant once more showed of what stuff he was made. There was a wounded sailor lying out in front, calling piteously for help. An officer of the Naval Brigade heard him first, and asked for another volunteer to assist in bringing the wounded man in.

“I’m with you,” cried Graham, springing up instantly; “And I too,” added John Perie. And out they ran on their noble errand of mercy, succeeding in the task without being hit.

Both the lieutenant and the sapper were awarded the Cross for their bravery. The former, as everyone knows who has read the history of the Egyptian War,

became the famous General Sir Gerald Graham, the victor of El Teb and Tamai. He died in 1899.]

No reference to that disastrous assault on the Redan would be complete without mention being made of Colour-Sergeant Peter Leitch, V.C., also of the Engineers. Like his fellow-sapper, Perie, he was attached to a ladder-party which shared the fate of defeat. At the foot of the fortress the little party was held in check by the pitiless fire of shot and shell. Men dropped on all sides, for there was no cover.

There were the scaling-ladders to be placed, however, and Leitch came forward to take the lead. Leaping into the ditch, he pulled down gabion after gabion from the enemy's parapet until sufficient had been secured to make a *caponnière*, filling them with earth and placing them to afford shelter to his comrades. It was a heroic task, and many a wound did he receive until he was finally disabled, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty well.

Nor does this conclude the record of the gallant "Mudlarks." I might tell a stirring story of how Lieutenant Howard Crauford Elphinstone (afterwards a Major-General and a K.C.B.) did great deeds in that same affair of the Redan, rescuing with the party of volunteers he led no fewer than twenty wounded men, and winning the French Legion of Honour in addition to the Cross for Valour. But I have only room now to speak of one more, John Ross, Corporal No. 997.

Of the three acts of gallantry of which the dates are graven on his Cross, two were performed for daring sapping operations in what were termed the

4th and 5th Parallels. In the darkness of night he and his men worked like moles, quietly but swiftly, connecting (in the first instance) the 4th Parallel with a disused Russian rifle-pit, the line of cover thus formed giving the attacking party a tremendous advantage when morning broke and the fight was renewed.

It was highly dangerous work from first to last. Every few minutes shells and fire-balls from the Russian guns, which kept up a constant cannonade throughout the night, would fall in their midst, and unless these were promptly extinguished the havoc wrought was considerable. But through it all they plied their spades bravely and set their earth-filled gabions in position, Ross himself doing the greater part of this latter hazardous work.

His third notable exploit bears date September 8th, of the same year, 1855. The last assault on the Redan by the allied troops had been made, but with what results was not known. Ominous loud explosions startled the still night air every now and then, and the British and French troops held back uncertainly, waiting for the enemy's next move.

The cessation of the Russian cannonade and musketry fire, however, led many to think that the greycoats had abandoned their position, even if only temporarily. Among those of this way of thinking was Corporal Ross. Leaving the trench of the 5th Parallel, where he was working, he set off alone across the intervening ground to see if his suspicions were correct. It was ticklish work, he knew, for the flashes of the explosions in the huge fortress lit up the plain vividly, and his figure showed up an easy mark for any Russian sharpshooter who remained

on the watch. But he kept on until he reached the abattis, when clambering up to the nearest embrasure he wormed his way in.

The place was empty. Only a dismantled gun and the débris caused by a well-aimed shell greeted his eyes. Having made certain that he had not been deceived, Ross hastened back to the lines to spread the news. A party was at once formed to make another inspection of the Redan, Ross accompanying it and leading the way into the fortress, which was found absolutely deserted.

The Redan was forthwith occupied by our men, but the siege was now practically over. The Russians had retired to the north side of the harbour, evacuating the town.

So much for the "Royal Sappers and Miners"; we shall meet them later in a warmer clime, in India, doing their duty as faithfully and performing deeds every whit as heroic as any they did in the bleak wastes of the Crimea.

The heroes of the trenches and rifle-pits appeal especially to the imagination. The long vigil of the sentries as they paced to and fro while their comrades slept or worked in the trench at their back was an ordeal well calculated to try the nerves of even seasoned soldiers. A goodly proportion of the guardsmen, riflemen, and others who were detailed for this hazardous work were under fire in this campaign for the first time in their lives, but we never read that they flinched from the task imposed upon them.

However worn and weary the sentry might be, after a long day of digging and hauling sandbags, he knew he had to exert the utmost vigilance while

on guard. Under cover of the darkness it was a favourite pastime with the Russians to make sorties in little parties of three and four from the fortress, in the hope of surprising the harassed sappers as they took a brief and well-earned rest.

So came three Russians one bitterly cold December night in 1854 to a small outlying picket of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. Private Norman, on single sentry-go, caught sight of the grey figures creeping stealthily towards him. Firing his rifle to sound the alarm, he rushed forward and leaped boldly into the trench where the enemy had taken cover. Two he seized and held prisoner, conducting them back to the British lines, but the third escaped. The plucky Fusilier got the Cross for this action when the time came to reckon up those who were most worthy of the honour.

But to narrate the several exploits of the heroes of the trenches is to tell much the same story over and over again. A score or more of gallant fellows—Moynihan, Coleman, Alexander, McWheeney (who was never absent for a single day from his duties throughout the war), and others—braved the Russian fire to dash out into the open and rescue from certain death some wounded officer or private who lay exposed on the field. The V.C. was often earned many times over by these.

Only a few stand out from the rest by reason of some special feature, such as Private John Prosser of the 1st Regiment, who, seeing a rascally soldier wearing the Queen's scarlet in the act of deserting to the Russian lines, jumped out of his trench and chasing the fugitive under a heavy cross fire collared him and brought him back to camp—and, let it be

hoped, swift justice. For this, and for rescuing a wounded comrade later on, Prosser gained his V.C.

There were, too, the "heroes of the live shell" to whom I made reference some pages back. Sergeant Ablett, of the Grenadiers, with Privates Strong, Lyons, Coffey, McCorrie, and Wheatley, received the decoration for this act of valour. Plump into the trench in which each delved dropped a fizzing shell, and without a moment's hesitation the plucky fellow lifted it up and flung it over the parapet, to burst more or less harmlessly outside.

Sergeant Ablett's shell fell right among some ammunition cases and powder barrels, and but for his prompt action a terrible explosion would have taken place with much loss of life. In Wheatley's case the stalwart private attempted first to knock out the burning fuse, but failing to do this he coolly dropped his rifle and disposed of the unwelcome intruder with his hands.

Of the dashing sorties upon the Russian rifle-pits pages might be written. I have only space to tell of one such. It may well serve as characteristic of all. Privates Robert Humpston, Joseph Bradshaw, and R. McGregor of the Rifle Brigade are my heroes.

Far out on the Woronzoff Road, near some formidable quarries that had served the Russians well, was a strongly protected rifle-pit whence sharpshooters directed a deadly fire against a battery in process of formation by our men. It was essential that this "wasps' nest" should be silenced.

Humpston particularly chafed over the seeming impossibility of doing this, and at last proposed to two comrades (Bradshaw and McGregor) that they should "rush" the pit. The two agreed, being much

enraged, it is said, by the recent sniping of a bandsman who was a special favourite.

Accordingly, without asking for the leave which they knew would be denied them, the three stole out of camp one morning before daybreak, and crept unobserved towards the death-dealing pit. When within a few yards of it they gave a wild cheer and charged straight at the surprised Russians.

It was bayonet work, stab and thrust wherever a greycoat showed. How many they killed between them is not recorded, but the rifle-pit was cleared once for all and its destruction accomplished.

All three privates were awarded the Victoria Cross, and Humpston, as the leader, received prompt promotion, together with the sum of £5.

Before closing this chapter and passing on to tell of the Crimean naval Crosses, I cannot refrain from noting just two daring deeds that gained the V.C. for two gallant gunners during the operations before Sebastopol. They are written large in the annals of the Order.

Gunner and Driver Arthur, of the Royal Artillery, was in an advanced battery at an engagement near the Quarries, when the 7th Fusiliers fighting near by him ran out of ammunition. Arthur promptly volunteered to supply them, and although he had to cross repeatedly an open space on which a hot fire was concentrated, he carried the ammunition stores to the waiting men. But for his assistance the Fusiliers must have had to abandon the position they had captured.

Equally dashing was Captain Dixon's defence of his battery. The latter was wrecked by a shell which,

bursting in the magazine, blew it up and destroyed five guns, besides killing nearly all the gunners. It was a great event for the Russians, who cheered and danced with joy at the result of the shot.

But they counted without Dixon. The sixth gun of the battery, although half buried in earth, was still workable. With some help he got the gun into position again, loaded and sent an answering shot hurtling into the enemy's battery, much to their surprise and discomfiture.

And it is to Dixon's lasting glory that he worked that single piece until darkness ended the duel. The chagrined enemy peppered him without cessation throughout the rest of that day, but he bore a charmed life. The artillery captain rose to be a Major-General in after years, with C.B. after his name besides the letters V.C., while France honoured him by creating him a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRIMEAN CROSSES OF THE NAVY.

THE record of our Bluejackets afloat and ashore in the Crimean War is one of which the senior service has good reason to be proud. While the siege of Sebastopol was in its early stages a British fleet sailed up to the Baltic, but without achieving much result, though a second expedition succeeded (in 1855) in doing considerable damage to the fortress of Sveaborg. At the same time another fleet harassed the enemy in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov. On land the Naval Brigade did yeoman service at Inkerman, and in the protracted fighting around Sebastopol.

"Handy Man Jack" has never missed an opportunity of going ashore to have "some shooting with them redcoats," in our big and little wars. From the days of Nelson, when they slung their 24- and 18-pounders on to Diamond Rock, to the recent Boer War, he has proved himself a rare fighter, quite as efficient with rifle and bayonet as his brother-in-arms. And the way he handles his field-guns must be the envy of the artillery.

In the history of the V.C. the Navy not only figures very prominently but enjoys the proud distinction of having the first Cross for Valour placed to

its credit. The senior winner of the decoration is Rear-Admiral C. D. Lucas, R.N., and the scene of his exploit was Bomarsund, in the Baltic.

While the bombardment of this port of the Åland Islands, which are situated just off the coast of Finland, was being carried on by our warships under Admiral Napier's command, a live shell suddenly dropped on to the deck of H.M.S. *Hecla*. It was a moment of frightful suspense for every one on board who watched the grim messenger of death fizzing there within a few yards of them. But there was one man on deck who saw what to do.

Acting-mate Lucas, on duty near one of the guns, promptly ran forward and with iron nerve picked up the shell, dropping it instantly over the ship's side. The burning fuse sputtered out in the water, and the shell sank harmlessly to the bottom.

Captain Hall, his commander, brought the plucky deed under the notice of Admiral Napier, who, in writing to the Admiralty about the young sailor's bravery, trusted that "their Lordships would mark their sense of it by promoting him." This recommendation was acted upon, Lucas being at once raised to the rank of lieutenant. When later on the Victoria Cross was instituted the young officer's name figured duly in the *Gazette*.

Two other sailors who gained the V.C. for similar actions were Captain William Peel, the dashing leader of the Naval Brigade, and Chief Gunner Israel Harding of H.M.S. *Alexandra*, also a Crimean veteran.

Whole pages might be written about Captain Peel's exploits. All the time the naval men were engaged with the troops round Sebastopol he was ever to the fore, leading forlorn hopes and fighting shoulder to

shoulder with his soldier comrades whenever opportunity offered. At Inkerman, at the fierce attack on the Sandbag Battery, he was in the thick of it, and again at the Redan assault.

Peel loved danger for danger's sake. There was no risk that daunted him. At the attack on the impregnable Shah Nujeef, at Lucknow, in the Indian Mutiny, two years later, he led his gun detachment right up to the loopholed walls, which were crowded with rebel sharpshooters. He behaved, said Sir Colin Campbell, "very much as if he had been laying the *Shannon* alongside an enemy's frigate."

It was Peel who first demonstrated the practicability of fighting with big guns in the skirmishing line. "It is a truth, and not a jest," he once wrote home, "that in battle we are with the skirmishers." The way in which the sailors handled their great ship's cannon, 8-inch guns, 24-pounders, and the like, was marvellous. A military officer, in a letter that was written at the front, gives an interesting reminiscence of the Naval Brigade. "Sometimes in these early days of October 1854," he says, "whilst our soldiery were lying upon the ground, weary, languid, and silent, there used to be heard a strange uproar of men coming nearer and nearer. Soon the comers would prove to be Peel of the *Diamond* with a number of his sailors, all busy in dragging up to the front one of the ship's heavy guns."

In a future chapter we shall meet again this intrepid son of Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman, winning glory and renown under Campbell and Havelock. For the present I must confine myself to his career in the Crimea.

The most notable of the three acts, the dates of

which are inscribed on his Cross, was performed in October 1854, at the Diamond Battery which some of the Naval Brigade were holding. The battery needing fresh ammunition, this had to be brought in by volunteers, for the horses of the waggons refused to approach the earthworks owing to the heavy Russian fire.

Case by case it was carried in and stacked in its place, and right into the midst of it all, like a bolt from the blue, dropped a shell. Peel jumped for it like a flash. One heave of his shoulders and away went the "whistle-neck" to burst in impotent fury several yards off—outside the battery's parapet.

The second date on his Cross notes the affair at the Sandbag Battery, where he joined the Grenadier officers and helped to save the colours from capture. On the third occasion when his bravery was commended for recognition he headed a ladder-party in that assault on the Redan in which Graham and Perie won such distinction.

In this attack the gallant captain was badly wounded in the head and arm, a misfortune which was the means of gaining the V.C. for another brave young sailor. From the beginning of the war Midshipman Edward St. John Daniels had attached himself to Captain Peel, acting as the latter's aide-de-camp at Inkerman. During the battle he was a conspicuous figure, as, mounted on a pony, he accompanied his leader about the field.

In the Redan assault he was still by Peel's side, and caught him as he fell on the glacis. Then, heedless of the danger to which he was exposed, he coolly set to work to bandage the wounded man, tying a tourniquet on his arm, which is said to have

saved Peel's life. This done, he got his chief to a place of safety.

Daniels did another plucky action some months earlier, when he volunteered to bring in ammunition from a waggon that had broken down outside his battery. The fact that the waggon became immediately the target for a murderous fire from the Russian guns weighed little with him. He brought in the cartridges and powder without receiving a scratch, and the battery cheered to a man as the plucky little chap scrambled over the parapet with his last armful.

Along with Peel and Daniels must be named that popular idol William Nathan Wrighte Hewett, known to his messmates as "Bully Hewett." He was nearly as picturesque a character as his commander.

At Sebastopol, the day following Balaclava fight, Hewett (he was acting-mate at the time), fought a great long-range Lancaster gun that had been hauled up from his ship, H.M.S. *Beagle*. The gun drew a determined attack on its flank from a very large force of Russians, and orders were sent to Hewett by a military officer to spike the gun and abandon his battery. The odds were too overwhelming.

In emphatic language the young sailor declared that he'd take no orders from anyone but his own captain, and was going to stick to his gun.

The other "Beagles" were quite of his opinion. In quick time they knocked down a portion of the parapet that prevented the huge Lancaster bearing on the flank and slewed the piece round. Then, loading and firing with sailorly smartness, they poured such a hot fire into the advancing horde of Russians that the latter beat a retreat.

They used the big gun with great advantage at Inkerman, but the young mate's splendid defence of his battery was enough by itself to win him a well-deserved V.C. Hewett died eighteen years ago, a Vice-Admiral and a K.C.B.

A page or two back I mentioned Israel Harding, chief gunner, as a third naval hero of the live shell. It was many years after the Crimean War that his opportunity came, but his exploit may well be noted down here.

Harding was a gunner on board H.M.S. *Alexandra*, when, in July 1882, Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester) with his fleet bombarded Alexandria. On the first day of the action (the 11th), a big 10-inch shell from an Egyptian battery struck the ironclad and lodged on the main deck. The alarm was raised, and at the cry "Live shell above the hatchway!" Harding rushed up the companion. There was luckily a tub of water handy, and having wetted the fizzing fuse he dumped the shell into the tub just in the nick of time.

As in Lucas's case, promotion quickly followed with the gunner, while the V.C. was soon after conferred upon him. The shell, it may be of interest to note, is now among the treasures of her Majesty the Queen.

So many naval heroes call for attention that I must hurry on to speak of Lucas's comrades in the Baltic who also won the coveted decoration.

There was Captain of the Mast George Ingouville, serving in the *Arrogant*. On the 13th of July 1855, the second cutter of his vessel got into difficulties while the fleet was bombarding the town of Viborg. A shell having exploded her magazine, she became

half swamped and began to drift quickly to shore. Observing this, Ingouville dived off into the sea and swam after the runaway. He was handicapped with a wounded arm, but being a strong swimmer he reached the cutter just as it neared a battery. With the painter over his shoulder he struck out again for the *Arrogant*, and towed his prize safely under her lee.

At about the same time a gallant lieutenant of Marines—now Lieut.-Col. George Dare Dowell, R.M.A.—did much the same thing. When a rocket-boat of the *Arrogant* was disabled he lowered the quarter-boat of his ship the *Ruby*, and with three volunteers rowed to the other's aid. Dowell not only succeeded in saving some of the *Arrogant* men, but on a second journey recaptured the boat. {

It was a lieutenant of the *Arrogant*, however, who eclipsed both these deeds, brave as they were. The exploit of John Bythesea and his ship's stoker, William Johnstone, on the Island of Wardo, reads more like fiction than sober fact. This is the story of it.

Early in August of 1854 Lieutenant Bythesea learned from a reliable source that some highly important despatches from the Tsar, intended for the General in charge of the island, were expected to arrive with a mail then due. At once he conceived the daring idea of intercepting the despatch-carrier and securing his valuable documents. His superior officers thought the project a mad one when he first broached it, but Bythesea would not be gainsaid. The thing was worth trying, and he and Johnstone (who had volunteered his services) were the men to carry it through with success. In the

end he had his way, though when the two plucky fellows quitted the ship on their hazardous errand their shipmates bade them good-bye with little expectation of ever seeing them again.

The lieutenant and the stoker had disguised themselves very effectively in Russian clothes, and managed to get to land safely. Here they learned from their informant, a Swedish farmer, that the mail had not yet arrived, but was expected at any hour. When darkness fell, therefore, the two Englishmen found a good hiding-place down by the shore, and commenced their vigil.

This was the evening of the 9th of August. It was not until the 12th that the long-awaited mail came to land. For three whole days and nights they had not ventured from their concealment, save once or twice when the vigilance of Russian patrols had forced them to take to a small boat and anchor about half a mile off the coast.

On the morning of the 12th, Johnstone, who spoke Swedish fluently, learned from the friendly farmer that the mail had arrived, and was to be sent to the fort that night. Great caution was to be observed, the farmer added, as it was known to the Russians that someone from the British fleet had landed. At dark, therefore, the two took up their position at a convenient spot and awaited the coming of the mail-bags. In due course they heard the grating of a boat's keel on the beach. A few Russian words of command were given, and then sounded the tramp of feet on the road that led up to the military station.

The lieutenant and his companion were ready at the instant. A hasty glance at their weapons satisfied



THE ESCORT CAME SWINGING UP THE ROAD WITHOUT A SUSPICION OF DANGER.—Page 53.

them that these were in order, and moving a bit nearer to the roadway they waited until the escort approached.

In the dim light they perceived that the Russian soldiers in charge of the bags numbered five. It was heavy odds, but the prize was great. They could not dream of drawing back. The escort came swinging up the road without a suspicion of danger, and just as they passed the spot where a clump of bushes provided secure shelter out leapt the two Englishmen with cutlass and revolver.

The cold steel did the work effectively; a pistol shot would have raised the alarm. Three of the soldiers were cut down in the surprise attack, while the remaining two yielded themselves prisoners to these redoubtable assailants. As quickly as possible prisoners and mail-bags were hurried to the water's edge, where a boat lay in readiness for them.

In half an hour's time the despatches were being examined in the captain's cabin on board the *Arrogant*, their contents proving to be of the utmost importance. Bythesea had captured the details of certain extensive operations planned against the Baltic fleet of the Allies and the army in the South. Such a service was worthy of the highest honour, and both the lieutenant and Stoker Johnstone received the Cross for Valour for that desperate night's work.

Down in the South, in the Sea of Azov, which the map shows us to lie just north of the Black Sea, our Bluejackets were doing splendid service in the latter months of 1855. The towns of Genitchesk and Taganrog were shelled with great loss to the Russians, but as they moved their stores farther inland the

occasion arose for individual expeditions which aimed at destroying these. The story of the fleet's operations in this quarter, therefore, resolves itself into a relation of the several attempts, successful and otherwise, to harass the enemy in this way.

That the task of setting fire to the store buildings was attended with tremendous risk was proved over and over again. One or two daring spirits, including a French captain, were caught and shot by Cossack patrols. But there are always men to be found ready—nay, anxious—to undertake enterprises of so desperate a nature.

Wellington had the renowned scout, Major Colquhoun Grant (whose adventures in the Peninsula teem with romance), doing wonderful "intelligence" work for him; and to come to more recent times, we may call to mind Lord Kitchener's daring journey through the Soudan in 1884, disguised as an Arab, for the purpose of learning what were the intentions of the various tribes with regard to Egypt.

In the Crimea such men as Lieutenants Day, Buckley, Burgoyne, and Commerell acted as the eyes and ears of their commanders, and volunteered for those little jobs that so infuriated the Russians when the red glow in the midnight sky showed them where stacks of forage and other stores blazed merrily.

Day's V.C. was awarded him for a most valuable piece of work. His ship was stationed off Genitchesk (frequently spelt Genitchi), in the north-eastern corner of the Crimea, and it was deemed necessary to reconnoitre the enemy's lines to ascertain the full strength of the Russians. For this dangerous service the young lieutenant volunteered.

Accordingly, one night he was landed alone on the

Tongue, or Spit, of Arabat, at the spot he had chosen whence to start. Cossacks, singly or in small companies, policed the marshy wastes, but Day wriggled his way between their posts and eventually got close to the Russian gunboats. The dead silence that prevailed misled him as to the numbers thereon, and convinced that the vessels were deserted he returned to report the facts to his captain.

The next day circumstances induced him to suppose that he had been mistaken. He decided to make a second journey without loss of time, and one night very soon afterwards saw him again on the Spit. Day soon discovered that large reinforcements had arrived on the mainland, and at once made haste to return to his ship.

The long detours he was now obliged to make, to avoid contact with the Cossack sentries, led him through quagmires and over sandy stretches that severely tried his endurance. When he reached the shore at last, well-nigh exhausted, nearly ten hours had elapsed since his start, and it is not surprising that, having heard shots fired, his comrades had given him up for lost. He got back after a most providential escape, however, and made his report. But for his discoveries an attempt would certainly have been made to seize the Russian boats, in which case the result must have been disastrous.

Lieutenants Buckley and Burgoyne distinguished themselves by landing near Genitchesk at night and firing some immense supplies of stones. With the seaman, Robarts, who accompanied them, they were nearly cut off by Cossacks on their return, and only a fierce fight enabled them to escape. All three won the V.C. for this daring piece of work.

Lieutenant Commerell (afterwards Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell, G.C.B.) performed a like action later on the same year, which gained the V.C. for him and one of his two companions, Quartermaster Rickard.

Their objective was the Crimean shore of the Putrid Sea, on the western side of the Spit of Arabat. They accomplished their task successfully, setting fire to 400 tons of Russian corn and forage, but were chased by Cossacks for a long distance. In the helter-skelter rush back for the boat, about three miles away, the third man of the party, Able-Seaman George Milestone, fell exhausted in a swamp, and but for Commerell's and Rickard's herculean exertions must have fallen a victim to the enemy.

Making what is popularly known as a "bandy-chair," by clasping each other's wrists, the two officers managed to carry their companion a considerable distance. A party of Cossacks at this juncture had nearly succeeded in cutting them off, but the sailors in the boat now opened fire, while Commerell, dropping his burden for a moment, brought down the leading horseman by a bullet from his revolver. This fortunately checked the Cossacks, who were only some sixty yards away, and by dint of half carrying, half dragging Milestone, the plucky lieutenant and quartermaster eventually got him to the boat, and were soon out of reach of their pursuers.

The foregoing deeds of derring-do worthily uphold the finest traditions of the Royal Navy. How more largely still was the "First Line" to write its name in the annals of the Victoria Cross will be seen in the succeeding pages.

CHAPTER VII.

PERSIA.—HOW THE SQUARE WAS BROKEN.

AMONG our little wars of the last century that with Persia must not be passed over here, inasmuch as it was the means of three distinguished British officers winning the V.C. These were Captain John Wood, of the Bombay Native Infantry, and Lieutenants A. T. Moore and J. G. Malcolmson, of the Bombay Light Cavalry.

The war originated in the persistent ill-treatment of British residents at Teheran, and in the insults offered to our Minister at the Persian Court, Mr. Murray. No apologies being forthcoming, diplomatic relations were broken off early in 1856. In November of the same year, after fruitless attempts had been made to patch up the quarrel, Persia revealed the reason for her hostility by violating her treaty and capturing Herat, and war was declared.

Herat from time immemorial had been subject to Afghanistan, and as, from its position on the high road from India to Persia, it formed the key of Afghanistan, it was long coveted by the Shah. He laid violent hands upon it in 1838, but the British Government made him withdraw. This second insolent defiance of our warnings could not be borne with equanimity; a force comprising two British and three native

regiments was despatched from India to read the Persian monarch a lesson. Sir James Outram commanded the expedition. The capture of Bushire was the first success scored by the British troops, and it was in the attack on this coast town in the Persian Gulf that Captain Wood gained his Cross.

At the head of a grenadier company Wood made a rush for the fort. Persian soldiers were in force behind the parapet, and a hot rifle-fire was poured into the advancing infantry, but under the inspiration of their leader they held bravely on. The captain was the first to mount the wall, where his tall figure instantly became a target for the enemy. A score of rifles were levelled at him, and some six or seven bullets found their mark in his body.

Badly wounded as he was, Wood jumped down into the midst of the enemy, killing their leader and striking terror into the hearts of the rest. This desperate charge, completed by his men, who had quickly swarmed up the parapet after him, carried the day. The fort was surrendered with little more opposition.

The feat of arms, however, which led to Lieutenants Moore and Malcolmson being decorated, was of even greater brilliancy. To Moore belongs the almost unique distinction of having broken a square.

It was at Khoosh-ab that his act of heroism took place. Near this village, some way inland behind Bushire, the Persians were massed about eight thousand strong. Outram's little army had made a successful advance into the interior and routed the Persian troops with considerable loss on their side, and was now making its way back to the coast. Surprise attacks at night had been frequent, but

this was the first attempt to make a determined stand against our troops.

It was by a singular irony of fate that in this war we should have had to fight against soldiers trained in the art of war by British officers. But so it was. After Sir John Malcolm's mission to Persia in 1810, the Shah set to work to remodel his army among other institutions, and British officers were borrowed for the purpose of bringing it to a state of efficiency. The soldiers who gave battle to our troops at Khoosh-ab, therefore, on February 8th, 1857, were not raw levies. But, for all that, when it came to a pitched battle the Persians showed great pusillanimity. At the charges of the Bengal Cavalry their horsemen scattered like chaff before the wind.

Most of the infantry, too, fled when Forbes' turbaned sowars of the 3rd Bengals and Poonah Horse rode down upon them, as panic-stricken as the cavalry. But there was one regiment that, to its honour, stood firm. In proper square formation they awaited the onset of the charge, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets, and those behind firing in volleys.

With his colonel by his side, Lieutenant Moore led his troop of the Bengals when the order was given to charge, but Forbes having been hit the young officer found himself alone. He had doubtless read of Arnold Winkelried's brave deed at Sempach, when "in arms the Austrian phalanx stood," but whether this was in his mind or not he resolved on a bold course. He would "break the square."

As he neared the front rank of gleaming steel, above which, through the curls of smoke, appeared the dark bearded faces of the Persians, Moore pulled

his charger's head straight, drove in his spurs, and leapt sheer on to the raised bayonets. The splendid animal fell dead within the square, pinning its rider beneath its body; but the lieutenant was up and on his feet in an instant, while through the gap he had made the sowars charged after him.

In his fall Moore had the misfortune to break his sword, and he was now called on to defend himself with but a few inches of steel and a revolver. Seeing his predicament, the Persians closed round him, eager to avenge their defeat on the man who had broken their square. Against these odds he must inevitably have gone under had not help been suddenly forthcoming.

Luckily for him, his brother-officer, Lieutenant Malcolmson, saw his danger. Spurring his horse, he dashed through the throng of Persians to his comrade's aid, laying a man low with each sweep of his long sword. Then, bidding Moore grip a stirrup, he clove a way free for both of them out of the press. What is certainly a remarkable fact is that neither of the two received so much as a scratch.

Malcolmson's plucky rescue was noted for recognition when the proper time came, and in due course he and Moore received their V.C.'s together. The former died a few years ago, but Moore is still with us, a Major-General and a C.B.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIA.—THE GALLANT NINE AT DELHI.

THE early part of the year 1857 saw the outburst of the Indian Mutiny which was to startle the world by its unparalleled horrors and shake to its foundations our rule in India. Never before was a mere handful of white men called upon to face such a fearful ordeal as fell to the lot of the 38,000 soldiers who were sprinkled all over the North-West Provinces, and the record of that splendid struggle for mastery is one that thrills every Englishman's heart with pride.

There are pages in it that one would willingly blot out, for from the outset some terrible blunders were committed. Inaction, smothered in "the regulations, Section XVII.," allowed mutiny to rear its head unchecked and gain strength, until the time had almost passed when it could be stamped out. But if there were cowards and worse among the old-school British officers of that day, there were not wanting those who knew how to cope with the peril. We are glad to forget Hewitt and those who erred with him in the memory of Lawrence, Nicholson, Edwardes, Chamberlain, and the many other heroes who came to the front.

In every great crisis such as that which shook

India in 1857 the occasion has always found the man. The Sepoy revolt was the means of bringing into prominence hundreds of men unsuspected of either genius or heroism, and of giving them a high niche in the temple of fame. Young subalterns suddenly thrust into positions of command, with the lives of women and children in their hands, displayed extraordinary courage and resource, and the annals of the Victoria Cross bear witness to the magnificent spirit of devotion which animated every breast.

One hundred and eighty-two Crosses were awarded for acts of valour performed in the Mutiny, the list of recipients including officers of the highest, and privates of the humblest, rank; doctors and civilians; men and beardless boys. In the following pages I shall describe some of the deeds which won the decoration and which stand out from the rest as especially notable, beginning with the historic episode of "the Gallant Nine" at Delhi.

The Indian Mutiny was not in its inception the revolution that some historians have averred it to be. It was a military mutiny arising from more or less real grievances of the sepoys, to which the affair of the "greased" cartridges served as the last straw. Moreover, it was confined to one Presidency, that of Bengal, and it is incorrect to say that the conspiracy was widespread and that a large number of native princes and rajahs were at the bottom of it.

As a matter of fact only two dynastic rulers—the execrable Nana Sahib and the Ranee of Jhansi—lent it their support. The majority of the native princes, among them being the powerful Maharajah of Pattiala, sided with the British from the first, and it

was their fidelity, with their well-trained troops, which enabled us to keep the flag flying through that awful time.

"There were sepoys on both sides of the entrenchments at Lucknow," says Dr. Fitchett in his *Tale of the Great Mutiny*. "Counting camp followers, native servants, etc., there were two black faces to every white face under the British flag which fluttered so proudly over the historic ridge at Delhi. The 'protected' Sikh chiefs kept British authority from temporary collapse betwixt the Jumna and the Sutlej. They formed what Sir Richard Temple calls 'a political breakwater,' on which the fury of rebellious Hindustan broke in vain." Had the Mutiny indeed been a *national* uprising, what chances would the 38,000 white soldiers have had against the millions of natives who comprised India's population?

It is important to bear all this in mind while following the course of events which marked the progress of revolt. We shall not then get such a distorted picture of the whole as is too frequently presented to us.

The Mutiny was a military one, as I have said. It began prematurely in an outbreak at Barrackpore, on March 29, 1857. Here a drunken fanatical sepoy, named Mungul Pandey, shot two British officers and set light to the "human powder magazine," which was all too ready to explode. On the 10th of May following came the tragedy of Meerut, where the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry, the 11th and 20th Regiments of Native Infantry rose and massacred every European not in the British lines, and this despite the presence there of a strong troop of horse artillery and a regiment of rifles, 1000 strong!

After the carnage at Meerut the mutinous sowars poured out unchecked along the high road to Delhi, to spread the news of their success and claim in the old, enfeebled pantaloon Mogul king in that city a political head to their revolt. Delhi received them open-armed. There were no British troops there, by special treaty, only a few Englishmen in charge of the great magazine and its stores.

It is quite clear that the 31st of May (a Sunday) was the day fixed for the sepoy regiments in Bengal to rise simultaneously. Unforeseen events had precipitated the catastrophe by a few weeks. In Delhi, which was a nest of treason and intrigue, arrangements had been perfected for the outbreak there, one of the first objects to be attained being the seizure of its arsenal. Hither, then, the mutineers turned at once after their triumphant entry.

The magazine of Delhi was a huge building standing about six hundred yards from the main-guard of the Cashmere Gate. Within its four walls were guns, shells, powder, rifles, and stores of cartridges in vast quantities, from which the mutineers had relied upon arming themselves. And to defend this priceless storehouse there was but a little band of nine Englishmen, for the score or so of sepoys under their command could not be depended on.

The Nine comprised Lieutenant George Willoughby, Captains Forrest and Raynor, Sergeants Stuart and Edwards, and four Conductors, Buckley, Shaw, Scully, and Crowe. Willoughby was in charge, a quiet-mannered, slow-speaking man, but possessed of that moral courage which is perhaps the highest of human attributes. When the shouting horde from Meerut swarmed in and began to massacre every white person

they met, he called his assistants inside the courtyard and locked the great gates. At all costs the magazine must be saved from falling into the hands of the mutineers.

There was not a man of the eight but shared his leader's determination. With set, grim faces they went about their work, preparing for the attack which must come sooner or later. There were ten guns to be placed in position, several gates to be bolted and barred, and, last of all, the mine to be laid beneath the magazine. Help would surely come—come along that very road down which the sowars of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry had galloped with blood-stained swords and tunics. But if it did not, the Nine knew their duty and would not flinch from doing it.

With all possible speed the front entrance and other important vulnerable points were covered with howitzers, loaded with grape-shot. Arms had been served out to all, including the native employees, but the latter only waited the opportunity to escape. In the meantime Conductor Buckley saw to the laying of the mine, connecting it with a long thin line of powder that ran out to the centre of the courtyard under a little lemon tree.

Conductor Scully begged for the honour of firing the train when the fatal moment came, and obtained his desire. A signal (the raising of a cap) was then arranged to be given, at which he was to apply his port-fire to the fuse.

All being at last in readiness, the Nine stood at their several posts waiting for the enemy to make the first move. They had not to wait long. Within half an hour came an urgent messenger from the

Palace bearing a written summons to Willoughby to surrender the magazine. The Head of the Nine tore up the paper and gave his answer.

Soon after appeared a body of sepoy, men of the Palace Guard and of the revolted Meerut regiments, with a rabble of city people.

"Open the gates!" they cried. "In the name of the King of Delhi, open the gates!"

Getting the same curt refusal that had greeted the previous summons, some went off for scaling-ladders, and as they heard these being fixed against the outer wall the Nine knew the moment for action had come. The sepoy employees of the Arsenal were in full flight now, but Willoughby let them go. He had no shot to spare for them. So over the walls they scrambled, like rats deserting a sinking ship, to join their compatriots without.

As the last man of them disappeared the rush of the mutineers began. Swarming up the ladders they lined the walls, whence they fired upon the brave group of defenders, while the more intrepid among them leapt boldly down into the yard. The rifles of the Nine rang out sharply; then at the word "Fire!" the big guns poured their charges of grape into the huddled mass of rebels.

By this time a gate had been burst open, and here the 24-pounder was booming its grim defiance. The sepoy, hung back in check for some minutes before the rain of shot. Behind them, however, was a rapidly increasing crowd, filling the air with the cry of faith—"Deen! Deen!" and calling on their brothers in the front to kill, and kill quickly. At this, though the ground was littered with dead, the rushes became more daring and the yard began to

fill with dusky forms, driving the Englishmen farther back.

The end was very near now. The sepoy were dangerously close to the guns, and Willoughby realised that in a few moments he would have to give the fatal signal. One last quick glance up the white streak of road showed him no sign of approaching aid. They were helpless—doomed!

Willoughby threw a last charge into the gun he himself worked.

“One more round, men,” he said, “and then—we’ve done.”

The big pieces thundered again in the face of the dark crowd by the broken gate, and at the groups along the wall. Then, dropping his fuse, Scully ran swiftly to the lemon tree where the post of honour was his.

It had been arranged that Buckley should give the signal at a word from Willoughby, but the brave conductor was bowled over with a ball in his elbow. It fell to Willoughby himself, therefore, to make the sign. He raised his cap from his head, as if in salute, and the same moment Scully bent down with his port-fire over the powder train.

There was a flash of flame across the yard to the door of the big store building, a brief instant of suspense, and then, with a deafening roar which shook Delhi from end to end, the great magazine blew up.

A dense column of smoke and débris shot high up into the sky, which was lit with crimson glory by the leaping flames. The smoke hung there for hours, like a black pall over the city, a sign for all who could read that the Huzoors, the Masters, had given their first answer of defiance to Mutiny.

In that tremendous explosion close on a thousand mutineers perished, crushed by the falling walls and masonry. Of the devoted Nine five were never seen again, among them being Conductor Scully. The four survivors, Willoughby, Buckley, Forrest, and Raynor, smoke-blackened and unrecognisable, escaped into the country outside the walls, and set off for Meerut, the nearest British cantonment.

Forrest and Buckley, both badly wounded, arrived safely there with Raynor, to tell the story of their deed; but Willoughby, who had separated from them, was less fortunate. His companions learned of their brave leader's fate some time after, when a native brought news of how some five British officers had been waylaid and cut to pieces near Koomhera. Willoughby formed one of the doomed party.

It was a sad ending to a fine career, and throughout India and England the keenest regret was felt that he had not lived to receive the V.C. with which, in due course, each of his three comrades was decorated.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIA.—WITH SABRE AND GUN AGAINST SEPOY.

THE siege of Delhi, which was begun a month after the rebellion had broken out, ranks with the most historic sieges of modern times. In its course it yielded many notable Crosses.

Defended by high bastions and walls of solid masonry, the city proved a hard nut to crack, and Generals Barnard and Wilson, who conducted the operations with an army of British, Afghan, Sikh, and Ghurka troops, spent several months before reducing the stronghold. Even then its capture was only made possible by the arrival of a siege train under Brigadier-General John Nicholson.

To Nicholson belongs a great share of the credit for the fall of Delhi. By a series of remarkable forced marches he brought a strong force of artillery and British and Sikh soldiers from the Punjab to the Ridge at Delhi, which added greatly to the strength of the army there encamped. And by his impetuosity in council he compelled the wavering General Wilson to decide on the final assault in September.

Before I come to this point, however, I have to tell of some gallant deeds that were performed in the fighting round Delhi. While the army lay on the Ridge preparing for its leap upon the rebel city, a

number of engagements with the enemy took place. These were mostly of a very desperate character, and the individual deeds of some who distinguished themselves therein were fittingly rewarded with the Cross for Valour.

In one of the sorties made by the sepoy at Delhi in July of that year, 1857, Lieutenant Hills and Major Tombs, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, had a fierce encounter with the rebels, which gained the V.C. for each of them.

With a cavalry picket and two guns, Hills was on outpost duty on the trunk road, near a piece of high ground called the Mound, when a large body of sepoy sowars from the city charged upon him. The picket, taken by surprise, took to flight and left the guns undefended, but Hills remained at his post. To save his guns and give the gunners a chance of opening fire was the plucky lieutenant's first thought, so clapping spurs to his horse he bore down alone on the enemy.

In narrating the incident himself he says: "I thought that by charging them I might make a commotion, and give the guns time to load, so in I went at the front rank, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next across the face as hard as I could, when two sowars charged me. Both their horses crashed into mine at the same moment, and, of course, both horse and myself were sent flying. We went down at such a pace that I escaped the cuts made at me, one of them giving my jacket an awful slice just below the left arm—it only, however, cut the jacket.

"Well, I lay quite snug until all had passed over me, and then got up and looked about for my sword. I found it full ten yards off. I had hardly got hold of

it when these fellows returned, two on horseback. The first I wounded, and dropped him from his horse. The second charged me with his lance. I put it aside, and caught him an awful gash on the head and face. I thought I had killed him. Apparently he must have clung to his horse, for he disappeared. The wounded man then came up, but got his skull split. Then came on the third man—a young, active fellow.

“I found myself getting very weak from want of breath, the fall from my horse having pumped me considerably, and my cloak, somehow or other, had got tightly fixed round my throat, and was actually choking me. I went, however, at the fellow and cut him on the shoulder, but some ‘kupra’ (cloth) on it apparently turned the blow. He managed to seize the hilt of my sword and twisted it out of my hand, and then we had a hand-to-hand fight, I punching his head with my fists, and he trying to cut me, but I was too close to him.”

At this critical moment Hills slipped on the wet ground and fell. He lay at the sowar’s mercy, and nothing could have saved him from death had not Major Tombs come within sight of the scene. The major was some thirty yards away, and had only his revolver and sword with him. There was no time to be lost, so resting the former weapon on his arm he took a quick steady aim and fired. The shot caught the sepoy in the breast, and as his uplifted arm fell limply to his side he tumbled dead to the ground.

Thanking Heaven that his aim had been true, Major Tombs hastened to assist Hills to his feet and help him back to camp. But as they stood together a rebel sowar rode by with the lieutenant’s pistol in his

hand. In a moment Hills, who had regained his sword, dashed after the man, who proved no mean adversary.

They went at it cut and slash for some time; then a smashing blow from the sowar's tulwar broke down the lieutenant's guard and cut him on the head. Tombs now received the sepoy's attack, but the major was among the best swordsmen in the army, and closing with his opponent he speedily ran him through.

Both the officers had had their fill of fighting for the day, and fortunately, perhaps, for them, no more rebels appeared to molest them on their return to the camp. The lieutenant, I may note in passing, is now the well-known Lieut.-General Sir J. Hills-Johnes, G.C.B.; his fellow-hero of the fight died some years ago, a Major-General and a K.C.B.

Another veteran of the Indian Mutiny still alive, who also won his V.C. at Delhi, is Colonel Thomas Cadell. A lieutenant in the Bengal European Fusiliers at the time, Cadell figured in a hot affray between a picket and an overwhelmingly large body of rebels. In the face of a very severe fire he gallantly went to the aid of a wounded bugler of his own regiment and brought him safely in. On the same day, hearing that another wounded man had been left behind, he made a dash into the open, accompanied by three men of his regiment, and succeeded in making a second rescue.

The heroes of Delhi are so many that it is difficult to choose among them. Place must be found, however, for brief mention of the dashing exploit of Colour-Sergeant Stephen Garvin of the 60th Rifles. The Rifles, by the way, now the King's Royal Rifle

Corps, have the goodly number of thirteen V.C.'s to their credit.

In June 1857 the British army on the Ridge was greatly harassed by rebel sharpshooters who took up their position in a building known as the "Sammy House." It was essential that this hornet's nest should be destroyed, and volunteers were called for. For this service Colour-Sergeant Garvin promptly stepped forward and, with a small party of daring spirits, set out on what looked to most like a forlorn hope.

What the rebels thought of this impudent attempt to oust them from their stronghold we cannot tell, for but one or two of them escaped to the city with their lives. Such an onslaught as they received at the "Sammy House," when Garvin and his valiant dozen rushed the place, quite surpassed anything in their experience. The colour-sergeant is described as hewing and hacking like a paladin of romance, and for his bravery and the example he set to his followers he well deserved the Cross that later adorned his breast.

At Bulandshahr, a little to the south of Delhi, in September of the same year, there was a gallant action fought by a body of the Bengal Horse Artillery, which resulted in no fewer than seven V.C.'s being awarded; but there is, I think, no more heroic act recorded in the annals of this famous corps than that of brave Gunner Connolly at Jhelum, two months previously.

While working his gun early in the action he was wounded in the left thigh, but he said nothing about his wound, mounting his horse in the team when the battery limbered up to another position.

After some hours' hot work at this new post, Connolly was again hit, and so badly that his superior officer ordered him to the rear.

"I gave instructions for his removal out of action," says Lieutenant Cookes in his report, "but this brave man, hearing the order, staggered to his feet and said, 'No, sir, I'll not go there whilst I can work here,' and shortly afterwards he again resumed his post as a spongeman."

Throughout the fighting that day Connolly stuck to his gun, though his wounds caused him great suffering and loss of blood, and it was not until a third bullet had ploughed its way through his leg that he gave up. Then he was carried from the field unconscious. That was the stuff that our gunners in India were made of, and we may give Connolly and his fellows our unstinted admiration. For sheer pluck and devotion to duty they had no peers.

A highly distinguished artilleryman, who won his Cross in a different way, was a young lieutenant named Frederick Sleigh Roberts, now known to fame as Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G. The scene of his valour was Khudaganj, near Fatehgarh, in the Agra district, and the date the 2nd of January 1858.

Some five thousand rebels under the Nawab of Farukhabad being in force in the neighbourhood, Sir Colin Campbell pushed on with his troops to disperse the enemy. Lieutenant Roberts was attached to Sir Hope Grant's staff, and with his leader came into contact with the rebels at the village of Khudaganj. Here a sharp engagement took place, which resulted in the Nawab's army being completely routed.

At the end of the fight, while the mounted men were following up the fugitives, the young lieutenant

saw a sowar of the Punjab Cavalry (a loyal native regiment) in danger of being worsted by a sepoy armed with fixed bayonet. Wheeling his horse in their direction, he quickly thrust himself between the two and, with a terrific sweep of his sword across the other's face, laid the sepoy low. A minute or two later he caught sight of a couple of rebels making off with a standard. Roberts determined that this should be captured, so setting spurs to his horse he galloped after them.

He overtook the pair just as they were about to seek refuge in a village close by, and engaged them both at once. The one who clutched the standard he cut down, wrenching the trophy out of the other's hands, but the second sepoy, ere he could turn, placed his musket close to the young officer's body and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for him, the musket missed fire (it was in the days of the old percussion caps), whereupon the sepoy made off, leaving Roberts to return in triumph.

In other engagements like those at Bulandshahr and Khudaganj many young cavalry officers who came to high honour in later years distinguished themselves by personal bravery. Prominent among these were Captain Dighton Probyn and Lieutenant John Watson, both of the Punjab Cavalry. Their exploits are well worth narrating.

At the battle of Agra Probyn at the head of his squadron charged a body of rebel infantry, and in the mêlée became separated from his men. Beset as he was by a crowd of sepoys, he cut his way through them and engaged in a series of single combats of an Homeric kind. In one instance he rode down upon a cluster of sepoys, singled out the standard-bearer, killed him

on the spot, and dashed off again with the colours. His gallantry on this and other occasions was, as Sir Hope Grant said in his despatch, so marked that he was promptly awarded the V.C.

Lieutenant Watson had a similar heroic encounter with a rebel on November 14th, 1857, when just outside Lucknow he and his troop of Punjabis came into contact with a force of rebel cavalry which far outnumbered them.

As they approached the Rissaldar in command of the rebels rode out in advance of his men with half a dozen followers. He is described as having been "a fine specimen of the Hindustani Mussulman," a stalwart, black-bearded, fierce-looking man. Here was a foeman worthy of one's steel. With all the daring that had already made him beloved by his sowars and feared by the enemy, Watson accepted the challenge thus offered, and rode out to give the other combat.

He had got within a yard or so of his opponent when the Rissaldar fired his pistol point blank at him, but luckily the shot failed to take effect. It can only be supposed that the bullet had fallen out in the process of loading, for the two were too close together for the rebel leader to have missed his mark. Without hesitating, the lieutenant charged and dismounted the other, who drew his tulwar and called his followers to his aid.

Watson now found himself engaged with seven opponents, and against their onslaught he had to defend himself like a lion. It is not recorded that he slew the Rissaldar, though it is to be hoped that he did so, but he succeeded in keeping them all at bay until his own sowars came to the rescue with some of Probyn's Horse who had witnessed the combat. And

when the rebels were put to flight the brave lieutenant's wounds bore evidence of the fierce nature of the combat. A hideous slash on the head, a cut on the left arm, another on the right arm that disabled that limb for some time afterwards, and a sabre cut on the leg which came near to permanently laming him, were the chief hurts he had received, while a bullet hole in his coat showed how nearly a shot had found him.

There were many tight corners that the young cavalry leader found himself in before the Mutiny came to an end, and despatches recorded his name more than once for distinguished services, but if you were to ask General Sir John Watson (he is a G.C.B. now, like his brother-officer, Sir Dighton Probyn) to-day, I doubt if he could remember another fight that was so desperate as that hand-to-hand combat with the mighty Rissaldar.

And if it should ever come to fade from his memory he has only to look at a little bronze Maltese cross which hangs among his other medals on his breast, to remind himself of a time when it was touch-and-go with death.

CHAPTER X.

INDIA.—THE BLOWING UP OF THE CASHMERE GATE.

THE final assault of Delhi, the leap of a little army of five thousand British and native soldiers upon a strongly fortified city held by fifty thousand rebels, forms one of the most exciting chapters in the history of the Indian Mutiny, and the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate one of its most heroic incidents. Once more did the gallant "sappers and miners," whom we last saw doing noble work in the trenches at Sebastopol, here show themselves ready to face any peril at duty's call.

The decision to make the attack was come to at that historic council on September 6th, 1857, to which Nicholson went fully prepared to propose that General Wilson should be superseded did he hesitate longer. On the following day the engineers under Baird-Smith and his able lieutenants set to work to construct the trenching batteries, and by the 13th enough had been done to warrant the assault.

We have a very vivid picture drawn for us by several writers of how, on the night of the 13th, four Engineer subalterns stole out of the camp on the Ridge and crept cautiously up to the walls of the enemy's bastions to see what condition they were in. Greathed, Home, Medley, and Lang were the names

of the four; one of them, Lieutenant Home, was to earn undying fame the next day at the Cashmere Gate.

Armed with swords and revolvers, the party—divided into two sections—slipped into the great ditch, sixteen feet deep, and made for the top of the breach. But quiet as they were, the sepoy sentries on the wall above had heard them. Men were heard running from point to point. "They conversed in a low tone," writes Medley, who was with Lang under the Cashmere Bastion, "and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded."

Huddled into the darkest corner of the ditch, the two officers waited anxiously for the sepoys to go away, when another attempt might be made; but the alarmed sentries held their ground. The engineers, however, had seen that the breach was a good one, "the slope being easy of ascent and no guns on the flank," so the four of them jumped up and made a bolt for home. Directly they were discovered a volley rattled out from behind them, and the whizzing of balls about their ears quickened their steps over the rough ground. Luckily not one was hit.

There was one other man engaged in reconnoitring work that same night of whom little mention is made in accounts of the siege. This was Bugler William Sutton, of the 60th Rifles, a very brave fellow, as had been proved some weeks previously during a sortie from Delhi. On this occasion he dashed out from cover and threw himself upon the sepoy bugler who was about to sound the "advance" for the rebels. The call never rang out, for Bugler Sutton's aim was quick and true, and the rebels, in some disorder, were driven back.

Volunteering for the dangerous service on which the four engineers above-named had undertaken, Sutton ventured forth alone to spy out the breach at which his regiment was to be hurled next morning, and succeeded in obtaining some very valuable information for his superiors. The 60th Rifles gained no fewer than eight Victoria Crosses during the Mutiny, and one of them fell to Bugler Sutton, who was elected unanimously for the honour by his comrades.

But it is of the Cashmere Gate and what was done there that this chapter is mainly to tell. According to the plans of the council, four columns were to make the attack simultaneously at four different points in the walls. The one under Nicholson was to carry the breach near the Cashmere Bastion, while another column, under Colonel Campbell, was to blow up the Cashmere Gate and force its entrance through into the city. The duty of performing the first part of this operation fell to Lieutenants Home and Salkeld of the Engineers.

There was a little delay on the morning of the assault, for it was found that the sepoys had been hard at it in the night blocking up the holes in the breaches with sandbags, and otherwise repairing the damage done by our batteries. But at last everything was in readiness. The signal to advance was given, and the columns moved eagerly forward.

At the head of the third column (Campbell's), well in front of the rest, ran Home, Salkeld, two sergeants, also of the Bengal Engineers,—let their names be given, Smith and Carmichael,—Corporal Burgess, and Bugler Hawthorne of the 52nd Regiment, together with Havildar Pelluck Singh and eight sappers.

Salkeld had a slow match in his hand (not a port-fire, as is often stated); the sergeants and the other men each carried a 25 lb. bag of powder. Behind, to cover them, followed close a small firing party.

It is not difficult to conjure up the scene before our eyes. As the little company nears the Gate it sees that the bridge which formerly spanned the ditch has been broken down. Only a single beam stretches across. Nothing daunted, Lieutenant Home leads the way, stepping lightly over the shaking beam and dropping his powder bag at the foot of the Gate ere he leaps down into the ditch.

Peering through the wicket, the sepoys stare in sheer astonishment at this handful of mad Englishmen charging at them, and four or five of the party have got safely across, each depositing his precious bag in its place, ere the rebel muskets speak out. Then the slender wooden beam becomes indeed a bridge of death. A sheet of flame flashes from the wicket of the Gate, and one man after another falls, wounded or killed outright. Enough bags, however, have been flung down into position, and Home calls upon Salkeld to finish the job.

With Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and the corporal by his side, Salkeld, who has been in waiting, dashes for the frail bridge. He gains it and is over, as a volley rattles out from the Gate, but before he can light the fuse he falls, shot through leg and arm.

"Here you are, Burgess!" he cries, holding out the slow match. "Quick, man!"

The corporal takes the slow match in turn and bends low over the powder, only to fall back the next instant mortally wounded. We have it on Lord Roberts'

authority that Burgess actually succeeded in lighting the fuse, but opinions are at variance on this point. It seems probable, however, that he did perform his task, for when Sergeant Smith, seizing the slow match in his turn, now goes forward to ignite the powder, he sees that the fuse is fizzling.

A leap into the ditch, where he lands beside Home and Bugler Hawthorne, saves him just in time. A moment later and there is a loud explosion, a cloud of smoke, and stones, pieces of wood, and other débris raining down all around. In the noise of the firing and the confusion that prevails, the bugler is meanwhile sounding the "advance," not once but thrice, though it is extremely doubtful if it is heard at all.

Colonel Campbell has seen the explosion, however, and the storming party, straining like hounds in leash, are no more to be held back. With a wild cheer they spring forward, to find—not the big Gate itself destroyed, but the little wicket, which was all that had been blown in. One by one they creep through, stepping over the scorched bodies of the sepoy wardens within, and form up in the open space by Skinner's Church, where all are to meet.

But what of the survivors of the explosion left behind in the ditch? Home is alive, and so are Hawthorne, Smith, Burgess, and Salkeld, though the two last are grievously wounded. Carmichael and several others lie still for ever on the damp ground.

With some assistance, brave John Smith and Bugler Hawthorne get Lieutenant Salkeld into the doctor's hands, though it is evident nothing can be done for him. Burgess, too, has a mortal wound, and he is

dead before friendly hands have carried him a score of yards. Of the wounded only the havildar, who had fallen with Carmichael before the deadly rain of bullets, has any hope of recovery.

There is not much more to be said. Lieutenant Philip Salkeld died a few days later, but not before he knew that the Cross for Valour had been conferred upon him. Sergeant Smith and the bugler were the only two destined to wear the coveted decoration in memory of that day's desperate deed.

Lieutenant Duncan Home figures in the list of V.C. heroes with his brother-lieutenant by reason of the Cross having been provisionally bestowed upon him by General Wilson. His end, which came scarcely three weeks later, was a dramatic one.

In the attack on Fort Malagarh it was expedient to lay a mine and make a breach in the wall. Home superintended this operation, and lit the slow match himself. The fuse appearing to have gone out, he went forward to examine it and relight it if necessary, but at the moment he stooped the light reached the powder and the mine blew up.

CHAPTER XI.

INDIA.—THE STORY OF KOLAPORE KERR.

THE scene of the incident which I am about to narrate was Kolapore (or Kolhapur, as the modern spelling has it), an important town in the Bombay Presidency. Even before the Mutiny broke out there had been no little disaffection among the people in that quarter of India, and when the news of the revolt at Meerut and Delhi reached the Presidency grave fears were entertained lest the native troops there should join the rebels.

It was characteristic of most English officers attached to native regiments in those days that they firmly believed in the loyalty of their men. Only at the last moment, when the soldiers they had drilled and taught broke into open mutiny, could they grasp the truth, and then it was often too late. But in Bombay there was one officer whose trust was not belied. This was Lieutenant William Alexander Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse.

"I know my men," he would say, when the question of loyalty was raised, "and I know they are true. I'll answer for *my* troopers at any time."

Rather short men were these Mahrattas, but sturdy, stocky fellows with somewhat flat features, long jet black hair, and bronze faces, out of which

small fiery black eyes gleamed at one. They were excellent fighters, as many a hill fight had proved, and there were not a few officers in India who would as soon have had a company of wild Mahratta warriors at their back as Sikhs or Punjabis, when it came to a tussle.

Lieutenant Kerr certainly held this opinion. Long service with them had made him acquainted with their courage and faithfulness.

"The Bombay Infantry may rise, but not my Mahrattas," he affirmed. "There isn't a man among them who wouldn't follow me to the ends of the earth!"

He was stating this fact for the hundredth time at a memorable council that was held in the officers' mess at Satara on the night of July 8th, 1857, when the startling news was flashed over the wires that the 27th Bombay Native Infantry had revolted at Kolapore. The message ran that nearly all their English officers had been killed, only a few escaping to find uncertain refuge in the Residency. Help was needed urgently.

What was to be done? The officer commanding at Satara faced his staff with a grave face. Here was confirmation of their worst fears. The looks that met his were full of foreboding; all, that is, save Kerr's.

Rising to his feet, the young lieutenant turned quickly to his superior.

"Give me leave, sir," he said, "and I'll undertake with a company of our sowars to clear every mutineer out of Kolapore."

It was the chance he longed for, the chance to prove the loyalty of his troopers.

The colonel pondered some moments, for the little force at Satara was not over strong.

"I can give you fifty men," he said at last; "a troop of fifty, no more. Can you manage with that?"

"I can and I will," answered Kerr tersely. And half an hour later saw him spurring fast southward with his Mahrattas behind him, in all the glory of their gold-braided green coats and scarlet turbans.

Kolapore lay seventy-five miles due south, as the crow flies, but their way led through unfrequented roads and jungle paths, with swollen rivers and flooded nullahs to swim across, for the rains had been heavy of late and the fords were gone. Swamps impeded their progress, clutching at the feet of the wiry hill horses to drag them down, but they were clear at last, and galloped breathless into Kolapore in rather less than six-and-twenty hours from their start.

The mutineers of the revolted 27th Regiment had entrenched themselves in a strongly built stone fort on the outskirts of the town. The main entrance to this was a massive wooden door which would need to be forced open, for inside there were heavy bolts and bars to secure it. So Kerr, choosing the quickest way, borrowed a couple of antique cannon from the Rajah of the place and pounded away to break the outer wall; but the guns turned out to be worthless and had to be abandoned.

There now remained the door to be broken open. That offered the best, indeed the only, means of effecting an entrance. Night was fast drawing nigh, and the lieutenant was determined to take action at once. It would not do to give the rebels breathing space.

Halting his Mahrattas some distance from the fort, Kerr picked seventeen of his most trusted men and bade them dismount and follow him to the attack. For himself and a trooper whose name, strangely enough, was Gumpunt Rao Deo Ker, he had obtained two stout iron crowbars with which to force open the door, and at a signal from him the little party dashed eagerly forward.

From their loopholes and from the top of the wall the sepoy poured an irregular fire upon the besiegers below. But Kerr and Gumpunt Rao, working away desperately with their bars, very soon made a hole in the door near the ground. A few more blows enlarged it sufficiently to allow one man to crawl through on his hands and knees.

That was enough for Kerr.

"In we go, men," he cried; "after me! Have your swords ready!" And the little fierce-eyed men grinned with delight as they saw their leader wriggle like a snake through the hole with the faithful Gumpunt at his heels. What a fight there was going to be!

They guessed truly. The instant Kerr showed himself inside the courtyard he was greeted with a volley of musketry, but the sepoy aimed too high, and every bullet crashed harmlessly into the woodwork over his head. Springing to his feet, the lieutenant made a rush at his assailants that sent them flying before him. And then, the scarlet turbans having followed safely through the aperture one after another, the mutineers were slowly driven back, leaving several heaps of dead and wounded in their wake.

The fighting blood of the wild Mahrattas was up now. A battalion of rebels could not have stayed them. Before their fierce onslaught the mutineers

fled to the refuge of a house that covered the second entrance to the fort, but the building was set on fire, and off they scampered again for dear life, though a few perished in the flames.

Their next retreat was behind a gateway which led to the inner portion of the fort. Here the shaken remnant was joined by the men of the garrison, who had been spectators of the affray. This reinforcement gave them renewed confidence, and they opened a fresh fire upon Kerr and his little band. The Mahrattas needed no call from their valiant leader. Two or three of them bit the dust under the hail of bullets, but the rest leapt to the gate where Lieutenant Kerr was already at work with his crowbar. Again a hole was made, and again the plucky officer—always first—crept through with his followers.

In the terrible hand-to-hand fight that ensued within Kerr had the chain of his helmet cut by a bullet, while another ball struck his sword. A sepoy, too, thrust his musket almost into the lieutenant's face, the discharge blinding him for an instant, but Kerr ran his sword through the man's body ere he could reload.

The thrust was a mighty one, and the effort to withdraw his weapon was so great that it gave time for a watching rebel to deal him a stunning blow on the head with the butt end of a musket. Down went Kerr like a felled log, and but for Gumpunt Rao he would have been shot where he lay. Just in the nick of time the Mahratta sprang between them and sent the sepoy to his last account.

Kerr's storming party was sadly reduced in numbers by this time, and of those who had survived not one had escaped being wounded. But as soon

as their leader had come to his senses, they went forward once more, cutting down the mutineers with their keen-edged curved swords, and striking terror into the hearts of those who yet again fled before them.

In their extremity the rebels made for an empty disused temple, hastily barricading its door with stones and anything that would help to keep those dreaded greencoats at a safe distance. They still had a good supply of cartridges left, and with these did such execution that several more of the Mahratta warriors were laid low.

But they had to reckon with a man who was bent on teaching them such a lesson as they and every mutineer in the Presidency should never forget. Seven sowars alone were left to Kerr for his last attack, seven out of the chosen seventeen who had followed him through that first hole in the outer door. Yet he did not wait to be reinforced. With this mere handful of men he flung himself on the temple door, which at once rang under the quick blows of his iron bar.

The entrance to the building, however, was made of stouter material than the other doors had been. Neither he nor Gumpunt Rao could burst through the wood. The lieutenant glanced round for another weapon, and now to his delight saw a heap of hay lying by a side wall. Here was the very thing he wanted.

"Quick, Gumpunt!" he shouted. "Bring that hay over here. We'll burn the door down an' finish 'em!"

And finish them they did. As the flames crackled up and the door fell in, Kerr, Gumpunt Rao, and the

other six leapt inside. A grim-looking band they must have appeared, with their smoke-blackened faces, their slashed and bloodstained tunics, and doubly so to the panic-stricken mutineers who cowered in the dark corners of the temple.

"No quarter!" the wild Mahrattas had begged of their "sahib," while they waited for the fire to do its work. "Death to every rat caught in the hole!" But Kerr would not grant them their wish. All who would yield were to be taken prisoners; he had a different fate in store for them.

So when the eight emerged again from the now silent building, more bloodstained than ever, for a few of the rats at bay had shown their teeth, they brought with them a bare dozen of trembling sepoy, all that remained of the mutinous garrison of Kolapore Fort. And with these in their midst the little swarthy hill-men in the green coats some hours later rode triumphantly back to Satara, with Kerr at their head, to tell of that grim night's work.

The sparks of mutiny that might so easily have burst into a flame in Bombay may be said to have been stamped out by Lieutenant Kerr's prompt and vigorous action. Subsequent attempts were made to create a rising, but they were fitful and half-hearted. The lesson of Kolapore had been a stern one.

For his dashing exploit Lieutenant Kerr received the V.C., a decoration which, I am glad to say, he is still alive to wear. The brave Mahratta, Gumpunt Rao Deo Ker, though he deserved to share the same honour, was rewarded in a different fashion.

That is the story of Kolapore Kerr. It is, to my mind, a theme every whit as inspiring to a poet's pen as the stand of the Guides at Cabul or Gillespie's ride

to "false Vellore." Perhaps some day a poet will arise who will commemorate for us in stirring verse Kerr's gallant deed, and tell how once and for all the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse proved their loyalty to the British Raj.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA.—THE DEFENCE OF THE DHOOLIES.

IN the preceding chapters I have told of many heroes who have won imperishable glory at the cannon's mouth, "i' the imminent deadly breach"; at the head of charging squadrons; or in Homeric personal combat. Valiant men were they all, and worthy of high admiration; but I come now to speak of other brave men, whose deeds though less ostentatious should appeal to our imagination no less forcibly—the devoted surgeons of our Army.

In the bead-roll of Britain's heroes there are no more honoured names than theirs, and very high up among them I would place those of Surgeons Jee, McMaster, Home, and Bradshaw. Their work was not to lead storming parties or join in the press of battle, but to follow in the wake of the fight, to relieve the sufferings of the wounded, to bind up shattered limbs and bandage the ghastly hurts that round-shot, sabre, and musket had inflicted in the swirl of evil human passions thus let loose.

It was work that demanded devotion and courage of the highest order, for it was carried on mostly under fire, when bullets rained pitilessly around, and the very hand that one moment eased a sufferer's pain might the next itself be stilled in death. Let

the tale of what was done in Lucknow streets on that historic September day in 1857 when Havelock and Outram fought their way into the besieged city, testify to the pluck and noble self-sacrifice of which our Army doctors are capable at duty's call.

Surgeon Joseph Jee was attached to the 78th Highlanders, the old "Ross-shire Buffs," now known (with the 72nd Foot) as the Seaforth Highlanders. He had followed his regiment to Cawnpore to avenge Nana Sahib's ghastly massacre, and thence to Lucknow, which, under the gallant Henry Lawrence, was holding out until relief came.

From the Alumbagh, the pleasure-house that was built by a Begum of the ex-King of Oudh about two miles out of the city, and was now garrisoned by some 12,000 sepoys, the relieving force, as is well known, fought their way steadily across the Charbagh Bridge, and so on to the Chutter Munzil Palace and the Bailey Guard Gate, and eventually gained the Residency itself.

It was on the morning of the 25th of September that Lucknow was actually reached. At the Charbagh Palace, near the bridge, the 78th Highlanders were left to hold that position, while the main body threaded its way through the narrow, tortuous lanes leading to the Residency, and here Surgeon Jee and Assistant-Surgeon McMaster quickly found work for their hands. All the streets and houses in the vicinity were strongly occupied by mutineers. Desperate charges had to be made to carry the rebel guns which poured a devastating fire upon our troops, and though the cannon were captured and toppled over into the canal, the casualties were exceedingly heavy.

While the wounded remained to receive attention

from the busy doctors, the regiment, following up its last attack, disappeared round the bend of the canal, and Jee and his assistants found themselves suddenly exposed to the enemy's fire. Having obtained some men to act as bearers, the surgeon got his patients lifted up and carried to where a few dhoolies were. These were filled in no time, one of them by Captain Havelock, son of the General, who was badly hit in the arm; the rest of the wounded were placed in carts drawn by bullocks. The latter, however, met with a heartrending fate ere they had gone far; for the sick train coming to a standstill in the road where it was blocked, all the occupants of the carts were massacred by sepoy's before their comrades' eyes.

The regiment was caught up at last, and a company under Captain Halliburton detailed to guard the dhoolies. But misfortune dogged the little party's steps. They lost their way in the city, were led by a blundering guide right into an enemy's battery, which shelled them mercilessly, and wandered about for hours continually under fire, until they took refuge in the Moti - Mahal (the Pearl Palace). Here was a square courtyard having sheds all round it and two gateway entrances. As it was already packed with soldiers, camp followers and camels, the surgeons were hard put to it to find accommodation for their wounded.

Of the horrors of that night Surgeon Jee has told us in his own words. The firing was deafening, gongs were sounding the hours, while there was a hubbub of shouting through which the groans of the wounded could nevertheless be heard. An alarming rumour came that all the 78th had been killed, and, what

added to the terrors of the situation, no one knew how far off the Residency was. But Jee stuck to his post, and many a poor fellow lived through that inferno to bless the brave, tender-hearted doctor to whom he owed his life.

At daylight some tea was made (they had had neither food nor drink since leaving the Alumbagh the morning before), and then preparations were made to defend the place. Loopholes had to be pierced in the walls, and the best marksmen stationed there to pick off the sepoy who raked the square from house and gateway. Jee himself had many a narrow escape as he dodged about dressing the wounds both of the artillery and his own men, and he recounts how Brigadier Cooper was shot through a loophole close to where he was standing.

In this extremity Jee boldly volunteered to attempt to get his wounded into the Residency by taking them along the river bank, leaving Captain Halliburton to hold the Moti-Mahal. Nothing could dissuade him from this course once his mind was made up, so with his dhoolies he set out to run the gauntlet.

What the little company of dhoolies passed through ere it reached its destination we do not know, but we can picture to ourselves that terrible journey through the winding tangled streets in which nearly every house contained sepoy riflemen. There was, too, a stream to be crossed, and at this spot they were exposed to the fire of the rebel guns at the Kaiserbagh Palace.

They reached the Residency at length, after much going astray, and reached it sadly depleted in numbers. As elsewhere in Lucknow that same night, the cowardly sepoy made a special mark of the dhoolies,

shooting the defenceless wounded in cold blood. On their arrival General Havelock warmly congratulated the plucky surgeon on his success in getting through, for he had heard that Jee had been killed.

Honour was slower in coming to the brave Army doctors than to many others who distinguished themselves in the Mutiny, for it was not until three years later that Jee was gazetted V.C. But such services as his could not be overlooked, and there was universal satisfaction when his name was added to the Roll of Valour. He died some years ago, a Deputy Inspector-General and a C.B.

On the night of the same day that Jee was conveying his wounded to the Residency, a somewhat similar scene was being enacted in another quarter of Lucknow. By the Moti Munzil Palace lay a number of wounded officers and men of the 90th and other regiments in the charge of Doctors Home and Bradshaw of the 90th. Left behind by the relieving force as it held straight on to its goal, the dhoolies had to rely for protection on a small escort of a hundred and fifty men. By great good fortune they escaped the notice of the mutineers during the first part of the night, but ere dawn had broken a fierce attack was made upon them. Off they started, then, on a slow, laborious journey, which was to cost many valuable lives before its end.

"To the Residency!" was the cry, a young civilian named Thornhill having undertaken to guide them thither. But between them and Havelock's house was a network of streets and lanes that had to be threaded, and these were still overrun with sepoys. It was a true *via dolorosa* that lay before them.

The order having been given, the dhoolies were picked up by very reluctant native bearers, the surgeons closed in round their charges, and they started off, while the escort covered their progress as best they could. After a terrible hour's journeying, with sepoy hanging on flank and rear, the little company eventually reached the Martinière (a building erected by a French soldier of fortune in the eighteenth century). Their stay here was short, however, for a well-directed cannonade drove them once more afield. A flooded nullah was next crossed, and beyond this seemed to lie safety, but a fatal blunder on the part of their guide led them into a veritable death-trap.

The street into which they filed appeared to be deserted. As a matter of fact it was full of sepoys, who were concealed in the houses on either side. This was the narrow street leading to the Bailey Guard Gate, the entrance to the Residency; along its three-quarters of a mile, some hours previously, the 78th Highlanders and Brasyer's Sikhs had won their way through a perfect tempest of shot. A similar reception awaited the dhoolies.

As the ill-fated train passed through and gained the square at the farther end, the storm of musketry broke into full blast over their heads. In a moment the panic-stricken bearers dropped the dhoolies and fled for dear life, leaving the wounded men in the middle of the square exposed to every sepoy marksman. The fire of close on a thousand muskets must have been concentrated on that small enclosure, but Surgeon Home managed, with nine men of the escort, to get half a dozen of the wounded within the shelter of a building before which was a covered archway.

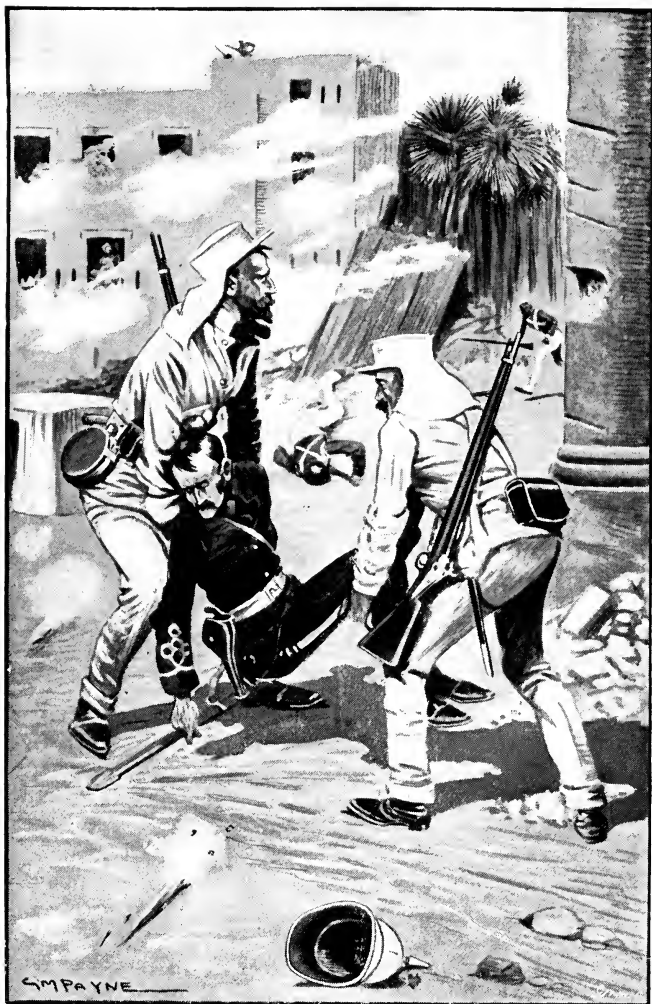
Surgeon Bradshaw, meanwhile, who had been in the

rear of the train, had collected his dhoolies as soon as the nature of the trap was disclosed, and turned hastily back to seek the turning that their guide ought to have taken. The luckless Thornhill had been killed, having been one of the first to be shot down. It is satisfactory to add that Bradshaw was successful in bringing his dhoolies to safe quarters without further mishap.

Would that such had been the case with Surgeon Home! He and his party had gained shelter for the time, but none could say how long it would be before the horde of sepoys would storm it. The most daring of the mutineers had already ventured out into the square to kill those of the wounded whom they could reach and to fire through the windows of the house.

The heroes of what became known afterwards as Dhoolie Square were, besides Home, Privates McManus, Ward, Ryan, and Hollowell. These gallant fellows, but for whom the whole company must have been massacred, formed part of the military escort. Patrick McManus, who was an Irishman of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was a noted shot. Taking up a position immediately behind one of the pillars of the archway, he coolly fired shot after shot until a number of sepoys had fallen victims to his unerring aim. The rest of the rebels retreated before his rifle and sought shelter within the houses.

This pause afforded an opportunity for rescuing those of the wounded who lay within reach. With his deadly rifle in his hand, McManus now rushed out, accompanied by Private John Ryan (a Madras European Fusilier), and carried in Captain Arnold, who had been shot in both legs. A second time they ventured out, and in the rain of bullets they drew upon themselves succeeded in dragging another poor fellow from the slender security



McMANUS NOW RUSHED OUT, ACCOMPANIED BY PRIVATE JOHN RYAN . . . AND CARRIED IN CAPTAIN ARNOLD.—*Page 98.*

The figure consists of two scatter plots. The left plot shows a positive correlation between the number of children and the number of adults, with a regression line indicating a positive slope. The right plot shows a negative correlation between the number of children and the number of adults, with a regression line indicating a negative slope.

of his dhoolie to more certain safety. But their errand of mercy was in vain: though neither of the rescuers was hit, Arnold and the other wounded man (a private) were struck again and again, both dying soon after.

Private Ward, a 78th Highlander but a Norfolk man by birth, had a little previously saved the life of Lieutenant Havelock. The dhoolie in which the young officer lay would have been abandoned had not Ward, by force of blows, compelled the native bearers to carry it behind the pillars of the arch.

Inside the house that sheltered Home and the others the surgeon was hard at work attending to his wounded, most of whom were in worse case than when they started on their journey. If he stopped in his task it was only to snatch up a rifle and take a shot at some sepoy who was within sight. With consummate daring the rebels braved McManus and crept up to the window of Home's room. One man, whom he shot with his revolver, was no more than three yards away from him at the time.

So some hours wore away. Then the sepoys, furious at their ineffectual attempts to get at their prey, brought up a large screen on wheels, with thick planks in front, and with this shut off what was apparently the little garrison's only exit. It was their intention to fire the roof and burn the Englishmen in their trap.

There was another door at the side of the house, however, and while the flames crackled and the choking smoke filled the rooms, Home and all the able men with him seized hold of the wounded and made a dash through this across the square to a small shed that appeared to be empty. They reached it, but only half a dozen were in a condition to handle their rifles.

The remnant that had struggled through with them could hardly raise themselves from the floor.

The shed being loopholed, McManus and his comrades Ward and Ryan, together with another 78th man, named Hollowell, were able to keep the sepoy at a distance. They could not prevent, however, the ghastly murder of the wounded, who still lay in the dhoolies at the farther end of the square. One after another the unfortunate men were shot or bayoneted as they lay, only one (an officer of the 90th), it is recorded, escaping by a miracle.

All the rest of that fearful day, and throughout the night, the brave surgeon and his handful of men held their fort against the swarms of mutineers who surged again and again to the attack. In the darkness they heard the sepoy tramping about on the roof, but a few well-aimed shots put these daring spirits to flight. The lack of water was now keenly felt, some of the wounded suffering terribly for want of it. Moved to desperation by their piteous cries, and hoping to secure a safer position, Home and a private at last stole out into the square and made their way to a mosque some yards distant. They obtained some water, but a vigilant sepoy espied their movements, and the plucky pair only just got back to the shed in time.

"The terrors of that awful night," says Dr. Home in his account of his experiences, "were almost maddening: raging thirst, uncertainty as to where the sepoy would next make an attack; together with the exhaustion produced by want of food, heat, and anxiety."

But morning saw them still alive, and with the daylight came the welcome sound of rifle volleys,

unmistakably British. Ryan, who was acting as sentry at a loophole, sprang excitedly to his feet and roused his comrades with the shout, "Oh, boys, them's our own chaps!"

And a few minutes later into the corpse-strewn square swept a column of redcoats, driving the sepoys before them in wild confusion. With Home leading them, the heroes of Dhoolie Square gave as loud a cheer as their feeble voices could raise, and flinging open the door of their refuge, rushed out to greet their rescuers.

Surgeon Home (he is now Sir Anthony Dickson Home, K.C.B.), and Privates McManus, Ward, Ryan, and Hollowell, all received the Cross for Valour for their splendid devotion and bravery; and never, surely, did men deserve the honour more. To have held something like a thousand rebels in check for a day and a night, and to have protected as many of their wounded as they did, was a feat that they might well be proud of.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIA.—THREE BRAVE CIVILIANS: MANGLES, McDONELL,
AND “LUCKNOW” KAVANAGH.

ON the 8th of July 1859 an interesting announcement appeared in the *London Gazette* to the effect that her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to declare that Non-Military Persons who, as Volunteers, had borne arms against the Mutineers, both at Lucknow and elsewhere, during the late operations in India, should be considered as eligible to receive the decoration of the Victoria Cross, subject to the rules and ordinances, etc. etc.

Under this new clause Mr. Ross Lowis Mangles, of the Bengal Civil Service, Assistant-Magistrate at Patna; Mr. William Fraser McDonell, Magistrate of the Saran District; and Mr. Thomas Henry Kavanagh, Assistant-Commissioner in Oudh, were gazetted, for distinguished services rendered at Arrah and Lucknow.

The defence of Arrah, a town in the Shahabad District of Bengal, about thirty-six miles from Patna, was one of the most thrilling incidents of the Indian Mutiny. Here for a whole week a dozen Englishmen and a small body of Sikhs, shut up in a two-storeyed house, successfully kept off over two thousand sepoys until a relief force came to their rescue. One young lieutenant of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse,

with a few sowars at his back, might storm a seemingly impregnable fort strongly garrisoned by mutineers, and kill or capture every man of them, but reverse the positions and a very different story was told. The history of the Great Mutiny contains many instances of a mere handful of Englishmen holding their own against tremendous odds, as was done at Arrah.

When news came of the outbreak at Arrah and the predicament of the white residents there, a relief expedition was hastily organised at Dinapur under the command of Captain Dunbar. It was destined to fail in its mission, but it was a gallant and notable attempt. The force comprised four hundred men, drawn from the 10th and 37th Regiments, with a sprinkling of volunteers. Among the latter were Messrs. Ross Mangles and McDonell, whose intimate knowledge of the district made them invaluable as guides.

All went well with the expedition in its journey up the Ganges and, on landing, it marched several miles without serious molestation. But when within a few miles of Arrah it was obliged to pass through a thick piece of jungle in which the sepoy had laid an ambuscade. Darkness had fallen as the soldiers pushed their way through the maze of trees and dense undergrowth, and the murderous fire that suddenly broke out threw them into confusion.

All through the night the unequal fight went on, but the loss on the British side was so heavy that when morning dawned the surviving officers saw it would be impossible, or at least unwise, to continue the advance. Captain Dunbar, unfortunately, had been among the first to fall. Very reluctantly, there-

fore, the order to retreat was given, and the little force, still firing on its foes, slowly fell back. Other sepoys had arrived on the scene in the meantime, and the exhausted soldiers now found themselves compelled to run the gauntlet between two lines of fire. In these conditions something like a panic at last set in; the ranks broke up in disorder.

"But, disastrous as was the retreat," says one account, "it was not all disgraceful. There will always be acts of individual heroism when Englishmen go out to battle. It may be a soldier or it may be a civilian, in whom the irrepressible warrior instinct manifests itself in some act of conspicuous gallantry and devotion, but it is sure never to be wanting."

In this instance it was the civilian who rose to the occasion. Early in the engagement Mr. Mangles had been hit by a musket ball, but the shot had luckily only stunned him. Quickly recovering, he lent a hand in helping the wounded, and on the retreat commencing he played an active part in beating off the sepoys. With a number of men round him to reload and supply him with muskets, he shot sepoy after sepoy, the sure eye and hand which had made him a noted tiger shot not failing him in this hour of need.

The especial act for which he was awarded the Cross, however, was the gallant rescue of a wounded private of the Hampshires (the 37th Foot). At the man's piteous appeal to his comrades not to leave him there helpless to be hacked to pieces by the sepoys, Mangles nobly rushed to his side, bound up his wounds, and then lifted him on to his back. With this heavy burden the brave civilian trudged on among the others.

It was rough going for the greater part of the six

miles to the river, the ground being very swampy, and overhead was a broiling July sun. Despite these disadvantages, and the fact that he had not slept for forty-eight hours, Mangles bore the helpless private the whole of the way, only stopping now and then to place his charge on the ground and take a pot-shot at the pursuing rebels. "I really never felt so strong in my life," he used to say afterwards in referring to this incident. When the waters of the Ganges were reached he plunged in and swam out to the boats with his now unconscious burden. Then, when all the survivors were aboard, the flotilla started on its sad return journey.

Mr. McDonell all this time had been ever to the front, assisting the officers to keep the men together. An excellent shot, like his fellow-magistrate, he accounted for many a rebel ere the riverside was reached, but he did not escape unscathed. A musket shot had lodged in his arm.

In the wild rush for the half-dozen country boats moored close to the river bank, McDonell gave no thought to himself. There were several men very badly hit, and it was not until he had seen these safely over the thwarts that he jumped in and cast the mooring adrift. He was the last man aboard his boat, which was crowded with thirty-five soldiers.

Out into the stream they floated, but now a fresh danger faced them. The rebels had removed the oars from the boat and lashed the rudder tightly, so that the little craft was helpless. To their horror it began to drift back again to the southern bank, on which the sepoys were clustered in joyful expectation of emptying their muskets into the boatload of sahibs. Something had to be done at once, or they were doomed.

To show his face above the gunwale was to court instant death, but McDonell took the risk. With a knife in his hand, he climbed outside on to the canvas roof, worked his way to the stern and with a few deft slashes cut the ropes that held the tiller fast. Bullets pattered all round him as he lay outstretched there, and one passed clean through his helmet, but he was otherwise untouched. Having regained his seat safely, he steered the boat and its precious freight to the opposite bank, where they landed—three men short. The sepoys' fire had not been all in vain.

While, as I have said, both Mangles and McDonell received the V.C. for their bravery on this occasion, it is a remarkable fact that the former's exploit would have passed unnoticed by the authorities but for a happy chance. The private whose life he had saved and who had passed some months in Dinapur Hospital before being invalided home, had told the story of his rescue to a surgeon. This worthy noted it down at the time in his journal, and just twelve months later made the true facts public.

It was only in March of last year that Mr. Ross Lowis Mangles died at his home in Surrey, where, after long service in India, he had settled down to spend the remaining years of his life.

Of the three civilians who have won the V.C. "Lucknow" Kavanagh is the most famous. The story of his daring journey in disguise through the rebel lines in order to act as guide to Sir Colin Campbell's relief force has been told over and over again, but one can never tire of hearing it. It thrills our pulses now as much as ever it did.

Thomas Henry Kavanagh was an Irishman in the

Indian Civil Service. At the time the Mutiny broke out he held the post of Superintendent of the office of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, and took up his residence in Lucknow. Here with his wife he played no mean part in these fateful months before and after Havelock and Outram had fought their way to the aid of the Residency garrison, taking his share of work in the trenches or at the guns as required.

Early in November 1857, Sir Colin Campbell, marching with a large army to the relief of Lucknow, got as far as the Alumbagh. To save the General from having to make the perilous passage through the narrow streets and lanes which had cost him so many men two months earlier, Outram by means of a native spy sent plans of the city and its approaches to Campbell, and suggested the best route to be followed. There was still the danger, however, of some dreadful blunder being committed, and Outram expressed a wish that he were able to send a competent guide.

This coming to Kavanagh's ears, he promptly went to Outram's Chief of Staff, Colonel Robert Napier,¹ and volunteered his services in this capacity. The colonel stared at him in blank astonishment, as well he might, for of all men in Lucknow Kavanagh looked to be the one least suited to play the rôle of spy. He was a tall, big-limbed man, with fair complexion, "aggressively red hair and beard, and uncompromisingly blue eyes." To transform this healthy specimen of an Irishman into a native seemed an utter impossibility.

But Kavanagh persisted that he could get through to the British lines. He would be disguised, of course and his knowledge of Hindustani and local dialects

¹ Afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala.

was perfect. He persisted more strenuously still when, on his being ushered into Outram's presence, the General refused point blank to consent to his going. After much arguing, he at length persuaded Outram to listen to his plan, and extorted a half-hearted permission to make the attempt. It remained for him to convince his chief of the impenetrability of his disguise.

Kavanagh has told us in his own account of the adventure, how the same evening (Nov. 9th), with face, neck, and arms blackened with lamp-black, his red hair hidden beneath a cream-coloured turban, and the rest of his person disguised in the silk trousers, yellow *koortah*, or jacket, white cummerbund, and chintz mantle of an irregular native soldier, he sauntered with sword and shield into Napier's quarters.

The experiment was an immense success. Seeing what was evidently a *budmash* (a worthless fellow) thus insolently thrusting himself upon them, the officers present bade him begone, and a very pretty squabble in low-class Hindustani ensued. In the midst of it Sir James Outram entered the room, and having sufficiently tested his disguise Kavanagh made himself known. To his joy, no opposition was now raised to his plan.

Half an hour later, with the native spy Kunoujee Lal, who was returning to the Alumbagh with a letter from Outram, he bade good-bye to his friends, forded the river Goomtee, and started on his perilous mission.

"My courage failed me," he confesses, "while in the water, and if my guide had been within my reach I should perhaps have pulled him back and abandoned the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the

stream, and, reaching the opposite bank, went crouching up a ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we stopped to dress."

His confidence having returned, Kavanagh went boldly forward, tulwar on shoulder, and even dared to accost a matchlock man near a hut with a remark that the night was cold. A little farther on they were pulled up by the officer of a native picket, and Kunoujee Lal, acting as spokesman, explained that they had come from Mundeon ("our old cantonment") and were making their way to their homes in the city. This satisfied the sepoy officer, and they passed on with no little relief.

Recrossing the river by the iron bridge, they safely negotiated the streets of Lucknow, though the place swarmed with sentries and armed men, and issuing at last from the city on the other side, breathed more freely.

"I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months," says Kavanagh. "Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious I had ever tasted."

A wrong turning now led them astray into the Dilkusha Park, where the rebels had a battery. Much against his companion's will, the daring Irishman insisted on inspecting these guns, and Kunoujee Lal was in considerable trepidation until after two hours' weary tramping across paddy fields and canal cuttings they regained the right road.

At two o'clock in the morning, after several alarms from suspicious villagers who chased them some distance, they stumbled upon a picket of twenty-five

sepoys on the outskirts of the city. Kavanagh was for the bold course of going up and questioning the men, but Kunoujee Lal lost heart and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. Kavanagh kept his still concealed in his turban.

The picket was in some alarm at their approach, but it proved to be fear lest the pair were Englishmen from the Alumbagh camp, only a mile or two in advance of them! With this cheering news, the two spies pushed on, a friendly sepoy having put them on the right road on hearing that they were "walking to the village of Umroula on a sad errand, namely, to inform a friend that his brother had been killed by a ball from the British entrenchments at Lucknow."

A nasty tumble into a swamp, which washed the black from Kavanagh's hands, was their next most serious *contretemps*. For some time they waded through it waist-deep, having gone too far to recede before they discovered it was a swamp. An hour afterwards they stole unobserved through two pickets of sepoys and gained the shelter of a grove of trees, where Kavanagh insisted on having a good sleep. Kunoujee Lal, by no means assured that they were out of danger, kept a fearful watch, but nobody came near them save some flying natives, who stated that they had been pursued by British soldiers.

Kavanagh having been roused, the two went on once more. Another mile or so was traversed, and then (it being about four o'clock in the morning of the 10th) the welcome challenge "Who goes there?" rang on their ears. It was a mounted patrol of Sikhs. They had reached the British outposts.

Two men of the patrol guided Kavanagh and his companion to the camp, where they were immediately conducted into the presence of Sir Colin Campbell. When he learned that Kavanagh had come through the rebel lines, the Commander-in-Chief could not find enough words to express his admiration. "I consider his escape," he wrote in his despatch, "at a time when the entrenchment was closely invested by a large army, one of the most daring feats ever attempted."

For his part, Kavanagh paid a generous tribute to his fellow-spy, Kunoujee Lal, who had displayed wonderful courage and intelligence in their trying journey. When they were questioned, it was the native who did most of the speaking, and he always had a ready answer for the most searching interrogation.

The news of Kavanagh's arrival was signalled to Lucknow by means of a flag from the summit of the Alumbagh, and Outram's mind was set at ease. In due course the plucky Irishman guided Sir Colin into the city, being present through all the fierce fighting at the Secunderabagh and the Moti-Mahal, and further distinguishing himself by saving a wounded soldier's life. Nor does this close the tale of his adventures, for he passed through many exciting experiences in rebel-hunting ere the Mutiny was suppressed.

Kavanagh lived to wear the Victoria Cross for twenty-three years, dying in 1882 at Gibraltar. His Cross was presented by his son to the N.W.P. and Oudh Provincial Museum at Lucknow, while the tulwar, shield and pistol he bore on his journey, together with other articles of his disguise, are preserved in the Dublin Museum.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIA.—SOME OTHER CROSSES OF THE MUTINY.

THE full tale of the Crosses of the Mutiny (do they not number one hundred and eighty-two in all?) is a long one, and cannot be told here. But before bringing this chapter of V.C. history to a close I must tell of yet a few more and the manner of their winning, for they call to mind deeds which we ought not willingly to let fade from our memories.

I would like much to dwell, did space permit, on Lawrence's heroic stand at the Lucknow Residency; to tell of Lieutenant Robert Aitken of the Bailey Guard "Post," who won the V.C. many times over in that six-months' siege; of brave Commissioner Gubbins; and of Captain Fulton, the garrison engineer, who had a countermine for every mine that the rebels drove under the British defences, and to whom the dangerous game of sepoy hunting above and below earth was "great fun and excitement." They were gallant fellows all, and the record of their exploits is truly an inspiring one; but I must hurry on to the taking of Lucknow, and to the story of the V.C.'s gained in that last desperate struggle for supremacy.

When Sir Colin Campbell started on his march to the relief of Havelock and Outram he had an army

of only some 4700 men, but in this force were picked regiments such as the 93rd Highlanders, the 9th Lancers, Hodson's Horse, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the 53rd Foot (the "Shropshires"), together with some squadrons of Sikh cavalry and two regiments of Punjab infantry. The famous 93rd were Sir Colin's special favourites. They had been with him in the Crimea, and had formed the "thin red line" which had so successfully routed the Russian cavalry. "You are my own lads, Ninety-third!" he said, addressing them at the parade at Buntera, "and I rely on you to do the work;" to which the stern-faced Highlanders, mindful of what had been done at Cawnpore, responded with a mighty shout.

How well the 93rd acquitted themselves is to be read in any history; what is of particular interest here is that they gained no fewer than seven Crosses in the Lucknow fighting.

Four of these belong to the fierce assault on the Secunderabagh, the first and most formidable rebel position to be attacked. When the artillery had made a breach in the face of the fortress wall there was a race between Sikhs and Highlanders to be the first in. Accounts differ as to the result; some say a Sikh won the honour, being shot dead instantly; others a Highlander, who suffered the same fate. However that may be, it is pretty certain that Lance-Corporal Dunley of the 93rd (Archibald Forbes writes him down an Irishman) was the first man of his regiment to reach the goal and get through alive.

Behind him streamed Highlanders and Sikhs, tumbling in with bayonets fixed, before which the sepoys fell in scores. There were upwards of 2000 rebels in the Secunderabagh, and but three or four,

says Lord Roberts, dropped over the wall on the city side and escaped. Every other man of them was killed. The carnage that took place within the courtyard almost passes description.

In the first terrible rush, which resolved itself into a series of personal combats, Private P. Grant and Colour-Serjeant J. Munro distinguished themselves by saving the lives of two officers. Grant saw his officer in difficulties with a crowd of sepoys whose colour he had captured, and rushing up cut down five of the rebels. That was not the only sepoy ensign taken that day, for Private D. Mackay secured one after a fierce contest and bore it triumphantly away.

Dunley, Grant, Munro, and Mackay were elected by their comrades as most worthy to be decorated when their regiment was singled out for distinction, and each duly received the V.C.

There was a Punjabi Mahommedan, by the way, Mukarrab Khan by name, who in this same Secunderabagh fight earned the V.C. as much as did any man. Lord Roberts, who was an eye-witness, tells the story of his bravery. The enemy, he says, having been driven out of the earthwork, made for the gateway, which they nearly succeeded in shutting behind them. But just as the doors were closing Mukarrab Khan pushed his left arm, on which he bore a shield, between them. A sword-cut slashed his hand, whereupon the dauntless Mahommedan, withdrawing his left arm, thrust in his right, and had his other hand all but severed at the wrist. He gained his object, however, for he kept the doors from being closed until his comrades rushed to his help and forced them open.

It was an act of heroic devotion, and it is satisfactory to know that Mukarrab Khan was awarded

the Order of Merit, which is the Indian equivalent of the V.C., and carries with it an increase of pay.

At the taking of the Shah Nujeef, on the same day, the 16th of November 1857, Sergeant John Paton, of the 93rd, did a daring thing, which added another V.C. to the regimental record.

The Shah Nujeef was a mosque built over the tomb of an old king of Oudh, a massively built structure with loopholed walls, and the guns of the Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, were unable to make a breach. As night was fast coming on, Sir Colin Campbell determined to make a bold effort to carry the place by storm, and called on the Highlanders to follow him. That the 93rd would have scaled the walls of the mosque though half of them fell in the task need not be doubted, but fortunately they were not called on to do so.

Soon after the order to advance had been given, Sergeant Paton came tearing down the ravine with the news that he had discovered a breach in the north-east corner of the rampart, close by the river Goomtee. "It appears," says Forbes-Mitchell of the 93rd, who records the incident, "that our shot and shell had gone over the first breach, and had blown out the wall on the other side in this particular spot. Paton told how he had climbed up to the top of the ramparts without difficulty, and seen right inside the place, as the whole defending force had been called forward to repulse the assault in front."

A detachment was promptly sent round to this point with the sergeant as guide, and an entrance to the position effected. But the sepoy, finding themselves thus taken in the rear, gave up the fight and fled with all speed.

The other two V.C. heroes of the Highlanders were Captain Stewart, who headed a splendid charge against the rebel guns at the position known as the Mess-house; and Lieutenant and Adjutant William M'Bean, who at the onslaught on the Begumbagh Palace bore himself like a paladin of old, and was seen to slay eleven sepoy single-handed. M'Bean was a mighty figure in a corps wherein every man was a doughty fighter, and the tale of his exploits is a notable one. An Inverness ploughman before he enlisted, he rose to command the regiment which he had entered as a private, and died a Major-General.

I have mentioned the Naval Brigade in connection with the attack on the Shah Nujeef. Peel's gallant bluejackets, whom we last met doing great things at Sebastopol, had been hurried to India from their station at Hong Kong, immediately news arrived of the outbreak of the Mutiny; and after smelling powder at Cawnpore and other places they accompanied the relief army to Lucknow.

Right up under the frowning walls of the mosque did they run their useful 24-pounders, as coolly as if "laying alongside an enemy's frigate," to use Sir Colin's own words. But the guns were not powerful enough to break down the masonry. Despite the obvious hopelessness of the task, however, Lieutenant Young and Seaman William Hall (a negro, be it noted) fearlessly stood by their gun, reloading and pounding away at the wall under a most deadly fire, and only desisting when the order eventually came to fall back. They both got the V.C. for that gallant action.

The other Crosses that fell to the Naval men in the same fight were won by a young lieutenant whose

name still figures on the Active List as Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., and Boatswain's Mate John Harrison. These two pluckily volunteered to climb trees that overlooked the mosque walls and reconnoitre the rebel position, at the same time picking off the sepoys with their rifles. A mark at once for the rebel sharpshooters, who quickly espied them, both men drew upon themselves a heavy fire, but though they were wounded they accounted for several mutineers ere clambering down from their perches, and secured valuable information for their commander.

In the taking of Lucknow young Lieutenant Henry Havelock, son of the famous General, played a prominent part, leading a storming party that captured a palace close to the rebel citadel, the Kaisarbagh. But he had won his V.C. before this, at Cawnpore, where he captured a rebel gun in the face of an appalling fire; and at the Charbagh Bridge, Lucknow, while serving under his father.

His action at the latter place was characteristic of his impulsive bravery. Neill, who held a position by the bridge, would not move to "rush" the sepoys and their guns without orders from Outram. Wheeling his horse, it is said, young Havelock rode off in the direction of the General and his staff, but soon after turning the bend in the road he galloped hastily back to trick Neill into taking action. Giving a salute, he said, "You are to carry the bridge at once, sir!"

Taking this to be an order from the General, Neill gave the word to advance, and Arnold of the Madras Fusiliers led his men forward in a gallant charge, being shot down almost immediately. A storm of grape swept the bridge clear, and Havelock found

himself the only officer—and almost the only man—standing there alive. With a wave of his sword and a shout to the rest of the Fusiliers whom the guns had checked, he led a second charge, and this time the bridge was won.

Young Havelock's gallantry in the Indian Mutiny marked him out for a distinguished career, and he did not disappoint those who prophesied thus concerning him. As is well known, he became in after years Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, Bart., K.C.B.

Among the many other pictures of the Mutiny that present themselves vividly to my mind is one of a young Fusilier officer swimming the river Goomtee in plain sight of any sepoy who might be upon the farther bank, and audaciously climbing up the parapet of a rebel battery. It had been shelled by our troops, but with what success was not known. He stands there on the wall signalling to his impatient comrades that it is abandoned, but it is some time ere their officers will let them follow where he has led. The Highlanders and Sikhs get across the river at last, however, and with a laugh at the discomfited sepoy who have been vainly trying to "pot" him from an adjacent battery, the young officer—Butler by name—hands over his captured position to the new-comers, and swims back to his own regiment.

That was a V.C. exploit, and it holds the imagination as much as does that which won the decoration for Ensign Patrick Roddy of the Bengal Army. The scene of Roddy's achievement was Kuthirga, and the date September 27, 1858. At the close of an action with a rebel force at this place some of the cavalry were kept at bay for some time by a deter-

mined sepoy subadar of a revolted regiment, a tall, powerful fellow. This man knelt alone in the middle of the road and with musket at shoulder covered his enemies.

While his sowars hung back, afraid to face that gleaming barrel, young Roddy did not hesitate. Spurring his horse, he charged straight upon the rebel subadar, who firing at close range brought down the ensign's horse. Roddy had some difficulty in freeing himself from the stirrups as he lay on the ground, but ere the sepoy could get really to grips with him he managed to draw his sword, and in the tussle ran the fellow through the body. Sir Hope Grant had had occasion previously to remark on the young ensign's conspicuous bravery, and he took care that this special feat was fittingly rewarded.

Mention of Roddy's hand-to-hand combat reminds me of the great fight between Sapper Sam Shaw, of the Rifle Brigade, and a white muslin-clad Ghazi, at Nawabgunge. It was after the sharp action at that place in June 1858 that the fanatic was seen to enter a grove of trees. A dozen men hastened in pursuit, but Shaw was easily the first, and coming up with his man he engaged him with the short sword that sappers carry.

A Ghazi at best is a dangerous fellow to tackle, and a Ghazi wounded and at bay, as this one was, might well have made Sam Shaw hesitate before venturing to attack him alone. But the sapper was not a man to think twice of danger, and in he went, sword against tulwar, until after several minutes' fierce hacking and thrusting he saw his chance to close, and finished the affair with a mighty lunge.

It was a great fight, as I have said, and Sapper

Shaw well earned the V.C. he got for it. But against his decoration he had to put a terrible slashing cut on the head from that keen-edged tulwar, a wound that came very near to ending his career then and there.

Last on my list of Mutiny V.C.'s come Lance-Corporal William Goate, of the 9th Lancers, and that popular hero, Sir Evelyn Wood, whose names still figure in the list of surviving recipients of the Cross for Valour.

Goate had just been three years and a half in the Lancers when the Mutiny broke out. His regiment was stationed at Umballa at the time, and proceeded at once to Delhi. After the fall of the old Punjab capital he was at the second captures of Cawnpore and Lucknow, taking part in some of the fiercest engagements of the campaign, and it was here—at Lucknow—that he performed the deed of valour which won him the Cross.

On the 6th of March—a blazing hot day, it is recorded—there was a bold sortie from the rebel lines which a British brigade was sent to repulse. The 9th Lancers was one of the regiments ordered to charge, and away they went, neck and neck with the 2nd Dragoons, for the enemy who had taken up their position on the racecourse. The sepoys broke before the onset of the cavalymen, but the latter at length had to retire owing to a heavy fire from artillery and battery.

In the ride back Major Percy Smith, of the Dragoons, was shot through the body and fell from his horse. Corporal Goate was close by, and springing to the ground he quickly lifted the major on to his shoulder and ran with him thus alongside his horse. The major was a heavy weight, however; Goate found

himself lagging behind with several of the enemy close upon him. Clearly he couldn't get away with his burden, so he determined to do what he could for himself and the major. Placing the wounded officer on the ground, he sprang into his saddle and rode at his foes.

"I shot the first sepoy who charged," he says in his account of the incident, "and with my empty pistol felled another. This gave me time to draw my sword, my lance having been left on the field. The sepoys were now round me cutting and hacking, but I managed to parry every slash and deliver many a fatal thrust. It was parry and thrust, thrust and parry all through, and I cannot tell you how many saddles I must have emptied. The enemy didn't seem to know how to parry."

So our brave corporal (he was only a little more than twenty, mind you) "settled accounts with a jolly lot," and was still hard at it when some of his comrades came to his assistance. In the fight his horse had carried him some distance from where the major lay, and when the rebels had been forced back he went out again to look for him. Poor Major Smith was found after a long search, but it was a mutilated corpse that was brought sadly and reverently back to the camp.

Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Hope Grant had seen Goate's gallant attempt at rescue, and after the action there was a cordial handshake for him from both the veterans, with many compliments upon his pluck that filled the corporal with just pride.

The scene of Sir Evelyn Wood's principal exploit was the wilds of Sindhora, near Gwalior. It was at the close of the Mutiny, when the rebels had been

split up and only kept the fires of rebellion burning in detached districts. After a fatiguing pursuit of some mutineers one day, news came to the young officer's ears (he was a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers then) that a potail—a loyal native named Chemmum Singh—had been carried off by a band of these marauders. With a duffadar, two or three sowars of Beatson's Horse, and half a dozen sepoy of the Bareilly Levy, he started off promptly in pursuit.

The mutineers were discovered at night in the jungle, twelve miles away, preparing to hang their captive. Creeping up unseen, Lieutenant Wood and his few followers sprang upon them from several points at once, firing a volley and shouting as if they had a whole company behind them. This was enough for the rebels. They took to their heels incontinently, and before they could rally and discover the numbers of their assailants Wood and his men were riding swiftly back with the released potail.

That daring adventure, together with a very notable rout of rebel cavalry at Sindwaho a little earlier, was sufficient recommendation for the V.C., and the honour, though slow in coming, was eventually bestowed upon him.

It is curious to note how persistently the authorities refused to recognise Evelyn Wood's valour. In the Crimea, where as a midshipman he served with the Naval Brigade, he was singled out for distinction for his bravery at the Redan assault; but his claim was ignored, despite the strong protests of his commander, Captain Lushington.

His subsequent career, after he had abandoned the Navy for the Army, should be well known to every British boy. There has not been a war since the

Mutiny in which he has not played a leading part,—witness the Ashanti, Zulu, Transvaal, and Egyptian campaigns,—and to-day there is no finer soldier in the service than the ex-Sirdar of the Egyptian army, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, G.C.B.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE SIXTIES.—CHINA, JAPAN, INDIA, WEST AFRICA,
AND CANADA.

THE principal war in which we were engaged in the sixties was that waged against the Maoris in New Zealand, but that demands a chapter to itself. For the present I will confine myself to some of the smaller campaigns of the same period which yielded several notable V.C.'s.

Towards the end of 1859 trouble broke out afresh with China, immediately after the conclusion of what is known as the Second Chinese War. Sir F. Bruce, the British Commissioner, while sailing up the Pei-ho to Peking to ratify the treaty just made with the Emperor, was fired upon by the Taku Forts at the mouth of the river. No apologies being forthcoming, an expedition under General Sir James Hope Grant was despatched to teach the Chinese a salutary lesson.

The expedition, which was strengthened by a French force, was ready to begin operations against the Taku Forts by July 1860, but owing to the swampy nature of the country around them a halt had to be called while the engineers set to work to make roads. These were completed by the middle of August, and then the attack commenced in real earnest.

Under a heavy fire from the Chinese gunners

English and French vied with each other to be the first to cross the ditches in front of the forts. Scaling-ladders and pontoon bridges were requisitioned, but the delay in placing these in position galled a number of our men to such an extent that privates and officers alike plunged boldly into the water and swam across. The first to reach the walls were Lieutenant Robert Rogers, of the 44th Regiment, two Lieutenants of the 67th, E. H. Lenon and Nathaniel Burslem, with Privates John M'Dougall and Thomas Lane. Up through the embrasures they all clambered, Burslem and Lane being specially noticed as they knocked away a portion of the wall and enlarged the opening sufficiently to enable them to scramble through, just as did Dunley at the Secunderabagh fight.

Where they showed the way their comrades quickly followed, the while some of the French with ladders vainly attempted to climb the walls. At the head of the 67th Regiment came Ensign Chaplin, bearing proudly the colour which he was determined to plant first upon the fort. He had hardly gained the ditch, however, when a bullet struck him in the arm, making him drop the standard. There was a brief pause while he bound a handkerchief tightly round his wound, then on he went again, colours raised aloft.

A French regiment of infantry was pressing forward at the same time, and Chaplin playfully called to their colour-bearer to race him to the fort. The challenge was promptly taken up. As soon as the breach was clear the ensign dashed for it, and by strenuous effort forced his way inside. Before him were Chinese riflemen and pikemen, but he cut his way through them with his sword, and hurried on to his goal.

Suddenly a second bullet caught him, making him stagger, at which a private clutched at the swaying standard pole.

“Hands off!” cried Chaplin vehemently, for he saw that the French colour-bearer was now close behind him. And, pulling himself together gamely, he made a last spurt for the summit, which he reached well in advance of all others. In a moment the flag was planted, amid a ringing British cheer; then the brave young ensign was seen to fall. A shot in the leg had brought him down at last.

Seeing him prone on the ground at their mercy, the Chinese made a rush for him, but they were luckily too late. The 67th swarmed up the hill, and Chaplin was rescued to survive that engagement and many others, and wear on his breast the Cross for Valour in token of his gallantry. At the same time that he was gazetted the names of Rogers, Lenon, Burslem, M'Dougall, and Lane also appeared, the V.C. having been bestowed upon them for that bold dash at the breach.

The obvious similarity of the incidents makes it unnecessary for me to more than just refer here to the deed for which Midshipman D. G. Boyes and Captain of the After-Guard Thomas Pride, of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, won the Cross. Their vessel formed one of the fleet under Vice-Admiral Kuper which was sent to Japan in 1863 to demand reparation from the Mikado's Government for certain outrages committed. At the attack on Shimonoseki Boyes carried the colour of the leading regiment, with Pride as one of his colour-sergeants (the other fell mortally wounded in the thick of the fight), and was almost the first to get inside the enemy's stockade. That the middy ran a

terrible risk is evident from the fact that the colour he carried was pierced no fewer than six times by musket balls.

Out in the Indian state of Bhotan in 1865 an act of remarkable daring was performed, which brought the V.C. to two distinguished engineer officers, Captain (now Major-General) William Spottiswoode Trevor and Lieutenant James Dundas. In that year war broke out with the independent Bhotias, originating in a quarrel over frontier territories in Assam, and a British force under Major-General Sir Harry Tombs, V.C., the hero of a little outpost skirmish at Delhi, already recorded, was despatched to restore order.

On the 30th of April a sharp engagement at Dewangiri, down in the south-east corner of the little hill-state, resulted in the Bhotias being driven out of their position; but a remnant of them, some two hundred in all, obstinately barricaded themselves in a strongly-built, loopholed blockhouse. This little fortress, standing at the summit of a rocky path, was the key to the position, and it was essential that it should not be held to serve as a rallying-point for the routed enemy.

Turning to his Sikhs, General Tombs asked them to make a dash for the walls and carry the place by storm, but, courageous fighters though they were, they looked at the rows of deadly loopholes and stood still. They only waited for a leader, however. With an "officer sahib" at their head, the big, black-bearded Punjabis were ready for the most forlorn of hopes. And they followed with alacrity when, at Tombs' call, Captain Trevor and Lieutenant Dundas showed them the way.

Taking the path at a rush, the two officers gained the wall of the blockhouse unscathed, and though from every loophole came the crackle of a rifle they began to scramble up the wall. The latter was fourteen feet high, no mean obstacle to surmount; but they got up at last, the captain leading, and found themselves on a level with the roof of the blockhouse. Between the top of the wall and the roof was an opening not more than two feet wide. Through this was their only chance of getting inside, and they took it.

Head foremost they wriggled in through the narrow hole, one after the other, and dropped like snakes from the thatch into the midst of the surprised garrison. At the first discharge of muskets both of the intrepid officers were wounded, but the Sikhs thronging in behind them quickly finished the business. Within a few minutes the blockhouse was swept clear.

The following year, 1866, saw us involved in trouble with a West African tribe in the Gambia district. A punitive expedition having been organised under the command of Colonel D'Arcy, the Governor of Gambia, the kingdom of Barra, in which the turbulent tribe resided, was invaded. One of the first actions in this campaign was the assault on the stockaded town of Tubabecolong, and here Private Samuel Hodge, of the 4th West India Regiment, behaved with such gallantry that he became the second man of colour to receive the V.C.

When the little force reached the town, Colonel D'Arcy called for volunteers to break down the stockade with axes. Hodge and another pioneer, who was afterwards killed, answered the call, and plied

their axes bravely in the face of the negroes' fire until a breach had been made. Through this the regiment struggled, but the negroes had been reinforced, and so strongly that they were able to beat the besiegers off for a time.

Colonel D'Arcy relates that he found himself left alone in the breach with only Hodge by him. Here he kept firing at the negroes, while the big West Indian, standing coolly at his side, conspicuous in his scarlet uniform with white facings, supplied him with loaded muskets. After a little time the rest of the men re-formed and came once more to the attack, whereupon Hodge went ahead again, breaking a way for them through the bush-work defences.

To give his comrades a better chance of storming the place, he at last ran round to the principal entrance, drove off such of the negroes as thrust themselves in his path, and forced open the two great gates which had been barricaded from within. Through these the West Indian Regiment charged with their bayonets, and when they emerged at the other side of the smoke-enveloped village they left some hundreds of negroes dead and dying in their wake.

Colonel D'Arcy had done great deeds of valour that day, deeds which were suitably recognised later by the merchants of Bathurst, who presented him with a sword of honour, but he modestly disclaimed the praise due to him. To Private Hodge, he said, belonged the chief honours of the attack, and at the close of the action, before the whole regiment, he saluted the proud pioneer as "the bravest man in the corps."

By a curious coincidence it was in the same

quarter of Africa that, twenty-six years later, the third coloured man to be decorated won his V.C. This was Corporal William James Gordon, also of the West Indian Regiment. His act of special gallantry was to save his officer (Major Madden) from certain death at the storming of the town of Toniataba, on the Gambia. Gordon thrust himself between the major and the enemy's rifle barrels as they were suddenly poked out of the loopholes at the officer's back, receiving a bullet through his lungs that went within an ace of killing him.

The other notable Crosses of the sixties were awarded for deeds of bravery that necessitated the issue of an additional Royal Warrant to cover deeds performed not in action but "under circumstances of extreme danger, such as the occurrence of a fire on board ship, or of the foundering of a vessel at sea, or under any other circumstances in which, through the courage and devotion displayed, life or public property may be saved." By this special provision a brave Irishman, Timothy O'Hea by name, a private in the Rifle Brigade, was awarded the V.C., together with Dr. Campbell Douglas, and four privates of the South Wales Borderers, then styled the 24th Regiment.

O'Hea's exploit was performed at a railway siding between Quebec and Montreal in June 1866, while he was acting as one of an escort in charge of an ammunition van. To everybody's alarm a fire broke out, enveloping the car in flames and smoke. Inside were kegs of powder and cases of ammunition, which, did they ignite, would cause a most terrible explosion.

While the others hesitated O'Hea snatched the

keys from the sergeant's hand, opened the door of the van and called for volunteers to bring him water and a ladder. The latter was quickly procured, and standing on this the plucky private emptied bucketful after bucketful upon the burning wood. It was a touch-and-go business, as the tongues of flame shot out every now and then, coming dangerously near to the powder kegs, but O'Hea stuck to his post and he fought the fire under.

Though the Rifle Brigade has fourteen Crosses to its credit, won in the Crimea, in India, and in South Africa, I rather fancy that not one of them was gained in circumstances of more deadly peril, and his comrades were well pleased when Private Timothy O'Hea's name went to swell the proud list of V.C. heroes. O'Hea, it may be added, met with a sad fate in after years. He was lost in the Australian bush, and never heard of again.

Dr. Douglas and the four men of the 24th Regiment referred to—Privates Murphy, Cooper, Bell, and Griffiths—earned their distinction at the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, in May of 1869.

A small expedition had been sent thither to ascertain the fate of the captain and crew of the *Assam Valley*, who, it had been reported, had fallen victims to the natives. The graves of the unfortunate men were found on the Little Andaman, but when the search party returned to the shore they found themselves cut off from their ship by a tremendous high-running surf.

Their predicament having been observed, Dr. Douglas with the four privates named manned a gig and pulled in to their rescue. The first attempt

to get through the breakers half swamped the boat, but a second attempt enabled them to save five men. On the third and last trip the remaining twelve members of the party were safely got off.

To read the bare official account of the affair is to gain but a poor impression of the bravery displayed by Dr. Douglas and his helpers. For a proper understanding of the daring nature of the deed one must have seen the immense surf rollers thundering on to the beach, and have appreciated the very slender chances of living through the boiling waters that a man would have if capsized from a boat. It was no ordinary rescue, and all five nobly earned their Crosses.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW ZEALAND.—FIGHTING THE MAORIS.

THE years 1860 to 1865 witnessed a very stubborn war in New Zealand between the British and the Maoris, the original natives of the country. Many causes combined to make this war unduly long. In the first place the importance of the outbreak was underestimated, and the small force already in the islands was considered strong enough to cope with it; secondly, it was forgotten, or overlooked, that the Maoris, although incorrigibly lazy in times of peace, were a race of born fighters, to whom war was almost the chief end of existence; and thirdly, there was the difficult nature of the country itself, with its many forests and swamps, and miles on miles of dense, tangled bush. The odds were all in the Maoris' favour at the outset.

For many years we had been at peace with the natives, a treaty having been signed by which we bound ourselves to respect the chiefs territorial rights. By 1860, however, a good deal of friction had arisen over purchases of land by the colonists, it being claimed by the Maoris that some of these transactions took place without the full consent of all the parties interested.

Especially was this the case in the transfer of a

piece of land at Taranaki, in the Northern Island. It was only a small plot that was in dispute, but the Waikato tribe who claimed possession would not be pacified, and made a desperate resistance when an attempt was made to oust them. Their success in repulsing the few British troops sent against them incited the tribe and their friends to proceed still further. Old feuds were now revived, and the insurrection at Taranaki quickly spread into a general movement against the colonists, which in turn resolved itself into a wholesale rebellion of the Maori race.

In the fighting that ensued twelve Victoria Crosses were gained, mostly for gallant rescues of wounded men struck down in the bush or in the pahs, the native palisade-fortified villages. The Maoris have always been exceptionally cruel to their prisoners in war, and the knowledge that a fallen foe would receive no mercy at their hands spurred our soldiers to make every effort to save a wounded comrade.

One of the first Crosses to be won fell to Colour-Sergeant John Lucas, of the 40th Regiment (the South Lancashires). Early in 1861 he was fighting up in the Taranaki district, near to the Huirangi Bush. During one afternoon, while out skirmishing, he and his party were suddenly subjected to a terribly fierce fire from a hidden enemy. Men began to drop quickly as the bullets pinged across the ravine, and Lieutenant Rees fell badly wounded.

The officer having been carried to the rear, Lucas stood guard over the other wounded, towards whom the Maoris, breaking cover for the first time, made an ugly rush. The colour-sergeant had several rifles

at hand, and adopting savage tactics, he got behind a tree, only showing himself to neatly "pot" an enemy. It was one man against a hundred; but, like Private McManus in "Dhoolie Square," he made himself properly respected by the natives, and he held his position until a reinforcement arrived to relieve him of his charge.

A more exciting experience fell to the lot of a sergeant of the York and Lancaster Regiment (the old 65th) two years later. While in action with a large body of Maoris both his superior officers, Captain Swift and Lieutenant Butler, were wounded, and the duty of withdrawing the little force devolved upon him.

Sergeant Edward McKenna, who had a strong strain of Irish blood in him, showed himself the man for the occasion. The district was a broken and rugged piece of country near Camerontown, and swarmed with Maoris. If he wished to save his officers' lives and the lives of the whole detachment, he had to act boldly.

Accordingly, leaving Corporal Ryan and three or four men to protect the wounded captain and lieutenant, and relying on the main body of the troops soon finding them, he went slap-dash at the Maoris on the hill in front of him. The charge scattered the natives to a safe distance. Then, night coming on, McKenna and his party camped in a convenient spot in the bush. Very soon, however, this position became unsafe. So back along the bush path they trailed, firing at their invisible enemy as they went, and having some other wounded now thrown on their hands.

Owing to the darkness and the intricacies of the

bush, the sergeant eventually lost his way, and, as he said afterwards, there was nothing to do but to sit down and wait for daylight. So all through the night they squatted on the ground, McKenna mounting guard with ears alert for the faintest sound of an enemy; but fortunately none came. And in the morning he had the satisfaction of leading his party back to camp to report that only one was killed and two were missing out of the thirty-eight men he had manœuvred so skilfully.

Sergeant McKenna received a warm word of commendation in the despatches from General Cameron, the Commander-in-Chief, for that piece of business, together with the Victoria Cross, the same honour falling to Corporal Ryan, whose devotion to Captain Swift, however, failed to save that gallant officer's life. Several of the others who figured prominently in the affair were rewarded with the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Two very brilliant individual exploits that I may note here won the V.C. for Major C. Heaphy of the Auckland Militia, and Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir) John Carstairs McNeill, of the 107th Regiment.

Major Heaphy was engaged in a skirmish with Maoris on the banks of the Mangapiko River, Auckland, when a wounded private tumbled into the midst of a party of natives concealed in a hollow. Without a moment's hesitation the major leaped down after him. Though wounded himself, with a dozen shot-holes in his clothes and cap, he stuck by his man, and in time got him safely away.

The story of Colonel McNeill's rescue is the story of a ride for life which finds a close parallel in the



REINING IN HIS HORSE, HE TURNED TO CATCH VOSPER'S . . .
AND HELPED THE ORDERLY TO REMOUNT.—Page 137.



deed for which Lord William Beresford gained the V.C. in Zululand, as will be told hereafter. The colonel was returning from Te Awamuta, whither he had been sent on special duty, with two orderlies, Privates Gibson and Vosper, both of the Colonial Defence Force, when a body of the enemy was descried some distance ahead. Despatching Gibson to the nearest camp (at Ohanpu) for assistance, he rode a little way up the road to the summit of a hill to reconnoitre.

As McNeill, with Vosper by his side, trotted on, unsuspecting any ambush, keen eyes watched them from the thick ferns that bordered the road, and presently some fifty Maoris sprang out to intercept them. The moment the natives appeared the two horsemen wheeled and galloped back down the hill. They got a flying start, but an unlucky step into a hole brought Vosper's horse to his knees, sending his rider head over heels into the ferns.

Then the colonel did a plucky thing. Reining in his horse, he turned to catch Vosper's, which was galloping in the opposite direction, and leading it back helped the orderly to remount. He was just in the nick of time. A few seconds later, and the Maoris would have been on them. As it was, only a mad gallop at top speed carried them clear out of range of the bullets that whistled round them.

Vosper spoke nothing but the plain truth when he said that he owed his life entirely to his colonel; for he could not have caught his horse, on foot as he was, and the Maoris would have made short work of him.

The New Zealand War was brought to a close in 1864 by General Sir Trevor Chute, who broke the Maori power and stamped out the rebellion. Four or

five years later there were renewed disturbances, massacres of settlers and raids upon outlying farms, but these were isolated cases. Since 1870 the natives have been content to live peaceably under the British rule.

In 1864, a few months before the Maori chiefs gave in their submission, a memorable fight took place near Tauranga, Auckland, memorable for the disgrace which it brought upon a British regiment, and for the act of heroism which gained the V.C. for an Army surgeon and a bluejacket. The story of it is as follows.

On the peninsula of Te Papa, in the Poverty Bay district of East Auckland, the Maoris had entrenched themselves in a very strong position. They had built a long stockade along the narrow strip of land connecting the peninsula with the coast, at Tauranga, with rifle-pits extending almost the whole length. This formidable fort was known as the Gate Pah, because it commanded the entrance to that region.

The natives chose the place for their stronghold wisely. The Gate Pah was guarded by great swamps on both sides, which rendered a flank attack impossible. The assault must come either from the front or rear. Fully alive to the difficulties of the task, General Cameron proceeded to attack this position on April 28th with a force of infantry (the 68th and 43rd Regiments) and two hundred seamen from the warships off the coast.

While some of the Naval Brigade and the 68th Regiment (the Durham Light Infantry) stole round at night to the rear of the stockade, the artillery the next morning opened fire in front, pouring shot and shell unceasingly for eight and a half hours into the

pah. The Maoris responded at first with a brisk rifle-fire, but after a time this stopped. Dead silence reigned over the stockade, as if most of its inmates had been killed. Believing this to be the case, the 43rd Foot (the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, known popularly as "the Light Bobs" and "the Fighting Forty-third") moved forward with a number of blue-jackets to carry the place by storm.

That the fight was practically over seemed evident from the ease with which the troops drove out the few Maoris remaining in the pah. But the wily natives had laid a subtle ambush, to the success of which a regrettable accident contributed. As the Oxfordshires and the naval men followed up the pursuit in the gathering darkness, the detachment sent previously to the rear began firing into the medley of Maoris and British. Considerable confusion was caused, and both the 43rd and the sailors were ordered to retire.

This was done promptly, the troops regaining the shelter of the stockade. Here they had no fear of danger, for the place was apparently deserted, and only the fugitive Maoris, who had rallied, menaced them. They wandered about the pah in careless disorder, some even laying aside their rifles, when suddenly from the ground beneath them a whole host of native warriors appeared, rising like apparitions in their midst. In cunningly concealed holes and rifle-pits, covered over with branches and pieces of turf, the Maoris had awaited the coming of the *pakehas*.

Before this mysterious ghostly enemy, who fell upon them with rifle and war-club, the soldiers and sailors fled in wild confusion. A perfect panic set in, and every man sought to save his own skin.

It is difficult to locate the blame in instances of

this kind. British troops and British officers have been seized with panic before under the stress of great excitement, and the same thing will probably happen again. Human courage is, after all, an uncertain quantity; an admittedly brave man has more than once failed at a critical moment through lack of nerve or some less explicable reason and turned coward. Was there not the well-known case of a lieutenant-colonel (his name is charitably concealed) in the Indian Mutiny, whose conduct Sir Colin Campbell characterised in a vigorous despatch as "pusillanimous and imbecile to the last degree," before dismissing him from the service? This officer had a distinguished record, but a momentary weakness led him to surrender an important position without cause and blasted his whole career.

In the panic that set in when the hideous tattooed faces of the Maoris rose up so uncannily from the depths of the earth the slaughter of our men was terrific. Officers and privates alike fell easy victims to the well-armed natives. Then it was that Assistant-Surgeon William G. N. Manley, R.A., and Samuel Mitchell, captain of the foretop of H.M.S. *Harrier*, won glory for themselves by a gallant rescue.

Commander Hay, of the Naval Brigade, fell badly wounded at the first discharge, and lay groaning in the middle of the pah. All were in full flight, but seeing his officer helpless on the ground Mitchell ran to his side, picked him up in his strong arms and bore him outside the stockade. Here he found Dr. Manley, who oblivious to the bullets that fell thickly around, bound up the commander's wounds. That done, he and Mitchell conveyed the dying man back to camp.

Not content with having done that duty, the brave

surgeon returned voluntarily to the pah and coolly set about tending the wounded. They lay there in heaps, alas ! and he had all his work to do to get them removed to a place of safety. The fire which swept the stockade is said to have been terrible, yet not a scratch did he receive the whole time, and he was the last to leave the pah. Both Dr. Manley and Mitchell were awarded the Cross for Valour some months later, for the heroism that in part redeemed the Gate Pah disaster.

As for the Fighting Forty-third, whose colours bore the names of Corunna, Badajoz, Vittoria, and many another famous fight of the Peninsular War, the memory of that night of panic rankled deep in their minds. They swore a solemn vow that the next time they came to grips with the Maoris the enemy should remember it. It was at Tuaranga that they got their chance, on June 21st of the same year, and on this day one of their officers, Captain Frederick Augustus Smith, won the Cross for leaping into a rifle-pit and routing a number of the Maoris single-handed.

This made the second V.C. that the 43rd won, by the way, the first having been given in 1859 to Private Addison for saving the life of an officer in India.

CHAPTER XVII

IN ASHANTI BUSH AND MALAY JUNGLE.

IT is a big leap from Maoriland to West Africa, but it is there, to Ashanti, that we must go to see how the next Crosses on the roll were won.

Ashanti, as the map shows, is in the Upper Guinea district, immediately inland of the Gold Coast. Seventy thousand square miles in extent, it is thickly covered with forests of mahogany, ebony, and other valuable hardwood trees, except where it is given up to vast mangrove swamps that are no good to anybody. Its people are pure negroes, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, with woolly hair and projecting jaws. They are a savage, cruel race, fetish-worshippers like most of the tribes in West Africa, who have been notorious for the revolting form of their religious rites.

Until the custom of making human sacrifices was put down with a strong hand by Great Britain, Coomassie, the capital, was as much a City of Blood as was the ill-famed Benin, a very different place from the town of to-day, with its wide, regular streets and stuccoed houses painted red and white.

With this country of Ashanti we have come repeatedly into conflict from the early days of last century, when trading stations became established on the coast. The Dutch, too, found their way thither

with the same object in view, and out of the rivalry between them and us trouble arose that came to a head in 1872. In that year the Dutch traders who had established themselves on the Gold Coast were bought out by us, their possessions being transferred to this country in return for some land concessions in the island of Sumatra. To this arrangement King Coffee of Ashanti took exception, as he lost thereby certain annual tributes which the Dutch had hitherto paid him, and by way of showing his resentment he carried off several missionaries and attacked our allies the Fantis.

It was necessary to bring King Coffee and his turbulent subjects to reason, so in September 1873 Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out to Ashanti with an expedition. The task was no easy one, for before Coomassie was reached the troops had to fight their way through the bush, and the African bush is not to be treated lightly, with its tangled masses of vegetation, dark belts of forest, rivers and morasses. Moreover, the campaign had to be completed before the hot season came on, when the terrors of pestilence and fever would have to be faced.

That Sir Garnet Wolseley did accomplish the task set him is a matter of history. By February of the following year King Coffee was forced to make peace, one of the terms being that he should discontinue human sacrifices.

In this five months' campaign four Victoria Crosses were won, and of these the first two fell to Lieutenant the Hon. Edric Gifford (the present Lord Gifford) and Lance-Sergeant Samuel McGaw of the 42nd Regiment. The latter earned his distinction at the battle of Amoaful, the first victory of any consequence, when

the Ashantis were completely routed. At that engagement McGaw led his company through the dense bush in splendid style, himself fighting all through the day, although suffering from a very severe wound received at the commencement of the battle.

Lord Gifford's Cross was won for a long series of useful services rendered to his commander, though more particularly for his exceptional bravery at the taking of the town of Becquah on February 1st, 1874. At the beginning of the campaign (his first taste of active service, by the way) he organised a body of scouts, loyal natives who knew the country well and could be relied on. With this little band he ranged ahead of the army, hanging upon the enemy's skirts, so to speak, and ferreting out their intentions by means of his spies. It was dangerous, highly dangerous, work, for it meant thrusting himself almost into the very arms of a foe who showed no mercy in war.

"It is no exaggeration," says the official account, "to say that since the Adansi Hills were passed he daily carried his life in his hands in the performance of his most hazardous duty." With no other white man by him, Lieutenant Gifford captured many prisoners, and the information he was able to procure for his chief was naturally of the utmost value.

If he carried his life in his hand while out scouting there is no doubt that he did the same at the taking of Becquah. Gifford and his scouts were through the stockade and into the town some time before the troops stormed it, and were in the thick of the fighting throughout. Of that day's work, as well as of the scouting in the bush, Sir Garnet took full note when sending his despatches, and the young

lieutenant of the South Wales Borderers saw himself duly gazetted.

Major Reginald Sartorius (now a Major-General) is another V.C. man who gained his decoration in far-off Ashanti. At the attack on Abogoo he bravely risked his life to save a wounded Haussa sergeant-major who had fallen under a heavy fire; and he is also famous for a most plucky ride through the heart of the enemy's country to establish connection between the main body and Captain Glover's column.

The name of Sartorius, it may be mentioned, is like that of Gough in figuring twice in the honoured list of V.C.'s, and in each case it is two brothers who have thus won double distinction. Major-General Euston Henry Sartorius received his Cross for an exploit in Afghanistan, mention of which will be found in the next chapter.

Next on my list of Ashanti heroes comes Colonel Mark Sever Bell, a distinguished Engineer officer of many campaigns. The battle at Ordahsu in January of 1874 saw him in the very forefront of the British line alone with a working gang of Fantis, digging a trench. A severe fire from both front and rear played upon them, and—what is said to be an almost unparalleled incident in warfare—they were not protected by a covering party.

The Fantis, to whose qualities Miss Kingsley has paid high tribute, are not warriors of the first order, however faithful they may be as servants; and that Lieutenant Bell (to give him the rank he then bore) got them to work in such circumstances was due solely to his fearless and courageous bearing. When he came in from the trench it was to receive the generous compliments of his chief, Colonel Sir John

McLeod, who had considered his chances of getting back alive extremely slight. The V.C. followed at the latter officer's recommendation.

Although it is not strictly in chronological order, I may note here that in 1900 there was again trouble in Ashanti, which resulted in two more V.C.'s being won. Of these one went to Captain Melliss, of the Indian Staff Corps, and the other to Sergeant (now Captain) John Mackenzie, of the Seaforths.

Mackenzie's gallantry was most marked. At the attack on Dompoassi in June he found the fight progressing too slowly for him. He had been working two Maxim guns under a hot fire (being wounded while doing so), but the enemy held their position as obstinately as ever. So to "finish the business" the sergeant volunteered to clear the stockades, and at the head of a body of Haussas he charged boldly upon them. The blacks followed his lead with spirit; before their headlong rush the Ashantis fled into the bush, and shortly after Dompoassi was ours.

Just a year after the Ashanti trouble there was an outbreak in the Malay Peninsula which called for a punitive expedition. The little brown men of Perak, own brothers to the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo, had to be taught the lesson that Great Britain will not tolerate outrages upon her subjects.

With the column that marched up through the jungle upon the Malay strongholds was Major George Nicholas Channer, of the Bengal Staff Corps, who had joined the Indian Army just too late to take part in the suppression of the Mutiny, but in time to see service in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863. Both here and in the Looshai country a few

years later he showed himself a dashing leader of native troops, and the 1st Ghurkas were by no means ill-pleased when they learned that he was attached to them for the Perak expedition. Major Channer, for his part, was glad of the chance of seeing another fight, though he little guessed that it was to afford him an opportunity of winning the V.C. and covering himself with glory. Yet such proved to be the case.

On its way northwards the force eventually reached the Bukit Putus Pass, the most difficult part of the journey to be traversed. All around was dense jungle and impenetrable forest, in which a host of Malays lay in wait to harass the troops. How numerous were the enemy could not be ascertained, nor how strong were their defences, and it was important that information on these points should be obtained or the column might blunder into an ambush. Major Channer was selected as the officer best fitted to procure this intelligence, and with a small party of his wiry little Ghurkas he struck off one day into the wilds.

Making a long detour, he worked his way round to the rear of the enemy's position without any mishap. Here he found that the Malays were strongly posted in a solid log-fort, loopholed on every side and surrounded by a formidable bamboo palisade. As he peered at it through the trees a number of black forms flitted busily to and fro, showing that the fort was well garrisoned.

Channer had learned enough to see that the troops would have considerable difficulty in carrying the position, and might well have returned to make his report. But he was not content with merely having

done so much. He determined to make a closer inspection to discover, if possible, where was the weakest spot in the defences.

At night, therefore, leaving his men hidden within call in the jungle, he crept stealthily up through the long grass to the outer stockade. All was still, for the Malays had mounted no guard on that side of the fort. Raising himself cautiously to his knees, he peeped between the bamboo poles and saw that the garrison was all intent on cooking its supper. At once a daring idea came into his head. Quickly dropping back into the long grass, the major wormed his way towards the spot where his faithful Ghurkas were waiting and beckoned them to join him. Then he explained that he intended to take the Malays by surprise and rush the fort.

The Ghurkas were gleefully ready for a job like this, and at the word followed him noiselessly to the point in the palisade whence he had observed the unsuspecting Malays. A quick scramble over and the whole party were inside. The first man who offered resistance Major Channer shot dead with his revolver. The rest stood aghast at the unexpected spectacle of a white officer in their midst, and before they could recover from their astonishment the Ghurkas in their neat green uniforms and little round caps were among them, using their keen *kukris* with deadly effect. The surprise was complete. The Malays, ignorant of the numbers of their assailants, abandoned the fort and fled precipitately into the jungle.

A message to the main body soon brought up the troops, when the fort was destroyed, leaving the way clear for the march to be continued. But for Major

Channer's bold attack the fort would have had to be carried by a bayonet charge, as it was secure from the big guns, and much loss of life must have been caused. His act, therefore, was one of the greatest service to the expedition.

The gallant major, who got his Cross a few months later, afterwards served with considerable distinction under Lord Roberts in Afghanistan, and commanded a brigade in the Black Mountain (Hazara) expedition of 1888. He died at his home in North Devon only at the end of last year, a General and a C.B.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW SOME AFGHAN CROSSES WERE WON.

THE war which broke out in Afghanistan in 1878 and lasted two years was of a far more serious nature than the campaign in Ashanti which I have just dealt with. It was at bottom a struggle to assert our supremacy on the Indian frontier, where Russia was beginning to menace us, and on its result hung the fortunes of a large part of Asia. Before I tell of how several notable V.C.'s were gained in the hill-fighting round Candahar and Cabul it is necessary to say a few words about the war itself, in order that we may properly understand the situation.

Trouble over Afghanistan began very early in the nineteenth century, but Great Britain maintained a firm hold over the country and its Amir until the advent to the throne of Shere Ali Khan. This turbulent ruler was a very go-ahead monarch indeed. He organised a splendid army, well-drilled and well-equipped with modern arms, and spent some years in military preparations which could have had only one object—the ultimate overthrow of British influence in that part of the world.

That Russia and Russian money was behind all this has been made very clear. The go-ahead Shere Ali went ahead so far that he made overtures to the

Muscovite Government and received a Russian mission at Cabul. When Lord Roberts reached the capital after his victorious march he found, he says, "Afghan Sirdars and officers arrayed in Russian pattern uniforms, Russian money in the treasury, Russian wares sold in the bazaars; and, although the roads leading to Central Asia were certainly no better than those leading to India, Russia had taken more advantage of them than we had to carry on commercial dealings with Afghanistan."

Our first move was to establish a British mission at Cabul, but this met with failure. Then Shere Ali, after abdicating in favour of his son, Yakoub Khan, conveniently died, and our prospects improved. A mission, at the head of which was Sir Louis Cavagnari, was received at the capital, and all seemed to be going well when the civilised world was startled by the news that Cavagnari and all with him had been massacred.

Without any loss of time, Lord Roberts (then Major-General Frederick Sleigh Roberts) started from India with an army to avenge this atrocity. After some stiff fighting, he reached Cabul and deposed the Amir. There were left, however, a number of minor chiefs who continued to stir up trouble. Of these the leading spirit was the ex-Amir's brother, Ayoub Khan, who inflicted a defeat upon us at the battle of Maiwand and proceeded to invest Candahar.

Upon this followed Roberts' historic march from Cabul to Candahar which won him a baronetcy and a G.C.B. In this descent upon Ayoub Khan he utterly routed the Afghan leader and quieted the country. A new Amir, Abdur Rahman (nephew of Shere Ali) was now installed, with the necessary

proviso that Afghanistan should have no foreign relations with any power except the Government of India, and the British army was withdrawn.

The first V.C. of the campaign was gained by Captain John Cook, of the Bengal Staff Corps, for a singularly gallant rescue of a brother-officer. It was during the month of December 1878, while General Roberts was on his way to Cabul, whither he was escorting Cavagnari's mission. There had been several encounters with the Afghans, for the latter had shown themselves hostile all along the line of route, and a decisive engagement was fought at the Peiwar Kotal, in the Kuram district. (A "kotal," it may be explained, is the highest point in a mountain pass.)

At this fight a slender column was detached from the main body and sent round to force a position in the Spingawi Kotal, where the enemy had entrenched themselves. The attack was made at night, and although, through the treachery of some Pathans with the column, the alarm was given, the Afghans were driven out.

Side by side Highlanders and Ghurkas, who had been good friends ever since they fought together in the Mutiny, charged up the steep rocky hillside, through a forest of pines, and carried one stockade after another. As the enemy broke before them, Major Galbraith, Assistant-Adjutant-General to the force, was suddenly attacked by a powerful Afghan. The major's revolver missed fire when he aimed, and it is more than probable that he would have been shot down at once had not Captain Cook rushed to his rescue.

A blow from his sword having diverted the Afghan's attention, Cook threw himself bodily upon the man and closed with him. They struggled together thus for some little time, locked in a deadly embrace, the Afghan endeavouring vainly to use his bayonet and the captain his sword. Then, gripping his opponent by the throat, Cook fell with him to the ground, only to have his sword-arm seized by the Afghan's strong teeth. Another roll over gave the latter a slight advantage, but only for a moment. At this critical juncture a little Ghurka ran up and shot the fellow through the head.

Captain Cook was decorated for this exploit on the Queen's Birthday in the May following, at a grand parade at Kuram, but he did not live long to wear his Cross. He died of a severe wound twelve months later.

In March of 1879 a gallant little action was fought near Maidanah of which scant mention is made outside official records. It may be fittingly recorded here, as it was the means of bringing distinction to a young captain of Engineers who now writes himself Lieut.-General Edward Pemberton Leach, V.C., C.B.

Leach was out on survey duty in the Maidanah district with an escort of Rattray's Sikhs under the command of Lieutenant Barclay. While thus engaged a body of Afghans appeared in close proximity and endeavoured to cut them off. The Sikhs having fallen slowly back, under orders, the Afghans became more bold, and in still larger numbers pressed nearer. Then there was a sudden rush, a volley, and Lieutenant Barclay fell shot in the breast.

To get the wounded officer back to camp in safety was Leach's first thought. The Afghans must be

kept at a safe distance. With all the Sikhs, therefore, save the two or three needed to attend to Barclay, he formed up and charged with bayonets fixed straight into the oncoming enemy.

They were a score or so against a hundred, but desperate men take desperate risks. Leach himself was immediately attacked by four Afghans, two of whom he shot in quick succession. The third grappled with him, but another shot from the unerring revolver settled him, and the captain turned to meet his fourth assailant. He was not a moment too soon. The Afghan had slipped round to attack him from the rear, and as Leach's left arm went up in defence it received on it the blow from an Afghan knife that was aimed at his back.

A slash from his sword laid the Pathan low. Then wounded as he was, with blood streaming fast from his arm, the captain dashed on into the mêlée, and gathering his men together for another fierce charge sent the enemy tumbling backwards in confusion. But the little company was not even then out of danger. The retreat led them along a narrow rocky road, from the sides of which the Afghans continued to pepper them, and a last charge was necessary to scatter them. Fortunately, just after this a cavalry troop, attracted by the noise of firing, came up and relieved them.

Captain Leach was promptly awarded the Cross for Valour for his bravery, but though he had succeeded in saving the party from certain annihilation, his satisfaction was clouded over by one great sorrow. Poor Lieutenant Barclay died soon afterwards from his wound.

The next V.C., the story of which I have to tell,

is that of Lieutenant Hamilton,—“Hamilton of the Guides,”—whose brilliant career was cut all too short at Cabul in the massacre of Cavagnari’s ill-fated mission. Having joined Brigadier-General Gough’s force, which was keeping clear the line of communication between Jellalabad and Cabul, Lieutenant Hamilton saw plenty of fighting with the hill-tribes in the vicinity. At Futtehabad, in April 1879, there was an engagement with a considerable body of Afghans, and in this fight he made himself conspicuous.

At the moment that the scale of victory was turning in our favour, the Guides, led by their beloved commander, Major Wigram Battye, charged into the Afghan ranks. Battye fell shot through the heart at the first volley, and the leadership devolved on Hamilton, who led them on, more fierce than ever. In the *mêlée* that now ensued Dowlut Ram, a sowar riding by the lieutenant’s side, was bowled over and instantly threatened with death from three Afghan knives. Wheeling his horse, Hamilton cut his way to the fallen man’s side, dragged him from beneath his dead horse, and carried him off right under the enemy’s nose.

For this act he was recommended for the Cross, but to everyone’s disappointment it was not awarded him. Only after he had fallen beneath Afghan swords at Cabul, five months later, was his heroism acknowledged. Then followed the tardy announcement that had he lived her Majesty would have been pleased to confer the honour of the Victoria Cross upon him.

Hamilton’s end was an heroic one. Early one September morning in 1879 the Residency at Cabul in which Sir Louis Cavagnari and his staff had taken

up their quarters was attacked and fired by the Afghans. The only defenders of the place were the Guides, a mere handful of men under Lieutenant Hamilton's command. Soon the building was stormed, and Cavagnari with his suite brutally massacred. Hamilton alone remained, the last Englishman left alive in Cabul.

Driven from room to room, he and his men at last reached the courtyard to make their last stand. In vain did the Afghans call on the Guides to join them, saying they had no quarrel with men of their own race. The Guides were loyal to the oath they had sworn. As one man they formed up behind their gallant leader, dressed their ranks, and flung wide

"The doors not all their valour could longer keep."

Then with a cheer out they dashed at the horde before them, in the mad endeavour to cut their way through. It was a forlorn hope. The enemy closed round them like a dark sea,

"And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went."¹

How Hamilton himself fell was learned afterwards from the Afghans, who could appreciate such dauntless courage as his. They said he fought like a lion at bay, sweeping a space clear around him with his sword; and it was only by the reckless sacrifice of a few of their number, who threw themselves upon him and were shot or sabred, that the rest were able to pull him down. Then a dozen knives buried themselves in his body, and all was over.

¹ "The Guides at Cabul," Henry Newbolt.

The record of the Afghan War teems with heroic exploits, but only a few more can be touched on here. There was, for instance, the gallant rescue of a wounded Bengal Lancer at Dakka, by Lieutenant Reginald Clare Hart (now a Lieut.-General and K.C.B.). "I am going for the V.C. to-day!" he said to his brother-officers on the morning of the engagement; and he won it, after running some twelve hundred yards under the Afghan fire to pull the disabled sowar out of a river bed.

At about the same time Captain O'Moor Creagh with a detachment of one hundred and fifty men held off fifteen thousand Afghans who attacked him near the village of Ram Dakka; a brilliant feat that was only equalled by Captain Vousden, of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, who some time later charged into a body of four hundred of the enemy with simply *twelve* sowars at his back, and dispersed them!

There were Crosses for both these brave captains, just as there was one for Captain E. H. Sartorius (brother of the Ashanti hero) for a dashing charge which cleared a strong force of the enemy from the Shah Juy hill at Tazi.

Mention of Sartorius recalls the somewhat similar deeds which gained a V.C. for a distinguished major of the 92nd Highlanders, who is now the popular Field-Marshal Sir George Stewart White, G.C.B., etc. On his Cross two dates figure, October 6, 1879, and September 1, 1880. The first denotes the action at Charasiah, where the Afghans were defeated, much to the chagrin of the treacherous Amir Yakoub Khan, who had laid plans for the complete annihilation of the British army.

There was a hill to be taken, on which the enemy

had mustered in large numbers, and at the word of command two companies of the "Gay Gordons," with Major White at their head, breasted the slope and raced up. The major was easily first. Leaving the rest to follow, he tore ahead and bearded the Afghans single-handed, shooting their leader dead with his revolver. This act brought him high praise from General Roberts, who went over the ground with him next day and noted the difficulties that had to be encountered.

On the second occasion Major White was with his Gordons at Candahar, assisting in the rout of Ayoub Khan. At an important stage of the battle a desperate stand was made by the Afghans at the Baba Wali Kotal, and it became necessary to storm the position, or the wavering enemy would have time to rally.

"Now, 92nd," cried their leader, "just one charge more to close the business!" The Gordons answered with a shout, and accompanied by the 2nd Ghurkas and 23rd Pioneers they streamed up the hill to carry it with bayonets. As always, Major White was well in front. He was the first to reach the guns, the next man being Sepoy Inderbir Lama, who placed his rifle on one of them and exclaimed proudly, "Captured in the name of the 2nd Ghurkas!"

That charge did "close the business." The Afghans broke and fled, and the troops went on to capture Ayoub Khan's enormous camp with his artillery, thirty-two pieces in all, among them being found two of our Horse Artillery guns that had been taken at Maiwand in July.

I cannot close this chapter without telling how Padre Adams won his V.C. The only clergyman to

have received the decoration, he stands in a unique position, although, as I have said already, at least one other Army chaplain deserved it.

The Rev. James William Adams, B.A. (to give him his full title), was attached to the Cabul Field Force and marched up to the Amir's capital with the troops when they went to avenge Cavagnari's death. Liking to be always at the front when any fighting was going on, he acted as aide-de-camp to General Roberts on several occasions, making himself very useful. It was in this capacity that he was accompanying Roberts when, on December 11th, 1879, the main body of the force encountered Mahommed Jan's army near Sherpur and, owing to a miscarriage of plans, was obliged to beat a temporary retreat.

In the retiring movement some of the guns were in danger of falling into the Afghans' hands, so a troop of the 9th Lancers, with a few of the 14th Bengal Lancers, made a gallant attempt to hold the enemy in check. The charge was brilliant but disastrous. Men and horses went down like ninepins, many of them falling into a deep ditch, or nullah, in which one or two of the guns had already come to grief.

Seeing a wounded, dismounted man of the 9th staggering towards him, Adams jumped off his charger and tried to lift the poor fellow into the saddle, but the animal, a very valuable mare, took fright and bolted. Still supporting the lancer, the chaplain helped him on his way to the rear, where some of his comrades took him in charge.

Returning at once to the front, Adams observed two more men of the 9th in the ditch who were in difficulties. Their horses had rolled over on to them,

and they were struggling vainly to get free. The advancing Afghans were now pretty close, and General Roberts called out to the chaplain to look after himself; but the "fighting parson," as his men called him, was a true hero. Leaping down into the ditch without a moment's hesitation, he splashed his way through the mud and water to the lancers' rescue. A few strong pulls of his brawny arms (he was an unusually powerful man) quickly released the imprisoned men, and he had them safe on the top of the bank ere the first of the Afghans had reached the nullah.

Padre Adams had long been the idol of the men to whom he ministered, and there was general rejoicing in the Army when his name in due course appeared in the *Gazette*. There was keen regret, too, some years later when he bade farewell to the service he loved, and returned home to settle down in a peaceful Norfolk rectory.

It seems only the other day that his tall well-built figure was to be met striding along the lanes round Stow Bardolph and Downham Market, and it is hard to realise that nearly three years have now passed since death took "the V.C. parson" from our midst.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAIWAND.—A GUNNER'S STORY.

THE one disaster of the Afghan campaign of 1878-80 was the defeat of General Burrows' force at Maiwand by an army of 25,000 men under the leadership of Ayoub Khan himself. It had been expected that the Amir would follow a certain route on his way to Ghazni and Candahar, and Burrows had been warned to be on the look-out. That the British general failed to stay the Amir's progress when the two armies came into conflict at Maiwand was due to the smallness of his force, which numbered less than 3000 men; to the desertion of a large number of native levies; and to the fact that the native portion of the brigade got out of hand soon after the fight had started, and impeded the British troops.

Continuing his march after this signal victory, Ayoub Khan proceeded to Candahar and commenced the siege of that city. How he was speedily followed by General Roberts and in turn defeated has been already told.

The battle of Maiwand was fought on July 27th, 1880. Early on the morning of that day Burrows' brigade, including the 66th Regiment, "the Green

Howards," and some Royal Horse Artillery, and encumbered with a large number of camels, baggage waggons, camp followers, etc., moved out from the camp at Khushk-i-Nakhud. This position was about forty miles from Candahar. The Afghan army was to be intercepted at the village of Maiwand, eleven miles away.

Riding with the guns of the Horse Artillery that summer morning were two men, Sergeant Patrick Mullane and Gunner James Collis, who were destined to win no little glory in the somewhat inglorious fight. They were by no means the only heroes of Maiwand, for many stirring deeds were done that day; but the slaughter was terrific, and of all who earned the honour of the V.C. only these two survived.

As an example of the courage displayed by the British troops the story may be told of how, when our native infantry broke and fled before the Afghan attack, the 66th Regiment was left alone to receive the onset of the enemy. Such a small body of men could do nothing, however valiantly they fought, and very reluctantly they obeyed the order to fall back. Following up their advantage, the Afghans now pressed them more closely. In among the doomed soldiers leapt the white-robed Pathans, stabbing and slashing with their long knives until they succeeded in breaking up the men into small parties, who could be more easily cut down.

Towards the end of the day a little company of the 66th, officers and men, gathered together for a last stand in a little village some distance from Maiwand. Surrounded by a yelling horde, they fired volley after volley, but the return fire of the enemy

gradually thinned their ranks. At length, so it is recorded, ten privates and one officer alone remained. Back to back stood the brave eleven, determined never to give in, for the honour of the regiment and their country. And one by one they dropped where they stood, until, it is related, but one man remained erect, facing his foes undaunted. One man against some hundreds. Then the Afghan rifles spoke out once more, and the last of that stricken remnant fell with a bullet through his heart.

But it is of Mullane and Collis that I propose to speak here, and of how they won their V.C.'s. After the fortune of the battle was decided and the stricken British brigade commenced its retreat to Candahar the Royal Horse Artillery made many gallant attempts to beat off the pursuing Afghans. Indeed, but for the masterly way in which they worked their guns, the losses on our side must have been considerably greater than they were.

Sergeant Mullane stood by his gun on one of these occasions, and after a round or two had been fired helped to limber up smartly to follow the force. As the gun moved on a driver was seen to fall. The Afghans were tearing after the fugitives at full speed, and the wounded man lay directly in their path.

Only a daring man would have ventured to turn and face that fierce oncoming crowd; but "Paddy" Mullane was that man. Racing back to where the driver lay, he lifted him up in his arms and, being a big strong fellow, quickly carried him out of the enemy's reach. It was a narrow squeak, however; as he turned with his burden to make for his comrades, the nearest Afghans were within a few yards of him, and one or two wild shots whizzed by his ears.

The next day, while the retreat continued, Mullane performed another gallant action, which was duly noted on his Cross. Most of the troops, and particularly the wounded, suffered terribly from thirst in the glare of the sun, and it was impossible to obtain drink from the hostile villages they passed through.

At last Sergeant Mullane could stand the cries of distress no longer. "I'm off to get some water," he announced briefly to his comrades, when they neared another village. And, doubling to the nearest houses, he managed to procure a good supply, with which he ran hastily back, while the infuriated villagers peppered him hotly. Fortunately for him their marksmanship was none too good, and not a shot struck him, though several went so close as to make him realise the risk he had run.

Of how Gunner Collis bore himself in that retreat from Maiwand we have been told in his own words, and I cannot do better than follow the account he gives. He was limber gunner, he says, in his battery, and when an Afghan shell killed four of the gunners and Sergeant Wood, only three were left to work the piece. Taking the sergeant's place, he went on firing, but was soon almost borne down by panic-stricken fugitives, who threw themselves both under and on the gun.

On the native infantry and cavalry breaking up in confusion the guns limbered up and fell back at a gallop for some two thousand yards. Here another two rounds were fired, but again the order came to retire, for the enemy were advancing rapidly. A mounted Afghan even caught up with the gun on

which Collis sat and slashed at him fiercely as he passed. The sword cut the gunner over the left eyebrow. As the Afghan wheeled and rode at him again Collis raised his carbine, and at about five yards' range let drive. The shot struck the sowar on the chest, causing him to fall from his horse. In doing so some money rattled out of his turban, and Collis relates that Trumpeter Jones, R.H.A., jumped off his horse and picked it up.

Dusk now came fast upon the fugitives, and having stepped aside at a village to try and secure some water, Collis lost his gun. He accordingly attached himself to No. 2, sticking to it all the way to Candahar.

By the wayside, as they went along, lay many wounded. As many of these as he could the gallant gunner picked up and placed on his gun. He collected ten altogether, every one a 66th man, except a colonel whom he did not know. Presently the wounded began to beg for water, and like Mullane, Collis could not bear to hear their cries without making an effort to satisfy them.

At a village near Kokeran, the next day, he made a dash for some water, which he was successful in obtaining. Here, he records, he saw Lieutenant Maclaine, of the Royal Horse Artillery, and he was almost the last man to see him alive. The lieutenant was captured immediately afterwards, kept a close prisoner by Ayoub Khan, and eventually found lying with his throat cut outside the Amir's tent at Candahar, after the Afghan leader's flight.

A second journey for water becoming necessary, Collis set off again for the village. He was returning with a fresh supply when he beheld some ten or

twelve of the enemy's cavalry approaching the gun. The gun went off, and, throwing himself down in a little nullah, Collis waited until it passed by. Then, with a rifle which he had obtained from a 66th private, he opened fire upon the Afghans, in order to draw them from the gun and the wounded.

Not knowing how many were concealed in the nullah, the Afghans halted and answered his fire. They fortunately failed to hit the plucky gunner, but from his vantage he scored heavily against them, killing two men and a horse. From a distance of three hundred yards, however, they came pretty close to him, and he must have been discovered had not General Nuttall arrived on the scene with some native cavalry and made them turn tail.

"You're a gallant young man," said the General. "What is your name?"

"Gunner Collis, sir, of E. of B., R.H.A.," answered the gunner in business-like fashion, and the details were promptly noted in the General's pocket-book.

Then Collis hastened after his gun, which he caught up with after a five hundred yards' chase, and after running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire for several miles farther, went safely in with it into Candahar. He arrived there at seven in the evening, having been marching for a whole night and day since the battle.

There is yet another brave act to be recorded of Gunner Collis, which contributed to gain him his well-earned Cross for Valour. While the garrison under General Primrose were besieged in Candahar, anxiously awaiting the arrival of General Roberts' relief column, various sorties were made upon the enemy. On one of these occasions, in the middle

of August, Collis was standing by his gun on the rampart of the fort when Generals Primrose and Nuttall passed in earnest conversation with Colonel Burnet.

Hearing one of the former say that he wished he could send a message to General Dewberry, who was fighting away out in the village, the gunner stepped up to Colonel Burnet and touched him on the arm.

"I think I can take the message, sir," he said, giving a salute.

The officers were doubtful about allowing him to go on so dangerous an errand, but after a little hesitation General Primrose wrote a note which Collis slipped into his pocket. Then, a rope having been brought, the gunner was lowered over the parapet into the ditch, about forty feet below. He was fired at by the enemy's matchlock men as he slid down, but luckily they were too far off to aim accurately.

Reaching the village safely, he delivered his message to General Dewberry, and, dodging the enemy, returned to clamber up the rope. While half way up the Afghans tried to "pot" him again, and this time a bullet came close enough to cut off the heel of his left boot.

At the instance of General Nuttall and Colonel Burnet, General Roberts recommended the brave gunner for the V.C., and much to Collis's surprise it was presented to him on July 28th, 1881.

CHAPTER XX.

ZULULAND.—THE DASH WITH THE COLOURS FROM ISANDHLANA.

AT the same time that the war in Afghanistan was being carried to a successful issue serious trouble was brewing in South Africa. The Zulus under Cetewayo, who had long been restless, now threatened to overrun Natal and the Transvaal, and precipitate a general revolt of the black races against the white.

To go into the whole history of the quarrel would take too long, but it may be said that the grievances of the natives arose out of long-standing feuds between them and the Boers over the seizure of land. The immediate cause of the war was a dispute over a strip of territory extending along the left bank of the Tugela River into Zululand. To this piece of land the Zulus obstinately asserted their right, and their claim was upheld by a Commission which was appointed to inquire into the matter.

After the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain in 1877 Sir Bartle Frere had been sent out to South Africa as High Commissioner, and unfortunately for everyone concerned he now strongly opposed the arbitrators' award. Regarding Cetewayo as a dangerous enemy, as a cruel, savage monarch

whose power it was necessary to curb, he withheld the award for several months, in the course of which time the Zulu king nursed an ever-growing resentment towards the British.

In this interval Cetewayo, who set himself to follow in the steps of his uncle, the famous chief Dingaan, perpetrated many atrocities which showed him to be a bloodthirsty tyrant. When he was remonstrated with for his cruelties he insolently answered that the killing he had done was nothing to the killing he intended to do, a reply which was taken as a warning that the Zulus looked forward to "washing their spears" in the blood of white men.

A raid into Natal to recapture some native women who had fled thither for protection, and the subsequent murder of the captives, increased Sir Bartle Frere's determination to take strong measures against Cetewayo. Accordingly, when the award was announced to the king it was accompanied with an ultimatum that the vast Zulu army must be disbanded and certain objectionable practices discontinued.

Cetewayo, looking over his impis, which numbered some 50,000 warriors—all well drilled and well armed—laughed at the proposal. His army had measured itself against the white men already and with no little success. So the thirty days of grace allowed him passed unheeded, and, war having been declared, a British force crossed the Tugela into Zululand.

Lord Chelmsford, who commanded the troops, divided his little army into three main columns. One marched to an important station in the Transvaal; another to a position near the mouth of the Tugela; and the third—the invading force—to Rorke's Drift,

on the banks of the Buffalo River, thence to cross over into Zululand. It was to this last column that the great defeat at Isandhlana befell, a disaster which filled all England with consternation when the news of it arrived. And to it belongs the story of how Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill made that desperate dash to escape with the regimental colours of the 24th that won them everlasting fame.

How the disaster occurred is soon told. Although advised by Boer veterans well versed in Zulu warfare as to the necessity of laagering his waggons every evening and of throwing out scouts well in advance, Lord Chelmsford preferred to adopt his own tactics. He was an experienced and brave officer, whose record of active service included the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and Abyssinian campaigns, but he now made the fatal mistake of despising the enemy before him.

After one or two successful skirmishes with the Zulus, the little force of about 1300 men marched up through the country, crossed the Buffalo River, and encamped at the foot of a hill known to the natives as Isandhlana, "the lion's hill." Here the tents were pitched but no laager formed; no proper precautions taken to guard against an attack.

This was negligence enough, but worse was to follow. Two small reconnoitring parties who were sent out on January 21st were alarmed by the sight of a large body of Zulus not far away. In some haste they sent to the camp for reinforcements. On receipt of this intelligence Lord Chelmsford got together several companies of the 24th, some mounted infantry and a few guns, and at a very early

hour the next morning started out to meet, as he confidently supposed, Cetewayo's main army. A body of Zulus was encountered and repulsed, but they did not form the larger portion of Cetewayo's impis. While the British commander-in-chief was thus decoyed from his base, an army of 20,000 Zulus was hastening fleet-footed round the hills, to swoop down upon the doomed camp.

At Isandhlana only eight hundred men had been left. These comprised a handful of Mounted Infantry and Volunteers, seventy of the Royal Artillery with two guns, and some companies of the 24th Regiment and the Natal Carabineers. This puny force was under the command of Colonel Durnford, R.E., who had been hastily summoned thither from Rorke's Drift.

Lord Chelmsford marched out at about four in the morning. Five hours later the advancing Zulu impis were sighted by the watchers at Isandhlana, and an urgent message was despatched to the front. This message the General disregarded, his aide-de-camp's telescope having assured him that the camp was unmolested.

Not everyone, however, shared this optimistic opinion, for Colonel Harness and Major Black, believing the messenger's story to be true, started back to Isandhlana on their own account, taking four companies with them. But, to their grief, they were peremptorily recalled. Had they continued their journey they would have been in time to witness the end of the death struggle which was even then in progress at the camp; though it is doubtful if they could have done anything to save their comrades.

Eight hundred against twenty thousand. What chance had they?

By noon the crescent of the Zulu army had enveloped the camp. Drawing closer and still closer in, the ringed warriors, the cream of Cetewayo's fighting men, armed with assegai, knobkerry, and rifle, burst upon Durnford's little company as they hastily tried to form a laager with the waggons. Durnford himself was in the thick of it, encouraging the troopers, placing a gun here and ordering a charge there. But it was all in vain.

Before the fierce fire of thousands of Zulu rifles, and before the host of assegais that hurtled through the air, the redcoats and the Basutos of the Native Contingent went down like corn under the sickle. They fought well, as desperate men will when driven to bay; but while they fired and reloaded and fired again behind them came the right horn of the overlapping Zulu army to strike at them in the rear. *That*, and not a panic-stricken flight, accounted for the many assegai wounds which were afterwards observed in the fallen men's backs.

There were numerous deeds of valour performed that day, of which some account has come down to us from the Zulus themselves. The 24th, the South Wales Borderers, a regiment with a famous record, knew how to die, and officers and men accounted for many a dusky foe ere they themselves were borne down.

We have a picture of little parties of them found lying with their fifty or sixty rounds of spent cartridges beside their dead bodies, to give colour to the Zulus' story that they "could not make way against the soldiers until they ceased firing." Then,



WITH THE FLAG . . . FIRMLY GRIPPED IN HIS HAND, MELVILL
SPURRED HIS HORSE FOR THE RIVER.—Page 173.

and then only, could the deadly assegais finish their work, as the warriors leapt in with the fierce death-hiss.

And we have another picture given of Captain Younghusband, of the same regiment, standing erect in an empty waggon with three privates and keeping a crowd of the enemy at bay. The others fall at last, shot or assegaied by the Zulus who clamber up the sides, but the tall, soldierly figure holds the warriors off. Then, his last cartridge gone, he leaps down, sword in hand, to cut his way through to liberty if it be possible.

It was not possible. But he died fighting like a lion. Said a Zulu who took part in the attack, "All those who tried to stab him were knocked over at once. He kept his ground for a long time, until someone shot him."

Very few escaped alive from that camp of death. Of the gallant eight hundred all but sixty stretched lifeless around the waggons and overturned tents, or on the rough ground to the rear, where a line of corpses marked the path to the river.

Lieutenant Teignmouth Melvill, Adjutant of the 1st Battalion of the 24th Regiment, was among those who got away when all hope of rescue was given up. To him Colonel Buller had entrusted the Queen's colours, telling him to make his way back to safety. For him, too, the Zulus had no thought of flight. "No," said the colonel, "we must stop!" The adjutant of the 1st Battalion, and his brave



and then only, could the deadly assegais finish their work, as the warriors leapt in with the fierce death-hiss.

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Lieutenant Teignmouth Melvill, Adjutant of the 1st Battalion of the 24th Regiment, was among those who got away when all hope of rescue was given up. To him Colonel Pulleine confided the Queen's colours, telling him to make the best of his way back to safety. For himself, and those with him, said the colonel, their duty was plain. There was no thought of flight. "Men, we are here, and here we must stop!" was his brief address to the remnant of the 1st Battalion; and stop they did, till they and their brave colonel had fallen.

Meanwhile, with the flag rolled and cased and

firmly gripped in his hand, Melvill spurred his horse through the press and dashed for the river. After him panted a score or more of Zulus, pausing only in their pursuit to stab any of the other fugitives whom they passed.

For six miles the adjutant galloped on his ride for life, gradually leaving the Zulus behind, though their shots continued to follow him. He had now been joined by Lieutenant Nevill Aylmer Coghill, of his own regiment, who had cut his way through the circle of Zulus. Then the tossing waters of the Buffalo came in view, and how the fugitives' hearts must have risen at the sight. For on the other side of the river lay Natal and safety.

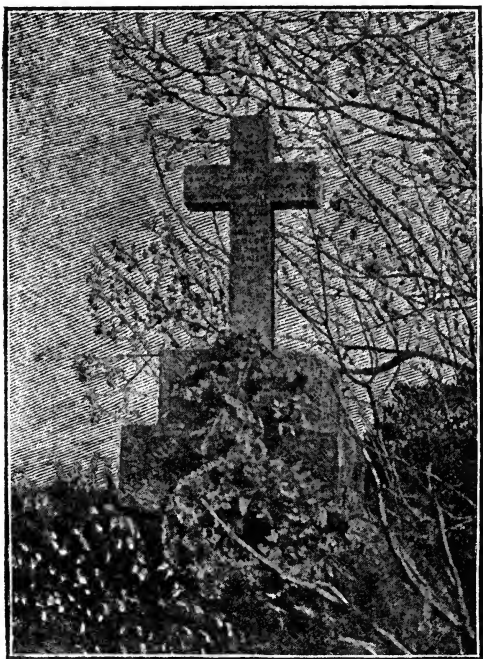
A last desperate spurt and the bank was gained. Down the steep slope scrambled horses and riders, and plunged into the swirling stream. The Buffalo runs swiftly between its high banks, the water being broken up by large rocks, dotted here and there. Exhausted after its flight, Melvill's horse failed to make headway against the swift current, and in its struggles the adjutant was swept out of his saddle.

Not far away from him, on another rock, was an officer of the Native Contingent, named Higginson.

"Catch hold of the pole!" cried the adjutant; and the other, leaning over, made a grab at it as the colours came within reach. But he, too, was carried away.

By this time the foremost of the Zulus had come up, and they at once opened fire upon the helpless men in the river. Lieutenant Coghill, meanwhile, had swum his horse across the stream and gained the opposite bank in safety. Reining up on the top of the slope, he looked back and saw Melvill struggling in the water below.

There was a chance of life for him. His horse was still fresh, and the road to Helpmakaar stretched away behind him. But Coghill gave no thought to himself, or if he did he banished it instantly from his mind. Riding down the bank again, he plunged into the river with a cheery call to Melvill to "hold on."



GRAVE OF MELVILL AND COGHILL.

Then, just as he reached the other two, his horse was shot. The current carried it swiftly down the stream, as a few moments later it bore the colours which it had wrenched from Melvill's grasp.

CHAPTER XXI.

ZULULAND.—HOW THEY HELD THE POST AT RORKE'S DRIFT.

THE story of Rorke's Drift is the story of one of the most heroic defences in our military annals. At this small post on the Buffalo River one hundred and thirty-nine men of the 24th (South Wales Borderers) Regiment, Durnford's Horse, and the Natal Mounted Police, kept off a huge army of three thousand Zulus all through the afternoon and night following the disaster at Isandhlana.

Modern history, I believe, contains no parallel to this brilliant feat of arms, which stands for all time as an example of the splendid courage and devotion of which Englishmen are capable when duty calls.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of that fateful January 22nd an officer of the Royal Engineers was down at the drift watching the working of some pontoons. This was Lieutenant John Rouse Merriott Chard, now on active service for the first time after seven years spent at various dockyard stations. He had reason enough to be thoughtful, as he paced slowly along the bank, for the drift was a position of extreme importance. At this spot, where the river was most easily fordable, the Zulus might be expected to cross

if they attempted the invasion of Natal. And to stay them if they came was only a small garrison of less than a hundred and fifty men.

The post itself was about a quarter of a mile distant, an old Swedish mission-station converted into a commissariat dépôt and hospital for the use of Lord Chelmsford's force. From where he stood Lieutenant Chard could see the two low buildings of which it consisted, with a small cluster of trees in front and at one side, and behind the white tents where the soldiers were. It looked a poor means of defence indeed.

From the mission-station his thoughts wandered to the little force which had crossed by that same ford eleven days previously and disappeared into the Zulu country. What had been happening behind those distant hills? He was not to be left long in doubt. Suddenly two horsemen appeared in sight on the other side of the river, spurring furiously towards the ford. As they dashed up, the pontoon was pulled across and the two were ferried over to the Natal bank.

The new-comers were Lieutenant Adendorff, of Lonsdale's corps, and a carabineer who had escaped with him from the Zulus. The lieutenant was in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, his only weapon being a revolver strapped round his breast. As soon as he reached Chard's side he poured out his breathless tale of horror, the tale of the Isandhlana massacre. He himself had come straight from the camp of death to tell the news of the disaster and to warn the little garrison at the drift that a large body of Zulus was advancing upon it.

Sending the carabineer on to Helpmakaar, twelve

miles away, where Major Spalding, the commandant of the post, had gone to fetch another company of the 24th Regiment, Chard proceeded with Adendorff to the mission-station. Here he found his brother-officer, Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, who commanded the company of the 24th, then encamped close by, already engaged in putting the mission-house, or store-building as it may more properly be called, and the hospital in a state of defence. Barricades were being prepared, and loopholes made in the walls. Bromhead had a few minutes before received a similar message of alarm.

As quickly as possible the tents were struck, and all who were able were set to work to build up a wall of mealie-bags, about four feet high, from one corner of the stone cattle-kraal to the wall of the hospital building. This afforded a protection to the front of the post. The waggons, which all the morning had been unloading the stores they had brought from Helpmakaar, were called into requisition and made to form a barricade between the two buildings.

Everything that was possible was done to render the position safe against attack, but the proximity of a high hill (the Oscarberg), and a large patch of bushes which there was no time to cut down, gave an enemy a decided advantage.

Having seen that his directions were being carried out, Chard, who succeeded to the command in Major Spalding's absence, went back to the drift to bring up the pontoon guard. To the honour of these brave fellows, a sergeant and six men, it is said that they offered to moor the boats in the stream and defend the ford as long as they could; but the lieutenant

would not permit such a sacrifice. So the party went up the bank together to the station.

Half an hour had now elapsed. The next thing to be done was to send out scouts to watch for the Zulus, and some of Durnford's Horse rode out on this duty. Their officer dashed back hastily soon after four to report that an impi was marching rapidly towards the drift, and further that his men were bolting along the road to Helpmakaar.

With the cowards went a detachment of the Natal Native Contingent, their "gallant" officer, Captain Stevenson, flying with them. This desertion so enraged the others that they fired a round after them, killing a European non-commissioned officer of the Native Contingent. The garrison was now sadly reduced, but there were no more desertions. Every man at the post was prepared to stand by it to the last.

The line of defence appearing to Chard to be too extended for his few defenders, he constructed an inner breastwork of—biscuit boxes! "We soon had completed," he says in his brief report, "a wall of about two boxes high." Behind this frail barrier was to be fought as fierce a fight as history has ever recorded.

At about twenty minutes past four the leading files of the Zulus hove in sight, and the garrison of Rorke's Drift flew to their several stations. Some went to the rampart of mealie-bags, others to the windows of the store-building, and others to the hospital where there had been forty-five men when the alarm first came, but where only twenty-three now remained. Among those told off to guard the wounded were Privates Henry Hook, Robert Jones,

William Jones, and John Williams, of whom more hereafter.

Following the few hundred Zulus who came leaping and dancing round the base of the hill came a host more, their ox-hide shields in different colours marking the regiments to which they belonged. In true Zulu fashion they tried to "rush" the place at once, but a heavy volley drove them back. Then they began to take up positions on the hillside, where many rocky ledges and caves afforded them vantage-points, while others dropped behind ant-hills and bushes, or sought cover in the two little out-houses of the hospital.

"From my loophole," says Hook, "I saw the Zulus approaching in thousands. They began to fire, yelling as they did so, when they were five hundred or six hundred yards off. More than half of them had muskets or rifles. I began to fire when they were six hundred yards distant. I managed to clip several of them, for I had an excellent rifle, and was a 'marksman.'"

Hook in his account recollects particularly one Zulu whom he "clipped" at four hundred yards while running from one ant-hill to another. The warrior made a complete somersault and fell dead. Another Zulu who sheltered himself behind an ant-hill gave Hook some trouble, for the Gloucester man had to sight his rifle three times ere he got his enemy's range. The Zulu never showed his head round the heap again, and when Hook went round to look at him after the fight was over he found the warrior lying there with a bullet hole in his skull.

The hospital was the first building to receive the

attack, but at the outer wall of defence a fierce hand-to-hand struggle soon ensued. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead were fighting hard at the front, the latter being conspicuous in many a bayonet charge at the dark-skinned figures that climbed again and again over the mealie-bags. Prominent, too, in repelling the Zulus at this position was one Corporal Schiess, a Swiss, who left the hospital to join in the fight, and distinguished himself by creeping along a wall to shoot a Zulu who was firing from the end.

At last it was recognised that the defenders could not hope to hold this rampart long. They fell back accordingly behind the inner defence of biscuit boxes, after two hours of fighting.

We may leave them there for a little time while we take note of what is happening at the hospital. Here the gallant six defenders have been quickly reduced to four, two of the number having been killed out on the verandah. Four men to get the patients safely out of the building which the Zulus have rendered untenable by firing the thatch!

Hook and John Williams come to the front first with William and Robert Jones (the last two not being related, by the way). As the Zulus burst in the outer doors the two Jones guard these entrances with their bayonets, their cartridges being expended. It is quick work; stabbing and thrusting until the pile of corpses in the doorway itself helps to check the rush. This gives time for Hook and Williams to carry the patients from the first room to an inner one.

There are four apartments to be gone through before the sick men can be carried out to the shelter of the barricade, for the inner rooms do not com-

municate directly with the outside. Holes have to be made in the partitions, and the poor sufferers passed through these in turn.

Driven back and back, Hook finds himself suddenly in a room where there are several patients. Then a wounded man comes in with a bullet hole in his arm which has to be bound up. A minute later John Williams appears—John Williams who has just seen his brother Joseph hauled out and assegaièd before his eyes, and who is now a still more dangerous man to deal with.

Williams breaks a hole in the partition with his bayonet, and whilst he does this Hook takes his stand at the door. A few moments later the rush comes. There is a fierce hammering at the door, it gives way, and the sturdy Gloucester private drops the first man to enter. Shooting and lunging with his bayonet, he soon accounts for four or five. Assegais fly past, but only one touches him, inflicting a scalp wound. One Zulu seizes his rifle and tries to drag it away, but while they are tussling Hook slips in a cartridge, pulls the trigger, and another body is added to the heap at his feet.

Every now and then a Zulu makes a rush to get through, for the narrow entrance admits one man only at a time; but none pass the grim figure on guard there. And when all the patients have been got out save one who has a broken leg, Hook makes a jump for the hole himself, and gets through, dragging the last wounded man after him—"in doing which," he says, "I broke his leg again!"

From this last room a window opens out on to the biscuit-box defences. The patients are quickly passed out to willing hands below, the while Hook with his

reddened bayonet stands by the hole in the wall to see that no Zulu follows. Then, still sticking to his particular charge, he drags him out and takes up a position behind the barricade to do some more useful work there before the morning dawns. Of the twenty-three wounded who were in the hospital twenty have been saved. The remaining three are believed to have wandered back, delirious from fever, into the rooms that had been cleared.

Although Hook and Williams have escaped injury of any serious nature, the gallant Welshman, Robert Jones, has not been so fortunate. Three assegais have struck him in the body. He and his namesake William, as I have said, have been most busy in the front of the building, and how many Zulus they have put to their account is not known, but the number is large judging from the heaps of dead warriors whose bodies are found in the ruins of the building next day.

In this last stage of the rescue of the wounded William Allen and Frederick Hitch, fellow-soldiers of the 24th Regiment (to which, by the way, the four brave privates above-named belong), make good their claim to glory. Taking up an exposed position on some steps leading to a granary, these two men keep the ground clear between the burning hospital and the barricade, their accurate fire making it certain death for a Zulu to venture near.

By their courageous stand, for which they pay dearly, every one of the rescued twenty is brought into safety. And even when incapacitated by their wounds from taking part in the fighting, the two brave fellows stand by all night to serve out ammunition to their comrades.

At the rampart of biscuit boxes were several vacant places ere the first beams of light showed in the sky. Where Hook knelt three men had previously been shot. But under the cool direction of Chard, Bromhead, and Assistant-Commissary Dalton, another of the garrison, the line of defenders kept up a deadly fire against the Zulus which stayed the rushes time and time again, and drove back the picked warriors of Cetewayo's army to the shelter of their rocks and ant-heaps. Thirteen hours in all the fight lasted, until the Zulus drew off, baffled, beaten.

Several times they had seemed to be retiring, but after renewed war-dances and that stamping of the earth peculiar to Zulu warriors, accompanied with much shouting and waving of assegais, they came on again with a fierce yell of "Usutu!" which is a far more fearsome cry to hear in battle than the war-whoop of the painted Sioux. At last, just after four a.m., there was a long pause, and then the impis were seen to sullenly roll back out of sight behind the Oscarberg.

The grim, smoke-blackened defenders peered wonderingly after them from behind the barricade, hardly believing that the host was actually in retreat. But such was the case. After some time, those who went out to reconnoitre and look for the wounded saw no signs of the enemy. The Zulus had gone, leaving some 350 dead behind them. On our side the losses were but fifteen, though two of the wounded died afterwards.

With the fear of a renewed attack later on, the weary soldiers laid their rifles aside, and at once began to strengthen the defences where they had been broken down. Lest the store-building itself should

be threatened with fire, they set to work to remove the thatch from its roof, and while engaged in doing so the watchers announced that another large body of Zulus were in sight some distance to the south-west. Immediately the men flew to their stations, but the alarm fortunately turned out to be a false one. The enemy, after advancing a little way, swung round and disappeared behind the hills. They had seen the column under Lord Chelmsford marching towards the drift, and had had their stomachful of fighting.

A little later the British force, which had seen the flames of the burning hospital as far off as Isandhlana and had marched from the fatal camp to relieve their comrades at Rorke's Drift, came round the Oscarberg, to be greeted with wild cheers and waving of helmets.

"Men," said the General, as he surveyed the group before him and heard the story of their great stand, "I thank you all for your gallant defence."

It was not a moment for fine speeches. The hearts of all present were too full to find utterance in words. But every man knew what was in Lord Chelmsford's heart as he thanked them simply for himself and for his country.

For that defence, gallant indeed, eleven Crosses were awarded, to Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, to Assistant-Commissary Dalton, Corporals Allen and Schiess, Privates Hook, Williams, Hitch, and W. and R. Jones, and to Surgeon-Major Reynolds, whom I have not mentioned in my account, but who showed great devotion to the wounded under fire.

Private Henry Hook, one of the principal heroes of the defence, was called up at once before Lord Chelmsford, just as he was, in shirt sleeves and with his braces hanging down behind, to receive the General's

praise for his conduct. He was the only one of the eleven to receive his V.C. at Rorke's Drift, on the very scene of his gallantry, Sir Garnet Wolseley pinning the little bronze Cross on to Hook's breast with his own hands on the following 3rd of August.

Until a few years ago Hook was a familiar figure to frequenters of the British Museum Reading Room, where, on retiring from the service, he obtained an appointment.

Of the rest, Lieutenant Bromhead died in 1891, and Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Chard in 1897. I find only the names of Brigadier-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Reynolds, and Privates J. Williams, F. Hitch, and W. Jones, in the list of surviving recipients. To those who have the opportunity I would say, seek out these heroes while they are still in the land of the living and hear from their lips, if they can be led to speak, the full story of Rorke's Drift, which I feel I have told but baldly here.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME OTHER ZULU AND SOME BASUTO CROSSES.

THE progress of the Zulu campaign was marked by many ups and downs before reinforcements arrived to strengthen Lord Chelmsford's force and a crushing defeat could be inflicted upon the enemy at Cetewayo's capital, Ulundi. But, though our troops sometimes found themselves in a tight corner, the disaster of Isandhlana was fortunately not repeated. The lesson of that fatal blunder had been learned.

Of the columns besides that which Lord Chelmsford himself led into Zululand, the one commanded by Colonel Pearson had met with some success. This officer had been despatched to a post near the mouth of the Tugela, in the south-east corner of Zululand. Marching into the country, he fought a decisive action by the Inyezani River, and occupied Eshowe.

The remaining column under Colonel Evelyn Wood, marching to a station on the Upper Blood River, established its base on the Kambula Hill. From this force a small garrison was provided for the town of Luneberg, and it was in connection with this post that another V.C. was pluckily won on the 12th of March.

News coming of a convoy of supplies being on its way to Luneberg, Captain Moriarty went out to

meet it with a detachment of the 80th (2nd Batt. S. Staffordshire) Regiment. The convoy, or rather the first part of it, was met by the Intombi River. Here a laager was formed, and the escort was divided into two sections, one on each side of the river. Seventy-one men were on the left bank with Captain Moriarty, while on the opposite bank were thirty-five under Lieutenant Harward.

During the night of the 11th of March, while both of the little camps were sleeping soundly in their tents, a thick fog rolled up, and with it came a Zulu impi. Soon after daybreak a sentry in Moriarty's camp gave the alarm. Orders were promptly given for the soldiers to stand to their arms, but ere this could be done the Zulus were upon them. Nearly all the men on the left bank were massacred as they came flying from their tents, their captain being almost the first to fall.

On the other side of the river the soldiers had had time to arm, and they quickly opened fire upon the enemy. A number of the Zulus now swam across the river, although it was much swollen by the rains, and seeing this Lieutenant Harward did what has always been characterised as a very cowardly thing. He left his men to take care of themselves, and galloped off to Luneberg. His defence at the court-martial which was subsequently held upon him was that he rode away for help, and on some technicality he was acquitted. Lord Chelmsford, however, plainly showed that he disagreed with the Court's decision.

In the meantime, while their officer took to his heels, Sergeant Booth rallied the men and assumed command. For three miles the sergeant fell back

slowly with his little company, fighting the enemy all the time and keeping them at a respectful distance. And he brought the whole of the thirty-five safe into Luneberg, not a single man of them having been killed! For this conspicuous action Booth was soon afterwards decorated with the Cross for Valour.

At the storming of the Inhlobane Mountain near Kambula, a fortnight after the above event, several more V.C.'s were won in an exceptionally gallant manner. Colonel Wood, as has been said, had his camp on the Kambula Hill. Anticipating an attack from the Zulus, who were on the Inhlobane, he decided to strike first, and despatched a little force under Colonel Redvers Buller with instructions to surprise the enemy and dislodge them. The attack was delivered on the night of the 27th and the morning of the 28th of March.

Leading his men, who were mostly colonials of the Frontier Light Horse, and loyal natives, Buller climbed up the steep side of the mountain in the mist, and with a brilliant rush drove the Zulus from their little stone forts. The stronghold was captured, but the flying warriors took refuge in the numerous caves with which the place abounded, and great difficulty was experienced in routing them out of these.

One party, whose fire caused some havoc among the troops, had found a particularly well-sheltered position. It was clear that they would have to be dislodged. Certain orders, it is said, were given for this cave to be stormed, but, chafing at the delay that occurred, Captain the Hon. Robert Campbell of the Coldstreams, with Lieutenant Henry Lysons

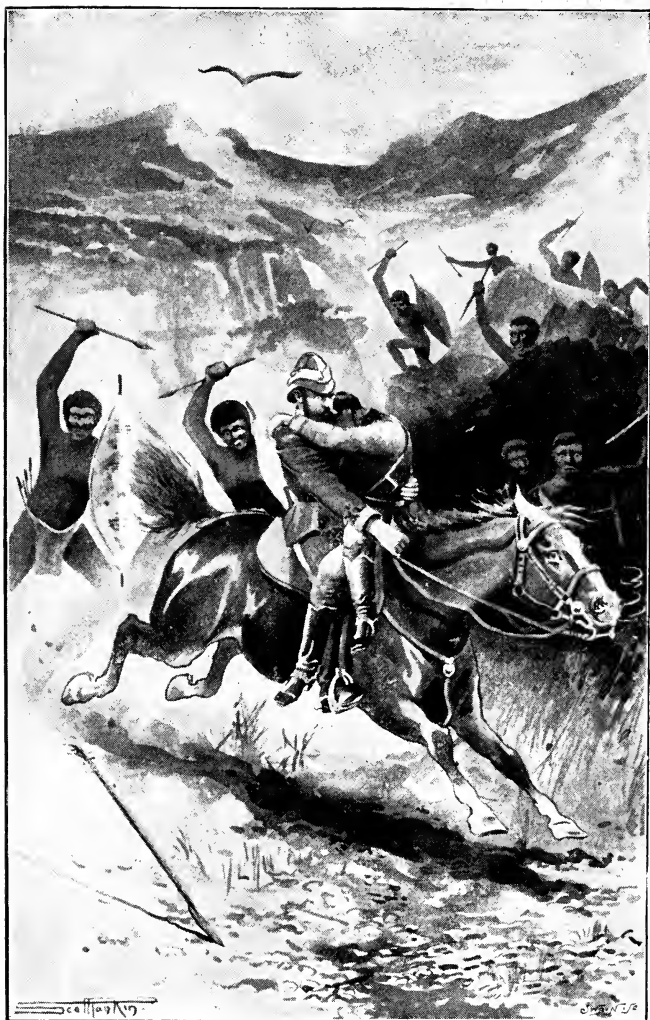
of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Private Edmond Fowler, of the Perthshire Light Infantry, dashed forward to undertake the difficult task. Many fallen boulders and thick clumps of bushes impeded their path, and, to add to the hazard of the attempt, the approach to the cave led between two walls of rock where the passage was so narrow that they had to walk in single file.

Campbell took the post of honour at the head of the dauntless three and was shot at the mouth of the cave. Leaping over his lifeless body, the lieutenant and Fowler sprang into the gloomy cavern, killing several Zulus with their first shots. A number of subterranean passages opened out from the entrance, and through these the majority of the cave's occupants escaped to a chasm below. Here they found themselves exposed to the fire of the two marksmen above, and in quick time retreated down the hill.

Their mission accomplished, Lysons and Fowler returned to their comrades to be congratulated on their success and recommended for the V.C., which was in due course bestowed upon them.

While these clearing operations were being performed, however, the Zulus had received large reinforcements, and Colonel Buller saw that he was in danger of being trapped on the mountain top. So he ordered his force to return down the hillside to rejoin the main body.

But for their colonel's exertions and noble disregard of self, the retreat might soon have become a rout. As the soldiers fell back, the Zulus swarmed up and over the top of the mountain and threw themselves desperately upon the handful of white men in the endeavour to cut them off. Many deeds of valour



THE COLONEL HAD TO RIDE BACK . . . AND, WHILE ASSEGAIS AND SHOTS SPED PAST HIM, CARRY OFF THE DISMOUNTED MAN UPON HIS HORSE.—Page 193.

were now performed, Buller himself saving no fewer than six lives, among those he rescued being Captain D'Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse, Lieutenant Everitt, and a trooper of the same company. For each of these three the brave colonel had to ride back towards the advancing Zulus, and, while assegais and shots sped past him, carry off the dismounted man upon his horse.

Redvers Buller is "Sir Henry" now, a General and a G.C.B. among other distinctions, but I think he is prouder of none of his honours more than the bronze Maltese Cross which he wears on his breast for his bravery that day at Inhlobane Mountain. And seldom, indeed, has the V.C. been better deserved.

At the same time Lieutenant E. S. Browne (a South Wales Borderer) and Major William Leet, of the Somersets, gained the decoration for acts of heroism of a similar nature, Browne having two lives placed to his credit.

The seventh of the Zulu Crosses which I have space to note in this chapter was awarded to that truly gallant soldier the late Lord William de la Poer Beresford. Wherever there was fighting going on Beresford of the 9th Lancers was bound to be in it. Only eight months previously, during the Afghan campaign, he had joined Sir Samuel Browne (another V.C. hero) in the famous march through the Khyber Pass, having obtained a month's leave from the Viceroy, on whose staff he served as aide-de-camp.

How he won his Cross in Zululand was characteristic of Lord William's impetuous courage. With a scouting party he had ventured across the White Umvolosi River to discover what the enemy's movements

were in the neighbourhood of Ulundi. They made their way safely for some distance through the long grass when suddenly a number of Zulus, who had been lying in ambush, sprang to their feet and poured a deadly volley into the party.

Two of the troopers were killed instantly, but a third man who fell (Sergeant Fitzmaurice) was seen to raise himself up from the ground where he lay by the side of his dead horse. Of the retreating scouts Lord William Beresford was the nearest to the Zulus, and without a moment's hesitation he turned his horse and galloped back to the fallen man.

The story goes—and there is no reason whatever to disbelieve it—that Beresford flung himself from his horse and bade Fitzmaurice mount. The sergeant refused to do so, telling his would-be rescuer to save himself. Then the plucky Irishman seized Fitzmaurice by the shoulder and swore that he would punch the other's head if he didn't do as he was told; whereupon with some difficulty the sergeant was hoisted up into the saddle, Beresford mounting after him.

During the altercation the Zulus had come within a few yards of the couple, and Beresford's horse only just managed to get away in time. Even as it was, it is possible that they would both have been assegaied had not Sergeant O'Toole, another Irishman, ridden out towards them and with his revolver checked the Zulus' rush.

When Lord William heard that the V.C. was to be awarded him for that exploit he asked whether the sergeant had been recommended for the distinction, and on learning that this was not the case refused to accept the honour unless it was also given to the other. This made due impression at headquarters,

and soon after O'Toole's name appeared in the *Gazette* together with that of Beresford.

Lord William met with a sad end to his career. As may be remembered, he died in 1900 from the effects of an accident received in the hunting-field.

With the V.C.'s won in Zululand I may well couple those which were gained in the brief Basuto rebellion of 1879. The Basutos, an offshoot of the Bechuanas and a very warlike race, believed themselves to be threatened with a British invasion from Natal, and took up arms. A punitive force from the colony had therefore to restore them to order.

One or two encounters with the rebels taught the latter a severe lesson, but retreating to the hills they made a determined stand upon a mountain called after their chief, Moirosi. This stronghold the Basutos made almost impregnable by a long series of stockades on the one side of the mountain that was accessible. On the other three sides it was perfectly perpendicular.

After several vain attempts this stronghold was successfully stormed, Moirosi himself being shot and large numbers of Basutos captured. What a terrible task the Colonials had in fighting their way up the steep slope will be understood when I say that the troops had to storm some twelve or fourteen of the high stone walls, or stockades, which the Basutos had erected, the walls being loopholed for rifles.

In the ascent Trooper P. Brown and Sergeant Robert Scott, both of the Cape Mounted Rifles, did deeds of daring which singled them out from their comrades for distinction. The former left his cover under a most heavy fire to carry his water bottle to some wounded men who were crying piteously for

water. He was wounded twice as he was in the act of stooping over the sufferers, one of the enemy's bullets shattering his right arm and rendering it permanently useless.

Sergeant Scott was a no less brave man, though his exploit was of a different kind. At one barricade that the troops reached the fire was so merciless that it seemed impossible to advance against it. But the sergeant thought of a way out of the difficulty. The enemy must be dislodged from their position by fuse shells. Volunteering for the dangerous work, he took some shells and ran swiftly towards the barricade. As has happened often before when one desperate man takes his life thus in his hands and braves a hundred, he escaped being hit. Then, crouching under the wall, he tried to throw a shell over into the midst of the Basutos.

The first attempt failed, but the second succeeded. Taking a third shell, he flung this after the others, but owing to some faulty adjustment of the fuse it burst almost immediately after leaving his hands. The explosion was terrible. One hand of the sergeant—his right one—was completely shattered, and he received a severe wound in his right leg. Fortunately for his comrades, he had ordered his party to retire under cover, a precaution which undoubtedly saved many lives.

The sergeant's daring feat enabled the troops to drive the Basutos from the position without much further difficulty, and when he recovered from his wounds the V.C. was awarded him.

With Scott and Trooper Brown must be bracketed a third V.C. hero of that attack on Moirosi's Mountain—brave Surgeon-Major Edmund Baron Hartley, of

the same corps. His Cross was won for particular gallantry in tending the wounded under fire, and in going out in the open to bring in Corporal Jones, who, poor fellow, was lying badly hit only a few yards from the Basutos' stockade. Surgeon Hartley worthily upholds the traditions of that noble brotherhood we have already seen doing their duty in the Crimea, in India, and elsewhere. All honour to the brave Army doctors !

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOUTH AFRICA.—AGAINST BOERS AND MATABELE.

THE first Boer War of 1881 reflected little credit on the British arms, with its disastrous reverses at Laing's Nek and Majuba; but it added some names to the roll of V.C. heroes which call for special mention.

I do not propose to enter into the history of the war here or discuss its justness. Briefly, it arose from the refusal of the Boers to surrender the Transvaal as a part of the projected South African Federation. Far from being reconciled to British rule, the Boers were united in wishing to maintain their independence, and at the end of 1880 they resorted to arms, proclaiming a Republic.

The command of the British force which was sent into the field was given to General Sir George Pomeroy Colley, a veteran of many wars. On January 28th, 1881, a large force of Boers invaded Natal, and were encountered at Laing's Nek, a frontier mountain pass some twenty-four miles from Newcastle, with the result that General Colley was repulsed with heavy loss.

Laing's Nek, which takes its name from a deserted farm on the heights above the upper stream of the Buffalo, forms a most important position, a large table-

land at the summit giving the command of the plains below. It was to this particular point that the British general advanced. But the Boers had taken advantage of the mountain spurs and the low hills which flanked the steep winding road leading to the summit, and were able to concentrate a murderous fire upon our troops. Every effort was made to continue the advance, Major Brownlow leading a splendid charge of the Mounted Squadron, in which he had his horse shot under him, but it was in vain. Very slowly, for the Boers pressed hard upon them, the troops fell back.

Then it was that Lieutenant Alan Hill won his V.C. for a gallant action. Out in the open ground, knocked over by a Boer bullet, lay Lieutenant Baillie of his own regiment (the 58th). Running to the wounded man, Hill tried to lift him into his saddle, but finding this too difficult a feat he carried him in his arms along the narrow road, until another bullet put Baillie out of his misery. A little later the lieutenant turned to face the heavy fire of the Boers again, and this time succeeded in bringing back two wounded privates to safety, himself escaping as if by a miracle.

Very cool and brave, too, was Private John Doogan of the 1st Dragoon Guards. Servant to Major Brownlow, he rode close to that officer in the charge of the Mounted Squadron. When the major was dismounted and almost surrounded by Boers, Doogan rode up and jumped off his horse.

"Take my horse, sir," he said, "and ride off while there's time."

The major refused, and with still more determination when Doogan was wounded as he stood urging

his master to mount; but although the enemy were close on them both men escaped capture. For that act of devotion Private Doogan was decorated in due course.

Just a month later occurred the fight on Majuba Hill. Colley's object in occupying this position was to render the Boers' occupation of Laing's Nek untenable, but he was again unsuccessful, losing his own life in the attempt. The story of his night march up the hill and the death-trap into which he fell need not be retold. It is a disaster one does not care to dwell upon.

Against the gloom, however, one or two isolated acts of bravery shine out prominently. That gallant soldier Hector Macdonald, then a sergeant in the 92nd Highlanders, won a commission through his prowess there, and Lance-Corporal Farmer, of the Hospital Corps, a V.C.

When Surgeon Arthur Landon stopped behind the retreating soldiers to dress the wounds of the fallen men around him, Corporal Farmer and another man stood by his side to assist. To their shame, be it said, the Boers fired upon the little group, hitting the surgeon, the wounded man, and Farmer's comrade.

Thinking to stop the cowards, the corporal waved a bandage in the air to show that he was engaged in an act of mercy. But it had no effect. Their rifles cracked again, and the bandage fell as Farmer's right wrist was struck.

"I've got another arm!" he shouted, stooping to pick up the bandage with his left hand and raising it on high. But the Boers shot at him yet once more and with deadly effect, shattering the elbow joint of

his arm. After which the brave fellow gave up trying to teach humanity to such savages.

There were other Crosses gained in that brief but inglorious campaign against the Transvaal Boers—at Elandsfontein and at Wesselstroom; but I must pass on to tell of some acts of valour performed in another South African war of rather later date. In 1896 a serious rebellion broke out among the Matabele, who had been living peaceably under the rule of the Chartered Company for three years, and but for the prompt action of the Colonials in Rhodesia the consequences might have been far more terrible than they were.

The causes of that rebellion are not hard to seek. Generally speaking, it is said to have originated in the stringent measures enforced against the cattle plague, the rinderpest, which was sweeping through the country; but there were other and deeper reasons why the Matabele rose. Since their subjection in 1893, after Lo Bengula was defeated, the natives had been compelled to perform a certain amount of labour—paid labour—annually, and had had to pay a very large fine in cattle. All this bore heavily upon them. They chafed under the disgrace of being a conquered people, they who had been a great warlike nation; and only awaited a favourable opportunity to throw off the yoke.

The opportunity came in 1896, after Dr. Jameson, starting on his famous Raid, had withdrawn the police force of Rhodesia, with most of the big guns and munitions of war. Believing the white settlers to be at their mercy now, the Matabele chiefs, who had been maturing their plans, gave the signal to rise, and

immediately the civilised world was horrified by a series of terrible massacres, far exceeding any that had taken place in the 1893 rebellion. Within the short space of a week not a white person was left alive in the outlying districts of Matabeleland. Men, women, and children, whole families in some instances, were wiped out.

Prompt action was necessary to deal with the rising. As quickly as possible a strong laager was formed at Bulawayo, the chief town, and a corps of mounted men enlisted. The nucleus of this force was a little company of twenty-three Rhodesians, got together by Captain Grey and known throughout the war as Grey's Scouts. The rest of the body comprised troopers from the Africander Corps and various Rhodesia Horse Volunteers.

Fine fellows were these; hard as nails, and the best riders and best shots in the colony. For three months, until the arrival of imperial troops, they harried the Matabele without mercy, holding their own against tremendous odds. In this campaign the fighting was very different from that experienced in the former war. The natives had learned the futility of attacking fortified places, and the engagements were fought out in the bush.

Many a tale is told of gallant rescues of isolated settlers who were in danger of being annihilated at this time, and many an instance is recorded of splendid devotion shown to each other by the Colonials. "Never desert your comrade," was the motto of the troopers, and faithfully did they live up to it. Witness the story of Trooper Henderson.

Hearing that a party of whites at Inyati, about forty miles from Bulawayo, were in peril, Captain

Pittendrigh rode out with a few men to the rescue, but on their way they learned that their errand was vain; the party had been massacred. A body of Matabele having been encountered during the journey, and news coming of a large impi being in front, the little force halted at a store by the Impembisi River near the Shiloh hills. Here they fortified themselves against attack while two daring despatch riders hastened back to Bulawayo for reinforcements.

The much-needed help came. Early the next morning thirty men of the Bulawayo Field Force galloped up. They had to report passing through a number of Matabele at Queen's Reef, in the vicinity, and further that two members of their party were missing, Troopers Celliers and Henderson. The mystery of their disappearance was not cleared up until three days later, when both men came into Bulawayo, Celliers wounded, on horseback, and Henderson, much travel-stained, on foot.

Celliers told the story of their adventures. In the affray with the Matabele at Queen's Reef his horse had been shot in five places and he himself badly wounded in the knee. Becoming separated from their comrades in the darkness, the two men had hidden in the bush. Then, Celliers' horse having dropped dead and his wound making it impossible for them to think of following the others, Henderson placed his comrade on his horse and set off with him for Bulawayo.

Their way led through a difficult piece of country which was known to be overrun with Matabele, and Henderson had to exercise the greatest caution in proceeding. Long detours had to be made; now and then, as natives were sighted, they had to conceal themselves among the hills. But though some parties of

Matabele warriors passed unpleasantly close, the two men escaped discovery. For three whole days they wandered thus, without food, save a few sour plums, Celliers' wound all the time causing him great agony; and never was sight more welcome than when the white buildings of Bulawayo greeted their eyes.

That plucky rescue brought a well-deserved Victoria Cross to Trooper Herbert J. Henderson, making him the eighth Colonial to receive the decoration. Celliers, it is sad to record, died from the effects of the amputation of his injured leg.

This affair of the Shiloh patrol occurred in March. In April there was a brisk action fought on the Umguza River by Bisset's Patrol, among whom were twenty of Grey's Scouts. Mr. F. C. Selous, who accompanied this force and had a narrow escape of being killed by the Matabele, tells the story of how Trooper Frank Baxter, of the Scouts, here won the V.C., though he lost his life in doing so.

The enemy had been driven from their position with considerable loss, and the troops were retiring from the Umguza, when a party of Matabele warriors who had been lying in ambush to the left of the line of retreat suddenly opened a brisk fire upon them. The foremost of the Scouts galloped past, while Captain Grey and a few of those in the rear halted to return the fire. Trooper Wise was the first to be hit, a bullet striking him in the back as he was in the act of mounting. His horse then stumbled, and breaking away galloped back to town, leaving Wise on the ground.

Seeing the other's peril, Baxter immediately reined in his horse, sprang down and lifted the wounded man into the saddle. Captain Grey and Lieutenant Hook

now went to his assistance, and got Baxter along as fast as they could; but the Matabele came leaping through the bush and closed in upon them.

Firing at close range, they wounded the lieutenant and almost did for Grey, the captain being half stunned by a bullet. As Baxter, left unprotected for the moment, ran on, another Scout, with the picturesque name of "Texas" Long, went to his assistance, bidding him hold on to the stirrup leather. In this fashion Baxter was making good progress towards safety when a bullet struck him in the side, and as he fell to the ground the savages pounced out upon him with their assegais. He was killed before Long or any other could have saved him.

If to lay down one's life for a friend is the test of true heroism, then Trooper Frank Baxter has surely won a high place in the roll of our honoured dead.

At this same fight on the Umguza other deeds of valour were performed of which no official recognition was taken, but they are enshrined in the memory of the colonists. John Grootboom, a loyal Xosa Kafir and a very famous character, did wonders; and Lieutenant Fred Crewe saved the life of Lieutenant Hook in a gallant manner.

Hook's horse was shot and its rider thrown to the ground, causing him to lose his rifle.

"Why don't you pick it up?" asked Crewe, as the other came hobbling towards him.

"I can't; I'm badly wounded," was the answer.

"Are you wounded, old chap?" said Crewe. "Then take my horse, and I'll try and get out of it on foot."

And, having got the lieutenant up into the saddle, Crewe slowly won his way back through the Matabele,

keeping them off with his revolver, and being hit only by a knobkerry which caught him in the back.

The third V.C. of the campaign was won by Captain R. C. Nesbitt, during the fighting in Mashonaland. A party of miners in the Mazoe Valley having been attacked by the natives, a patrol rode to their relief from Salisbury, but was unable to bring them away. On the 19th of June Captain Nesbitt was out with a patrol of thirteen men when he met a runner from the leader of the refugees, with a note which stated that they were in laager and urgently in need of help. A relief force of a hundred men and a Maxim gun was asked for. The captain read the message out to his men and proposed that they should try and rescue the party, to which the troopers readily agreed. Sending the runner on to Salisbury, the patrol at once turned their horses in the direction of the Mazoe Valley, and fought their way through the cordon of Mashonas to the laager. Then, with the three women of the party in an armoured waggon, they started on the return journey, and after some desperate fighting brought them all safely in to Salisbury, with a loss of only three men.

Of such sons as these, Henderson, Baxter, Crewe, and Captain Nesbitt, Rhodesia is deservedly proud. And we "who sit at home at ease" while these outposts of Empire are being won for us, may well be proud too, remembering that they are of our own blood, Britons in that Greater Britain across the seas.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

ARABI PASHA'S rebellion in Egypt in 1882, which was quelled by the British army under Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley, was notable chiefly for the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. At Alexandria, as has been noted in a previous chapter, Gunner Israel Harding won the Cross for picking up a live shell and immersing it in water. At Tel-el-Kebir and at Kafrdour the two other V.C.'s of the campaign were earned in no less gallant style.

The Kafrdour hero was Private Frederick Corbett, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. During the reconnaissance upon this village the leader of his company, Lieutenant Howard-Vyse, was mortally wounded, and Corbett obtained leave to remain by the officer's side while the others went on. The Egyptians were keeping up a pretty vigorous fire the while, but the plucky private calmly sat down and bound up the lieutenant's wounds as best he could, afterwards carrying him off the field.

Lieutenant W. M. M. Edwards' exploit at Tel-el-Kebir, where he captured a battery almost single-handed, is worthy of being related at some length. It was, perhaps, the most dashing thing done in the war.

At this hard-fought battle four miles of earthworks which the Egyptians had thrown up in front of their position had to be carried at point of bayonet. To the Highland Light Infantry and the Royal Irish Fusiliers was given the post of honour, and as the word of command rang out both regiments dashed forward at the charge.

Determined not to let the "Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys" be the first in, Lieutenant Edwards of the Highlanders raced ahead with his storming party towards the nearest redoubt. He reached the parapet well in advance of the others, and pulled himself to the top. Then, jumping down among the Egyptian gunners, revolver in one hand and sword in the other, he shot the first who attacked him, an officer, through the head.

Another grappled with him, and this man, too, he shot; but while engaged in this struggle a third Egyptian ran up and knocked him down with a rammer. Three Highlanders leapt into the battery at this critical moment, and Edwards was soon upon his feet to lead his men in a charge upon the guns. His scabbard had been shot away in the fight, and his claymore broken in two, so after emptying his revolver the lieutenant took the sword of the artillery officer he had killed and carried on the fight with that. And in less time than it takes to tell the battery was captured with its four Krupp guns, all the Egyptian gunners being slain.

After which achievement Edwards sat down on the parapet to bind up the scalp wound he had received with a towel, in Indian "puggaree" fashion, afterwards marching to Tel-el-Kebir station, two and a half miles off, with this decoration on his head. A

few months later he wore another decoration, the Victoria Cross having been bestowed upon him for his gallantry.

Although it is not a V.C. exploit, I am tempted to include a remarkable feat performed at Tel-el-Kebir by Major Dalbiac, of the Royal Artillery, that Dalbiac who fell at Senekal twenty years later.

During the battle the battery which he commanded ran short of ammunition and no more was to be had. In this dilemma the major resolved that at all events his guns should not stand idle, so, with a touch of humour characteristic of him, he ordered them to be limbered up, and took them forward at a gallop. One can imagine the surprise of the "Gyppies" when the entire battery came racing up one side of the earthworks and down the other into their midst, putting them fairly to rout!

In 1883 broke out the Mahdi's rebellion in the Soudan, which was to give us endless trouble and to cost the life of Gordon. After Hicks Pasha had perished miserably at Shekan, and Colonel Valentine Baker with his Egyptians had been routed at Tokar, Gordon was sent out from England to conquer the Soudan, and with him went Sir Gerald Graham, who defeated Osman Digna, the Mahdi's right-hand man, at El Teb and Tamai.

In the first of these battles, fought on February 29th, 1884, two V.C.'s were earned; one by a quartermaster-sergeant of the 19th Hussars, who saved his colonel's life; and the other by a naval captain who is now the well-known Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, K.C.B. The latter won his Cross for conspicuous bravery, which his chief, the gallant Sir William Hewett, V.C., knew well how to appreciate.

The Naval Brigade contributed to form a huge square which moved steadily down upon the massed Arabs, to whom this was a novel form of fighting. As the troops approached closer little parties of the enemy dashed out to fling themselves bravely but vainly upon the bayonets of the front ranks or be shot down ere they could get so far. The principal Arab attack was directed against the side on which the sailors were with their Gardner guns and here Captain Wilson found his opportunity to distinguish himself.

So impetuous was the Arabs' rush at one time that a slight gap was made in the square. Seeing this, a fresh party dashed up to break through the opening, but they had to reckon with Wilson. In a flash he recognised the danger, and, springing out to meet the enemy, he engaged them single-handed.

The first Arab he ran through with his sword, but with such vigour that the blade broke off at the hilt. Nothing daunted at being thus left weaponless, the stalwart captain clenched his fists and, as the other Arabs ran in upon him brandishing their spears, let drive right and left at them in true British style. One after another in quick succession the sons of the desert were sent rolling over on the ground, and then, some of the Yorks and Lancasters coming to his assistance, the enemy were dispersed.

Wonderful as it may appear, Captain Wilson received only a few slight wounds in this extraordinary pugilistic encounter. In all probability the surprising nature of his attack so disconcerted the Arabs that they were at a loss to know how to act.

At Tamai, which was fought on the 13th of the following month, there were likewise two V.C.'s gained. The first of these fell to the 60th Rifles.

A private of the Royal Sussex having been badly hit, Lieutenant Percival Marling of the Rifles took him up on his horse, but the poor fellow fell off almost immediately. Dismounting, the lieutenant nobly gave up his horse for the purpose of carrying the wounded man off the field, and although it was a critical moment fought his way to safety on foot.

Private Thomas Edwards, the second hero of the fight, was a "Black Watch" Highlander who was on transport service with the Naval men, having in his charge two mules loaded with ammunition. His gun of the battery was under the command of Lieutenant Almack, R.N., "one of the bravest officers on the field that morning," to use Edwards' own words.

In a sudden rush of the enemy the gun—a Gatling—was surrounded, and of the three standing by it one, a sailor, was instantly speared. Two of the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" then made for Edwards, who put his bayonet through both of them. The lieutenant, however, was less lucky. Attacked by several Soudanees, he succeeded in disposing of one with his sword, but before he had time to recover another nearly sliced his right arm off with a slashing cut.

In a twinkling Edwards shot the Soudanee dead. There then ran up, he says in his own account of the incident, three more Soudanees, who threw themselves upon the helpless officer as he leant against the gun-carriage and ran their spears through his body. Seeing that Almack was killed and that he could do nothing more, the brave Highlander, who, by the way, received a wound on the back of his right hand, took his two mules and retired, keeping up a fire upon the enemy as he fell back.

Yet another V.C. hero of the Soudan was Gunner

Albert Smith, of the Royal Artillery, the scene of his gallantry being Abu Klea.

The story of this fierce battle makes exciting reading. Late in December of 1884, Sir Herbert Stewart with a "flying column" of 1500 men was marching across the Bayuda Desert to Metemmeh, on his way to relieve Khartoum and Gordon. He had under him a picked fighting force, including some of the Guards, and they started out from Korti with high hopes of a speedy march to their goal. They little dreamt of what lay before them.

The water-bottles of the men were soon emptied, and when it was necessary to refill them it was found that the wily Mahdi had dried up the wells along the line of route. Only after a toilsome journey of eighty miles was water reached, though even then it was hardly worth the name. Such as it was, however, it was priceless to the Tommies, who were half mad with thirst, and every available receptacle was filled with water.

Another march of a hundred and twenty miles brought the column in sight of the wells at Abu Klea, and in sight, too, of a strong force of the enemy. All through the weary night the men waited impatiently by their arms until morning came to give them a chance of getting at the wells. Then, in the form of a hollow square, the column advanced, "like some huge machine, slow, regular, and compact, despite the hail of bullets pouring in from front, right, and left, and ultimately from the rear."

Altogether there were over ten thousand Arabs opposed to the little force, hemming them in all round. There was no avenue of retreat; the column had to go forward and cut its way through.

Then it was that for the first time in history a British square was broken. With the utmost fury the Soudanees swept down upon a corner of the phalanx and by sheer weight of numbers forced a way inside. It was indeed a critical moment. Colonel Fred Burnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, was among the first to be killed, though not before he had slain several of his assailants; and as more spearmen poured in, the slaughter was terrible. But in time the troops rallied. The square was re-formed, and not one of those daring black-skinned foemen who got inside escaped to boast of his valour.

It was in this desperate struggle of bayonet versus spear and sword that Gunner Smith saw his officer, Lieutenant Guthrie, prone on the ground and at the mercy of the enemy. The gunner had only a handspike for weapon, but with this he rushed forward, hurling himself like a thunderbolt upon the Soudanees. He was in the nick of time. One of the warriors was in the very act of plunging his spear into Guthrie's breast when the handspike crashed upon his head and stretched him lifeless.

Standing over the fallen lieutenant's body, Smith kept the enemy at bay, and he was still at his post when the ranks had recovered from the shock of the onset and filled up the gap in the square. Then he was relieved of his charge, but unfortunately his gallantry had not availed to save the lieutenant's life. Guthrie had been mortally wounded when he fell.

Taking a leap of several years, I may fittingly tell here of how some more recent V.C.'s of the Soudan were won. At Omdurman, where on September 2nd,

1898, the Khalifa was finally routed, the 21st Lancers covered themselves with glory through a famous charge, and three of their number inscribed their names on the Roll of Valour.

It was after the Khalifa's futile attempt to storm the zereba where the British troops lay strongly entrenched that the Lancers' opportunity to distinguish themselves came. While the main body of the army marched steadily forward in the direction of Omdurman, the 21st, under Colonel R. H. Martin, were sent to Jebel Surgham to see if any of the enemy were in hiding there and to prevent any attempt on their part to occupy that position.

Away down the bank of the Nile rode the four squadrons, A, B, C, and D, meeting with scattered parties of dervishes who fired fitfully at them. Just south of Surgham, behind the hills, some seven hundred or more Soudanese cavalry and infantry were suddenly espied hiding in a khor, or hollow, and Colonel Martin passed the word that these were to be cleared out.

Forming in line, the Lancers galloped forward. As they neared the khor a sharp musketry fire broke out, which emptied a few saddles, and then to their dismay they saw that instead of only a few hundred of the enemy there were nearly three thousand Mahdists concealed there. There was no time for hesitation. Go forward they must. So, rising in his stirrups, with sword on high, the colonel cried "Charge!" and, closing in, the squadrons dashed into their foes.

They went down a drop of three or four feet, plunging into the thick of the Mahdists. Cutting and thrusting fiercely, they forged their way through, and with pennons proudly flying at last gained the steep

ascent beyond. Many men, however, were left behind, and but for the devotion of some like Private Thomas Byrne the number must have been still larger. Byrne saw four dervishes pursuing Lieutenant Molyneux, who was wounded and on foot, and although he was himself crippled with a bullet in his right arm he rode back to the rescue. He tried to use his sword, but there was no strength in his arm; the weapon dropped from his limp grasp, and he received a spear wound in the chest. By this time Lieutenant Molyneux was out of danger, so Byrne galloped off to his troop, which he regained without further injury. The brave Irish private got the Cross for his pluck, and, as Mr. Winston Churchill comments in his account of the deed,¹ Byrne's wearing it will rather enhance the value of the Order.

One of the officers to fall in the charge was Lieutenant Robert Grenfell. To save him, or at least recover his body, Captain P. A. Kenna and Lieutenant de Montmorency, accompanied by Corporal Swarbrick, dashed back into the midst of the enemy. They were unsuccessful, De Montmorency's horse bolting as they tried to lift poor Grenfell on to it; but the attempt was a courageous one, and both officers were gazetted V.C. a little later, Corporal Swarbrick being awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Just before this gallant action, I may mention, Captain Kenna had distinguished himself by saving the life of Major Crole Wyndham, whose horse had been shot under him, an act which alone entitled him to the distinction.

¹ *The River War*, vol. ii. p. 141.

CHAPTER XXV.

V.C. HEROES OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

THE closing years of the eighties and the opening years of the nineties saw a good deal of fighting at different places on our Indian frontier. Through internal dissensions or the interference of some foreign power, some of the turbulent hill tribes were in a state of continual ferment, and order had to be restored within their boundaries by force of arms.

In 1888 there was trouble in Upper Burmah. The Karen-ni, or Red Karens, who form a group of semi-independent tribes down by the Siamese border, took to dacoiting again in a bold manner. An expedition was accordingly sent into their district, with the result that the disturbances were quickly quelled. This "little war" comes within the scope of this book for a notable display of devotion on the part of an Army doctor which gained him a V.C.

With the Indian troops that went into action against the Karens near Lwekaw on New Year's Day, in 1889, was Surgeon (now Lieutenant-Colonel) John Crimmin, of the Bombay Medical Service. He soon had an opportunity for putting his skill to some use, for several of the Bombay infantrymen were bowled over by the dacoits. Regardless of his own danger,

the surgeon proceeded to kneel by the fallen men's sides and dress their wounds.

In the bamboo clumps very near to him the Karens were being chased and cut down by the troops, but now and then a red-turbaned, red-robed figure would peep out of a patch and take a flying shot at the doctor. Luckily for him and his patients, they were poor marksmen.

Having joined the firing line again, Crimmin made himself useful with his revolver. Not for long, however; the Red Karens are savage fighters, and our sepoy's had to pay for their victory dearly. The surgeon was very soon busy once more, bandaging shot wounds and knife cuts.

A mounted sepoy had been told off to stand by him, but he was slight protection. At one time the surgeon was set upon by nearly a dozen of the enemy, who leapt out of the bamboos upon his right with wild yells. Dropping his lint and bandages, Crimmin whipped out his sword, ran the first man through, and was hard at work with another while the sepoy dropped a third. This warm reception disheartened the Karens, and with a parting shot or two they disappeared as quickly as they came. Then the surgeon coolly went on with his work, the wounded men murmuring many a "God bless you, doctor sahib," as he bent over them.

The winter of 1891 is memorable for the brilliant little Hunza-Nagar campaign, which was brought about by Russian intrigues with the rulers of some petty states on the northern frontier of Cashmere. In the storming of the mountain strongholds in Hunza and Nagar three V.C.'s were won, by Lieutenant Guy Boisragon, Lieutenant John Manners Smith, and

Captain Fenton John Aylmer, while many more were earned.

The most striking event in Indian history of that year, however, was the revolt in Manipur, where the British Resident, Mr. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, and other Europeans in the capital were brutally murdered. In connection with this tragedy a young officer attached to the 2nd Burmah Battalion of the Punjab Infantry, Lieutenant Charles J. W. Grant, performed a dashing deed which made him talked of far and wide as "the hero of Manipur," and added his name to the list of those decorated "for Valour."

The state of Manipur lies up among the hills between India and Burma. It is semi-independent, like many of its neighbours, the Maharajah being subjected to the control of a British Resident. In 1890 a family quarrel in the Maharajah's own household led to his deposition, his brother the Senaputty (commander-in-chief of the army) placing another brother on the throne as Regent.

This turn of affairs was tacitly acquiesced in by the Indian Government, who recognised that the change was for the better, but on the late Maharajah, Soor Chandra Singh, complaining to the authorities of the bad treatment he had received (and deserved, by the way), some notice of it had to be taken. So Mr. Quinton, Chief Commissioner of Assam, was despatched to Manipur with instructions to arrest the head and front of the offending, the Senaputty.

This gentleman, however, firmly declined to comply with the request that he should surrender himself. An attempt was then made to seize him in the palace, but without success, and diplomacy was again resorted to. A meeting was arranged for the

discussion of the matter, and one evening Quinton, Grimwood, and several of the British officers had an interview with the Regent and the Senaputty. Not one of them was ever seen again alive. On their refusal to accept the terms proposed by the Manipuri chiefs they were all massacred.

Mrs. St. Clair Grimwood, who was one of those who escaped from the besieged Residency immediately after the tragedy, has given us a graphic account of her experiences. She was ignorant of the real facts when forced to flee by her companions, the first news being that her husband had been taken prisoner with the others. Only at the end of her journey did she learn the awful truth.

Down in the cellar of the house Mrs. Grimwood, like the brave lady she was, carefully tended the wounded amid the crackle of musketry and the crash of bursting shells. She was hit in the arm, though fortunately not seriously, and only desisted from her task when it became evident that they must all leave the place. The rebels had set the Residency on fire.

With the wounded and an escort of sepoy, Mrs. Grimwood and the officers who had survived made a dash for the road, reaching it in safety. "I had not even a hat," she remarks, "and only very thin house-shoes on. One of these dropped off in the river, where I got wet up to the shoulders. We were fired at all the way. I lay down in a ditch about twenty times that night while they were firing, to try and escape bullets."

After ten days' marching through the jungle-covered country, fording rivers and scrambling through swamps, not to mention a sharp encounter

with their enemies, the little party reached British territory. They had just two cartridges left by that time; one of them being reserved, it is noted, to save Mrs. Grimwood from falling alive into the hands of the Manipuris!

One is tempted to dwell at greater length on the story of that dramatic flight from the Residency, but it is with Lieutenant Grant that we are mainly concerned.]

Grant was at Tammu, a Burma village station some distance to the south, when word arrived of the outbreak in Manipur. No details of the massacre or the escape were known, but in the hope of being able to effect a rescue the young officer obtained permission to lead a small force up to Manipur. He took with him eighty men in all, Punjabis and Ghurkas, with three elephants as carriers.

Through the teak forests they marched steadily though slowly towards their goal, having to constantly beat off the Manipuris as they approached nearer. At Palel a sharp engagement took place, in which the gallant eighty dispersed a large number of the enemy. From prisoners that were captured here Grant learned for the first time of how Quinton and Grimwood had been murdered.

Believing still that Mrs. Grimwood and several others were besieged in the Residency, he pushed on with all speed, and at last reached the town of Thobal, about half-way between Tammu and the capital. At this place the Manipuris, a thousand or more strong, offered a stout resistance to his progress, but a furious charge at the head of his followers cleared the entrenchments by the river-side, leaving them free to be occupied by him.

These trenches the lieutenant at once strengthened, building up the walls with mud, rice-baskets, ration-sacks and everything that would answer the purpose, even using his own pillow-case as a sandbag. Provisions were fortunately to be had with little difficulty, for behind them, on the other side of the river, were some paddy fields.

The siege of his fortified position soon began, and the enemy's guns threw shell after shell into the trenches before the Ghurkas could drive them off. A brief halt was made in the hostilities while Grant, as he records, had a lively correspondence with the Regent and the Senaputty anent certain prisoners whom they threatened to murder unless he retired. Negotiations fell through eventually, and the attack was renewed.

In all the fighting Grant played a heroic part, making sallies with a few of his Ghurkas, and striking terror into the hearts of the Manipuris. "Found myself in a bit of a hole," he writes at one place in his journal; "for thirty or forty were in a corner behind a wall, six feet high, over which they were firing at us." This wall had to be cleared, so Grant and seven men charged down on it headlong, and had "the hottest three minutes on record."

The Ghurkas had a very proper appreciation of their leader's bravery. "How could we be beaten under Grant Sahib?" they asked, when questioned about this and similar exploits. "He is a tiger in fight!"

The struggle at Thobal lasted a week. At the end of that time, just as Grant was noting with dismay that ammunition was running very short, a summons came to him from Burma to retire.

The little force, without any further interference from the enemy, who had suffered pretty severely, left their entrenchments one evening during a terrible thunderstorm, and set off on their return journey. An advance party of a hundred and eighty men met them near Palel, at which place some hours later they fought another brisk action with the Manipuris.

In all this fighting Grant had escaped unhurt, but a few weeks afterwards, while again under fire at Palel, he had a very narrow shave, a bullet passing through the back of his neck. As he said himself, his luck all through was marvellous: "Everything turned up all right."

At the same time, making full allowance for the element of luck, there is much, very much, to be placed to his credit on the score of pluck and skill. The difficulties before him when he set out for Manipur on his gallant attempt at rescue were tremendous, and only his undaunted courage and resourcefulness carried him successfully through.

The young lieutenant is now Major Grant, V.C., having been gazetted two months after his dashing exploit; and it is pleasing to note that every one of his men who survived the march were also decorated, receiving the Indian Order of Merit for their devotion and heroism.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW SURGEON-CAPTAIN WHITCHURCH WON FAME.

THERE was some consternation in the quaint-looking, five-towered fort at Chitral on the evening of the 3rd of March 1895. Sher Afzul, the usurping chief of the little mountainous state in the north-west of India, was approaching with a large force, and some two hundred of the 4th Cashmere Rifles had gone out under Captain Townshend to try conclusions with the rebels. After several hours' brisk fighting in the villages nestling at the foot of the hills, the troops had withdrawn to the fort, but some men of one section still remained to be accounted for.

Captain Baird, with about a dozen Ghurkhas, had not returned. He was lying somewhere out in the darkness, on the hillside, where the white-robed Chitralis were still firing. And with him was Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch, who had bravely hastened to his assistance on hearing that the captain was wounded.

"Where is Whitchurch? Where is Baird?" Captain Gurdon and the other members of the little garrison asked the question of each other anxiously from time to time, hoping that the missing men had found their way into the fort. The surgeon especially was needed, for Captain Townshend's reconnoitring

party had brought many wounded back with them. But the answer still came, with an ominous shake of the head, "Not in yet."

In the meantime, while the occupants of the fort set about preparing for the expected siege, the few stars that were beginning to peep out of the clouded sky looked down upon a strange scene in a little orchard nearly two miles away from the fort. There, under the trees, a wounded officer was being bandaged by the skilful hands of another who bent over him, a dozen sepoys and four stretcher-bearers standing patiently by.

The operation finished, the sufferer was lifted tenderly into a dhoolie. Then two bearers raised it from the ground, the escort ranged itself alongside, and the little party started out for the road leading to the fort.

"Feel any easier now, old chap?" asked the surgeon, who was striding by the dhoolie.

"Yes, thanks, Whitchurch; much easier," replied Captain Baird, suppressing a groan as one of the bearers stumbled over a stone.

Contrary to the general opinion expressed at the fort, neither of the two missing men had been killed or captured by the enemy. When Baird had fallen with a bullet in his side, his men had carried him quickly to the shelter of an orchard close at hand, and here they had escaped notice. All around them, however, lurked the Chitralis, on the look-out to cut off any stragglers from the retreating force.

In a few minutes Whitchurch's party had filed down the hillside and reached the road, but a cry of warning from the native officer in front pulled them up short.

"We're cut off, sahib," he exclaimed, as the surgeon hastened to his side. "The enemy have got in front of us!"

It was, alas! too true. Although he could see nothing through the gloom, the shouts and occasional shots that reached his ears told Whitchurch plainly that the Chitralis were on the road ahead. What was to be done?

A sudden thought occurred to him. "Isn't there a way round to the fort by the river, Bidrina Singh?" he asked of the officer.

The other nodded affirmatively. There was a track along the river bank, he said, but it would take them a mile out of their way and across some very difficult ground.

"Never mind," said the surgeon briskly. "We've got to get to the fort to-night. So pull your men together, Bidrina Singh, and make for the river at once."

From his dhoolie Captain Baird called Whitchurch over to him, and begged that he would consider his own safety first. "I'm badly hit, old chap," he said; "I know I'm done for——" But Whitchurch shut him up quickly. While there was breath in his body he meant to stick to his comrade; there was to be no talk of running away. So, picking up the wounded man again, the native bearers took their place in the middle of the escort, the latter closed up, and on they moved across the polo ground towards the river on their left.

Thanks to the dense darkness, they made good progress on their way for a quarter of an hour or so. Then a scouting party of Sher Afzul's followers suddenly appeared in front, and with a joyful shout

gathered round them. At Whitchurch's quick word of command the sturdy little Ghurkas closed in and fired a volley into the midst of their foes. There were yells of pain which told that some of the shots had taken effect, but the yells drew other Chitralis who were prowling near, and the answering shots of the enemy became more frequent.

Whitchurch's revolver spoke more than once with good effect, and his "Steady, men! Aim low," rang out encouragingly above the din. The Chitralis, thank goodness, were firing somewhat at random, not knowing the strength of those opposed to them; but one bullet at last found its mark. A bearer dropped his end of the stretcher with a cry, and tumbled over backwards, dead. The jolt of the fall wrung a groan from poor Baird, in spite of his iron nerve. Then another stretcher-bearer stepped forward and lifted the dhoolie, and on the little party pressed again.

Firing steadily in volleys, the gallant Ghurkas gradually cleared the way before them. The Chitralis had no wish to stand in the way of those deadly levelled barrels, preferring to circle round their prey and drop in a shot as opportunity offered. Two more bearers were killed, together with two or three sepoy, and the surgeon now took one end of the dhoolie himself.

They had gone nearly half the distance when the enemy rallied in stronger force and barred the track ahead. Things were beginning to look serious. "Fix bayonets!" Whitchurch called out, and there was a rattle of steel in the sockets. "Charge!" And with a cheer the Ghurkas dashed at the cluster of white-robed figures, sending them scattering right and left, while a few lay writhing on the ground.

That charge taught the Chitralis to keep at a more respectful distance, but a little later some daring spirits ventured nearer, and the last of the bearers fell shot through the body. Whitchurch put the dhoolie down and lifted up the wounded man in his strong arms. The Ghurkas were wanted, every man of them, to protect Baird with their rifles; not one could be spared for bearer-work.

Again, it is said, the captain implored Whitchurch to leave him and make a run for it to the fort. Perhaps he felt already that his wound was mortal. But again the brave surgeon refused to hear a word. With Baird in his embrace, he struggled gamely after the sepoys.

Along the rough, rock-strewn path the party stumbled, working their way ever nearer and nearer to the fort. A low wall confronted them thrice, a wall behind which the enemy were quick to post themselves. But jumping over with the surgeon to lead them, the nimble Ghurkas swept the way clear each time, and Whitchurch, having returned to pick up Baird, half carried and half dragged his weighty burden to the more open ground.

At last, after another fifteen minutes' struggle, a dark mass of trees loomed up ahead. It was the grove of cedars by the eastern wall of the fort. They were within sight of safety now. Still the Chitralis hovered round, however, and a chance shot hit Baird as he hung limp in the surgeon's arms.

"Make for the garden entrance!" cried Whitchurch; and the Ghurkas turned to pass through the grove. On their right, by the main gates, was a confused sound of shouting and firing. The enemy had already gathered in force there.

As they neared the entrance in the garden and gave a ringing cheer, the sentries saw them. In a minute the gate was unbolted, and the little party scrambled through, but not before Baird was yet a third time hit—on this occasion in the face, as his head rested on Whitchurch's shoulder. How often has it happened in similar rescues, that the wounded has been the target for the enemy's bullets, while the rescuer has escaped scot free! It was the story of "Dhoolie Square" repeated again, the story of McManus, Ryan, and Captain Arnold.

Inside the fort enclosure the officers gathered quickly round Whitchurch as the glad cry went up, "They've brought Baird in!" And tenderly, very tenderly, for he was suffering greatly from his hurts, the wounded officer was carried to the hospital, where without any loss of time the surgeon followed to save, if possible, the life that was so dear to them all.

I should much like to add that he was successful; but fate willed otherwise. Captain Baird lived only a few hours, and the fort that he had helped to defend so gallantly served as his grave.

Chitral was relieved about the middle of April, when a British column succeeded in fighting its way to the fort through the mountain passes. Three months later the *London Gazette* contained the welcome announcement that the Victoria Cross had been awarded to Surgeon-Captain Harry Frederick Whitchurch, of the Indian Medical Service.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself pinned the Cross on the brave surgeon's breast at Osborne, with warm words of praise that were echoed by every one who had heard the story of that plucky night-rescue in far-off Chitral.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN THE AFRIDIS WERE UP.

ONE hundred and forty miles south of Chitral, as the crow flies, is the border city of Peshawar, standing like a sentinel on the north-western frontier of India. It is, indeed, the guardian of the gate, for before it winds westward the famous Khyber Pass, which links Afghanistan with our great Eastern Empire.

Peshawar stands almost in the heart of the Afridi country, surrounded with the hill tribes of Mohmunds, Swats, Buners, Khels, Afridis and Orakzais. Fierce warlike races are these, with whom from the beginning of things we have had trouble. At one time we thought we had tamed them, and we gave them the rifles they had hitherto stolen, put them into khaki, and made them wardens of the passes. But the wild tribesmen cannot live without fighting; disputes over boundaries arose, and these eventually culminated in a rising that threatened to weaken our grip on these frontier posts. Whence came the Malakand, Swat, and Tirah campaigns of 1897-98.

When in 1897 Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India, moved towards the rebellious tribes with an army numbering 35,000 men, it was evident that there was a powerful combination between the

Mohammedan clans in the hills north, west, and south of Peshawar, against British rule. It was, in a sense, a Holy War, with Mad Mullahs as instigators, though behind them was the sinister influence of the Amir of Afghanistan.

The campaigns were comparatively brief, but they must ever rank as among the most difficult in modern history. The fighting was never in the open. Our soldiers—Highlanders, Dorsets, and Ghurkas alike—had to scale precipitous cliffs, worm their way up tortuous hillside paths, and storm the stone “sangars” behind which their enemies were strongly posted.

In the tangle of hills in which the engagements took place the agile Afridis and their brother-clansmen were perfectly at home. Rocks, caves, and bushes afforded them ample shelter, and from the heights that lined the passes they poured a deadly fire upon the British troops. The work of dislodging them, of driving them from their strongholds, taxed the powers of our men to the utmost.

Of the several V.C.'s won in this arduous mountain warfare the first fell to Lieutenant Edward Costello, of the Indian Staff Corps, for a gallant rescue of a native lance-havildar at Malakand. The wounded havildar lay out in the open, exposed to the enemy's fire, when the lieutenant saw him, on a piece of ground, too, that was overrun with swordsmen. But the young officer with a couple of sepoy's ran out to his assistance, and brought him into the hospital.

A month later, in the Swat valley beyond the Malakand Pass, three Crosses were earned for a very brilliant action. At Landikai, on August 17th, 1897, the advance guard of Sir Bindon Blood's brigade shelled the enemy from their position and drove them

out into the plain. Across this the Swatis retreated at top speed, making for the shelter of the hills on the other side.

In pursuit of the flying tribesmen went Colonel Robert Bellew Adams, Captain Palmer, Lieutenant Greaves, and Viscount Fincastle, the latter being present in the capacity of *Times* correspondent. Palmer's horse was soon hit, its rider being saved by some of his men who galloped after him. Greaves' horse, becoming restive under the din of the firing, suddenly bolted, and away went the lieutenant careering among the enemy.

Seeing him alone among the Swatis, Colonel Adams and Viscount Fincastle spurred hastily to his rescue, but before they could reach him the hapless lieutenant had been struck down by a swordsman. In the hope that he was not killed they pushed on, and with a furious charge swept the ground clear around his body.

A well-aimed shot now brought down Fincastle's horse, leaving the young war-correspondent to meet his enemies on foot. He at once endeavoured to raise Greaves on to Adams' saddle, but the wounded man slipped off again, and a rush of Ghazis prevented a second attempt for the time. Standing over the lieutenant's body, Fincastle bravely kept the enemy at bay, being well aided by Colonel Adams. Then two sowars rode up to them, and another attempt was made to lift Greaves to the saddle. They succeeded in their object, but another bullet hit the poor fellow again as they raised him and killed him.

By this time Lieutenant MacLean of the same squadron had led the rest of the troopers to the cover of some trees. Leaving them here, he dashed out

with three sowars to the others' help. Shots fell thickly among them from the Ghazis on the hillside, but together they managed to get Greaves' body on to a trooper's horse, and at once made off for shelter. Fincastle and MacLean were on foot, the latter's horse having also been shot; and as they went along the young lieutenant was hit in both thighs and mortally wounded. Colonel Adams escaped with a sword-cut in his right hand.

Both Adams and Fincastle received the V.C. for their brave attempt to rescue Greaves, while Lieutenant Hector Lachlan Stewart MacLean was gazetted at the same time as one who would have been awarded the decoration had he lived.

There was a sharp piece of fighting in the Mamund Valley some weeks later, where two young Engineer officers, Lieutenants Watson and Colvin, distinguished themselves in driving the enemy from the burning village of Bilot, and added V.C. to their names. But I must pass on to tell of the famous storming of the heights of Dargai and of how the "gay Gordons" there covered themselves with fresh glory.

In the advance of the British troops from Shinwari towards Karappa a large portion of the division under Major-General Yeatman-Biggs was ordered to take the route through the Chagru Kotal. As soon as this movement was commenced, however, the Afridis posted themselves in great force in the Samana Hills along the Khanki Valley, giving them the command of the track along which the army must necessarily pass.

The working parties on the Chagru Kotal were so

harassed by the Afridi sharpshooters that it became important that the Dargai and other hills in the vicinity should be cleared. On October 18th, Sir Power Palmer, who was entrusted with the conduct of the operations in place of General Yeatman-Biggs, who had fallen ill, made a sweeping attack on the Dargai position. The 3rd Ghurkas, led by Lieutenant Beynon with a revolver in one hand and an alpenstock in the other, led the dash up the cliff-side, and successfully dislodged the enemy.

Unfortunately, for several reasons, the heights could not be held. The water-supply was difficult of access, and to have placed a detachment alone on Dargai while the Afridis were masters of the Khanki Valley would have been to risk a serious disaster. Under orders from the Commander-in-Chief, the troops therefore retired from the position.

As soon as this retreat was accomplished, the enemy, who had been greatly reinforced, reoccupied the heights and set about constructing stone "sangars," in anticipation of another assault. This followed two days later, after fresh preparations had been made. General Yeatman-Biggs had proposed another route avoiding the Chagru defile, but Sir William Lockhart determined to adhere to his original plan, viz. to force the passage of the Chagru Kotal.

On Wednesday, October 20th, in the early morning, the troops, strengthened by the addition of two battalions and a battery from the first division, left the Shinwari camp. The honour of carrying the Dargai heights, which had to be stormed immediately the Chagru Kotal was reached, was given to the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Ghurkas, with the Dorset and Derbyshire Regiments in the second and third lines

respectively. Behind these came the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders (the old 75th).

To understand properly the difficult nature of the task set them, something must be said about Dargai itself. I cannot do better than quote the description given by Captain Shadwell in his excellent book on the campaign.

“The village of Dargai lies on the northern side of a small plateau. The eastern edge of this tableland breaks off, at first, in an almost abrupt cliff; but some distance lower down the ground, though very steep, shelves away less precipitously. This slope is thrown out from the bottom of the cliff in the form of a narrow and razor-like spur, with the path or track lying along its northern side, well within view and range of the cliff-head. But by climbing along the southern side of this spur, troops can move from Chagru Kotal, or certainly from Mama Khan, a village half-way between the former place and the plateau, unseen by the enemy.

“Connecting the crest of the spur, however, and the foot of the cliff, there is a narrow neck or saddle one hundred yards long by thirty broad, whose sides are far too precipitous to allow of any movement along them. Though devoid of all cover and completely exposed to the heights above, this ridge had to be crossed, so as to reach the path ascending to the summit; and here it was that the casualties in the attack by Brigadier-General Westmacott's Brigade (on the 18th) and the heavier losses of the 20th occurred.”

This, then, was the dangerous passage to be “rushed” by our troops. In addition to its exposure to the enemy's fire, it may be added that the ground was

thickly strewn with rocks and boulders which greatly impeded progress.

As on the first assault, the post of honour was allotted to those game little fighters, the Ghurkas. The 1st Battalion of the 2nd Ghurkas, with a party of specially trained scouts from the 3rd, under Lieutenant Tillard, swarmed up the slope at the word of command and dashed headlong across the zone of fire. In the rush through the pitiless rain of bullets that at once descended two officers fell, one shot dead and the other mortally wounded, while thirty men bit the dust, never to rise again; but the rest reached cover on the opposite side.

After the brave Ghurkas, the Dorsets and the Derbys tried time and time again to follow, only to be mowed down in heaps. All that succeeded in crossing the ridge were a few who made a dash for it singly or in small parties. How deadly was the marksmanship of the Afridis is shown by the fact that when Lieutenant Hewett, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, led a section forward, he was *the only one* to reach the crouching Ghurkas. Every one of the men following him was killed.

It was in a pause at this juncture that Private Vickery, of the same regiment, made himself conspicuous by running out repeatedly and at last succeeding in dragging back to shelter a wounded comrade who was lying out in the open; this and several other acts of bravery gaining him a V.C. in due course.

For a time it seemed a sheer impossibility that the position could be carried, though the artillery was playing upon the enemy's sangars continually. Noon came, and still the three companies of Ghurkas were

waiting under the cover of the rocks until their comrades should join them for the final dash up the heights.

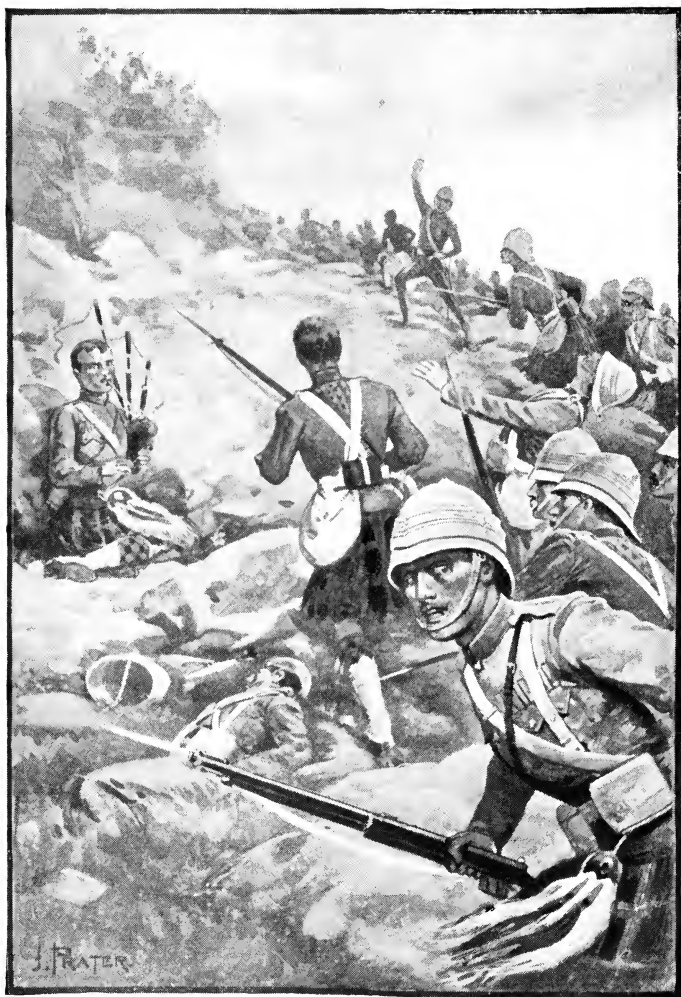
At last General Yeatman-Biggs ordered that the position must be taken at all costs. Brigadier-General Kempster, in command of the brigade, now brought forward the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders and the 3rd Sikhs, and told them they were to make the assault. Far up on the hillside the jubilant Afridis were shouting defiance, amid the waving of standards and beating of drums, confident that their stronghold was impregnable. They rejoiced too soon.

Drawing up his men, Colonel Mathias, of the Gordons, said: "Highlanders! the General says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it!"

With their Colonel, Major Forbes Macbean, and Lieutenant Gordon at their head, and their pipers, Findlater and Milne, playing the familiar "Cock o' the North," the Gordons dashed over the fiery zone, with the Derbys, the Dorsets, and the Sikhs pressing close behind them.

Almost the first to be hit were Major Macbean, who cheered on his men as he lay on the ground, and the two pipers. Milne was shot through the lung and fell senseless, but Piper "Jock" Findlater, who was shot in both ankles, propped himself up against a boulder and continued to play his pipes with unabated energy. And to the inspiring strains of the old regimental air, the Highlanders and the others got across.

It was perhaps owing to the suddenness of the rush after the long wait, and to the renewed artillery fire, that the Gordons accomplished the task with



PIPER FINDLATER . . . PROPPED HIMSELF UP AGAINST A BOULDER
AND CONTINUED TO PLAY HIS PIPES.—*Page 236.*

fewer losses than had attended the previous attempts ; yet for all that the casualties were heavy. In the charge up the steep slope, where some of the Afridis were already turning tail, more men were to fall ere the heights were won ; but won they were, the enemy being sent flying in all directions.

It was a grand dash, worthy of the splendid reputation of the Gordons, and well did they deserve the burst of cheers with which the other regiments spontaneously greeted them as they returned. Sir William Lockhart, too, at a parade two days afterwards, had a word or two to say about that exploit which filled the Highlanders with pride.

For his gallantry in continuing to play his pipes while wounded "Jock" Findlater in time was awarded the Victoria Cross. There were many who considered that Piper Milne also merited the honour, but the authorities thought differently, and his claim was passed over.

Two other Crosses on the same day were gained by Private Lawson, of the Gordons, for rescuing Lieutenant Dingwall and a fellow-private under a most severe fire ; and by Lieutenant H. S. Pennell, of the Derbyshires, for a brave endeavour to save Captain Smith of the same regiment. Only after a second attempt, when he discovered that the wounded officer was dead, did Lieutenant Pennell desist from his efforts.

What other gallant deeds were performed equally deserving of reward it is impossible to say. In the fierce swirl of the fight many must have passed unnoticed, and many heroes must have fallen at the moment of their self-sacrifice. But we do know that it was not only British officers and men who distin-

guished themselves in that memorable fight. For the record speaks of one Kirpa Ram Thapa, a native officer of the 2nd Ghurkas, who though badly wounded in two places refused to fall out, and insisted on leading his company to the very end.

One other story that I may note has a humorous touch about it, and is characteristic of the good terms on which officers and men are in the Highland regiments. As the Gordons streamed up the ascent to the summit of Dargai, after their bold dash, Colonel Mathias, who was not quite the man he was in his younger days, showed signs of being winded.

"Stiff climb, eh, Mackie?" he said, turning to his colour-sergeant, who was by him; "I'm—not—so young—as I—was, you know."

"Never mind, sir!" the sergeant is said to have answered, slapping his colonel encouragingly on the back and nearly knocking the remaining breath out of him. "*Ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man!*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOUTH AFRICA.—THE V.C.'S OF THE SECOND BOER WAR.

THE late war in South Africa, when—for the last time, it is to be hoped—Briton and Boer strove for supremacy, is too recent to need even an outline of its history being given here. It was a war of many blunders and disasters, and its record does not make altogether pleasant reading; yet against the gloom of it there is not a little to be set of which we may be proud. After the war had entered upon its second phase good generalship asserted itself; victory followed victory in swift succession, and there was no more looking back.

Many reputations were lost, while others were gained, in this difficult campaign, but there was one person whose prestige from the first suffered no loss. That was the British soldier. In the face of a foe remarkable for "slimness" and marksmanship, Tommy Atkins once more showed himself the splendid fighter that he always has been. We have only to remember the fierce battles on the Tugela River, at Colenso, at Magersfontein, at Paardeberg, and elsewhere, to assure ourselves on this point. Under the most terrible fusillade—and how terrible it was at times can hardly be conveyed in words—our gunners and our infantry

never hesitated or winced. Throughout the ranks they fought with an indomitable courage that compelled the admiration of the Boers, and in the pride we feel at their bravery and devotion we are glad to forget the incompetency displayed by many of their leaders.

Of the acts of individual heroism that were performed pages and pages might be written without exhausting the subject. In the leading of forlorn hopes, and in the succouring of wounded comrades under fire, officers and privates alike were ever ready to risk their lives; and the fact that no fewer than seventy-eight Victoria Crosses were won in the war speaks for itself. How some of these rewards for valour were gained it is my purpose to relate in the present chapter.

Among the first to be decorated was an Army surgeon, a worthy successor to Jee, Home, and those others of whom mention has been made. At the battle of Colenso, in December 1899, Major William Babbie, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, received word that a number of wounded artillerymen were in need of assistance. They lay in a donga, or hollow, close by the guns of their batteries (the 14th and 15th), sheltered from the Boer marksmen, but suffering considerable agony from their wounds.

Without loss of time, and quite alone, Major Babbie rode out to them. He knew full well that the instant he appeared in the open he would become a target for the enemy's rifles, and few of those who watched him go on his errand of mercy expected to see him alive again. But although his horse was struck three times, he himself by good fortune escaped being hit. Reaching the donga, he found a score of

poor fellows badly needing attention, and with wonderful coolness he set about dressing their injuries. The Boers, who had no scruples about firing upon the wounded, made repeated attempts to get within range of the intrepid surgeon and his patients, but with ill-success. Babbie seemed to bear a charmed life, and he was able to save many a gunner who but for his prompt help must have died on the field.

The Royal Army Medical Corps, it may be mentioned, won three more Crosses in South Africa, making the total placed to their credit seven. Lieutenants Douglas, Nickerson, and Inkson were the other heroes, the last-named being conspicuous for carrying a wounded comrade for over three hundred yards under heavy fire to a place of safety.

It was at Colenso that the magnificent attempt to save the guns was made which resulted in the sad death of Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, the only son of Lord Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief. Colonel Long, with the 14th and 66th Batteries of the Royal Field Artillery, had pressed forward to drive the Boers from their trenches along the bank of the Tugela, expecting to be supported by reinforcements. But under the deadly fire directed upon him he was obliged to retire, leaving many dead and wounded behind him, and leaving, too, twelve guns standing ready for use, with their breech-blocks still in them.

For a long time the guns stood deserted thus, while the battle raged to right and left of them. Then, as General Hildyard's infantry, including the Devons, the Queen's, and the Scots Fusiliers, made their dashing advance upon the Boer positions, a trio of staff officers who were with Generals Buller and Clery volunteered to save the guns if possible. These

three were Captains Schofield and Congreve, and Lieutenant Roberts.

Other volunteers were soon forthcoming when it was known that the attempt was to be made, and corporals, linesmen, and some drivers of ammunition waggons, with two or three spare teams, galloped out after their leaders. The guns were reached, but at once Boer shells and bullets began to drop thickly around. Captain Congreve was almost the first to be hit, being wounded in the leg. Then young Roberts was struck, at the same time that a shell burst under his horse, inflicting severe wounds upon him. "He was looking over his shoulder at Schofield," says an eye-witness, "laughing and working his stick with a circular motion, like a jockey, to encourage his horse," when his first bullet found him, and he fell mortally wounded. In the meantime the gallant gunners and drivers were limbering up with all speed, and thanks to Captain Schofield's exertions, two of the guns were hauled back in safety.

Later on, Captain Reed of the 7th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, made another and partially successful effort to rescue some of the remaining ten guns, receiving a bad wound in his thigh in the attempt; but almost all of them had to be abandoned. For their gallantry, however, Captains Schofield, Congreve, and Reed, with Lieutenant Roberts, were all recommended for the V.C., the three first-named alone surviving to receive the decoration. Poor Lieutenant Roberts, as will be remembered, died at Chieveley, two days later.

As to the bravery of the men who helped them to save the guns, both Captain Schofield and Captain Reed have borne eloquent tribute. "Bosh!" said



THE GUNS WERE REACHED, BUT AT ONCE BOER SHELLS AND BULLETS BEGAN TO DROP THICKLY AROUND.



Reed, when he was complimented on his exploit; "it was all the drivers." And if you ask Captain Schofield, you will find he will make much the same answer. While the rain of bullets poured on them the drivers limbered up in a calm, business-like fashion, as if there wasn't a Boer within a dozen miles of them.

"Just to show you what cool chaps those drivers were," says Captain Schofield, "when I was hooking on one of the guns, one of them said, 'Elevate the muzzle a little more, sir.' That's a precaution for galloping in rough country, but I shouldn't have thought of it—not just then, at any rate. Pretty cool, wasn't it?"

They were gallant men those drivers without doubt, as gallant as Colonel Long's gunners, who fell one by one by their guns until only two were left, two who continued the unequal battle alone, and when the ordinary ammunition was exhausted fired their last shot, the emergency rounds of case; after which they stood at attention and waited for the end that came swiftly. All could not be decorated, however, though all deserved equal honour, and so Corporal G. E. Nurse, of the Royal Field Artillery, was elected to receive the V.C. as the most fitting representative.

The next heroes on the list are two brave men of the Protectorate Regiment, Sergeant H. R. Martineau and Trooper (now Lieutenant) H. E. Ramsden. During a sortie from besieged Mafeking Sergeant Martineau's attention was called to Corporal Le Camp, who had been struck down by a Boer bullet. The latter was lying in the open less than a dozen yards from the enemy's trenches and bleeding profusely from his wound. Not far away were some

bushes which offered ample shelter, so making a dash for the corporal, the sergeant carried and dragged him thither as best he could. Then, kneeling by the wounded man's side, he carefully bandaged the gaping shot-hole and stanching the flow of blood.

Despite the shelter of the bushes, Martineau did not escape being hit. He was shot in the side as he stooped over the corporal, and he was struck yet twice more when, at the order to retire, he picked up Le Camp and carried him after his comrades, who were falling back upon the town. That plucky rescue cost the sergeant an arm, but it won him—though small compensation, perhaps—a V.C.

The same honour fell to Trooper H. E. Ramsden in this fight, for carrying his brother out of danger in very similar circumstances. The list of those who figured in gallant actions of this kind, indeed, is a long one. There was Second-Lieutenant John Norwood (now a captain), of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who while in charge of a small patrol party outside Ladysmith, in October 1899, was nearly cornered by the Boers. In retiring one of the troopers fell, whereupon the lieutenant, galloping back, dismounted, lifted the wounded man on to his shoulder, and with his horse's bridle over his arm walked back to rejoin his comrades. And there was Lieutenant Sir John Milbanke of the 10th Hussars, who saved the life of one of his men while out on a reconnaissance near Colesberg. The lieutenant himself was badly wounded with a ball in his thigh, but disregarding this, he went to the aid of the wounded man, who was exposed to the Boer fire, and successfully brought him out of range.

Both these heroes gained the V.C., as, too, did

Private Bisdee and Lieutenant Wyllly, of the Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, for gallantry of a like order. Having run into an ambuscade, the scouting party of which the Tasmanians were members had to get out of it as best they could. The Boers from their cover kept up a hot fire, and men and horses dropped quickly. Out of the eight in the party all but two were hit, and one of the officers had his horse shot beneath him. Seeing his predicament, Private Bisdee offered him a stirrup leather to hold on to, but the other was more badly wounded than he had supposed. Jumping off his horse, therefore, he put his officer into the saddle, and mounting behind him, galloped out of action. Lieutenant Wyllly in his turn gave up his horse to a wounded private, afterwards taking up a position behind a rock, and using his rifle to good purpose to cover the retreat of the little party.

It does one good to read of heroism such as this, for it helps to keep alive our faith in those fine qualities which have made Englishmen what they are. If we still find something inspiring in the records of the old sea-dogs, such as Benbow, who was carried on deck in a basket after he had lost his leg, so that he might continue to direct the fight, we may treasure in our memories with no less reverence the deeds of many humbler heroes. There is about them, too, often enough, a truly British touch of dare-devilry, cheek, pluck—call it what you will—that cannot but strike one's imagination.

Take the story of Sergeant T. Lawrence of the 17th Lancers, the "Death or Glory Boys." He was in charge of a patrol in the neighbourhood of Lindley, in August 1900, while the Lancer Brigade was chasing De Wet. Suddenly attacked by a body of fourteen

Boers, the patrol was obliged to retire. In the gallop for safety Private Hayman's horse was bowled over, and down came its rider to the ground with a dislocated shoulder and broken collar-bone. In a twinkling the sergeant saw what had happened. The Boers were hard upon their heels, but taking his chance, Lawrence rode back to Hayman's assistance. The private's horse being useless, Lawrence dismounted and raised the wounded man on to his own steed, a dun pony, it is recorded. Then, setting the animal's head for the picket and bidding Hayman hold on for his life, the sergeant gave the pony a vigorous kick and started him off. This done, Lawrence made his way back on foot, keeping up a warm fire with his carbine; and for *two* miles he retired thus, successfully holding off the Boers, until a party which had ridden out in search of him brought the plucky fellow into our lines.

There is a true British ring about Sergeant Lawrence's action which is unmistakable, and few South African heroes more deserved the V.C. which was eventually bestowed upon him. He, thanks to his skill with the carbine, and perhaps owing something to luck, escaped without a scratch, but not all were so fortunate. Writing of Lawrence reminds me of another hero, Lieutenant and Adjutant G. H. B. Coulson, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who won glory and death at the same time.

It was during the rearguard action near Lambrecht Fontein, in May 1901. A corporal of the Mounted Infantry was wounded and helpless, so the lieutenant pulled him up on to his own horse. As they rode along the animal was itself struck, and it became evident that a double burden was more than it could carry.

There was only one thing to be done. Slipping off the horse, Coulson told the corporal to "hang on" and save himself; then, revolver in hand, he stayed behind, in the faint hope that he might win back to safety on foot. It was a vain hope. The Boers rode down upon him, and—one man against a hundred—he fell riddled with bullets. Afterwards, when the corporal had told his story, they gazetted Lieutenant and Adjutant Coulson V.C., as one to whom the decoration would have been awarded had he lived.

Among other dead heroes of the South African War, place must be found for Lieutenant Parsons of the Essex Regiment and Sergeant Atkinson of the Yorkshires. At Paardeberg, where a fierce battle was fought in February 1900, many poor wounded fellows lay in the sweltering heat suffering for want of water. Water there was within reach, in the river that wound round by the enemy's trenches, but the task of fetching it was attended with considerable danger. Some four or five men made the attempt, only to fall under the hail of Boer bullets. Nothing daunted, however, both Parsons and Atkinson made several dashes for the precious water, the former venturing twice, and rendering much-needed relief to those wounded near him.

Atkinson, who had distinguished himself in the fight by rescuing Lieutenant Hammick of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, went down to the river no fewer than seven times, being under fire all the while. At the seventh venture his fate found him. A bullet struck him in the head, and the brave Yorkshireman fell mortally wounded. He was a son of Farrier-Major James Atkinson, of the Royal Artillery, who

is stated to have been one of the party who captured the original Sebastopol cannon from which the Victoria Crosses are now cast. Although Lieutenant Parsons survived Paardeberg, he never lived to receive his Cross, being killed later at Driefontein.

For bravery that distinguishes itself in the storming of apparently impregnable positions and in the leading of forlorn hopes, the Highland regiments perhaps bear the palm. One remembers their deeds in the Mutiny days and, more recently, at Dargai. In South Africa they wrote their names large, at Magersfontein, Paardeberg, and in many a minor action.

One of their most dashing exploits was the capture of Thaba Mountain, in April 1900, by the Gordons. In this engagement Captain E. B. Towse, with but a dozen men at his back, charged in the face of a hundred and fifty Boers, who had climbed the hill from the opposite side, and routed them. The position was won and held, for the Highlanders—and especially the Gordons—are men who like to have their own way, but their brave leader paid dearly for his victory. During the brief but fierce encounter he was shot through both eyes and blinded for life. This action at Thaba Mountain, together with his well-remembered gallantry at Magersfontein, where in the very fore-front of the battle he was seen helping Colonel Downman, who was mortally wounded, gained Captain Towse the V.C. Little wonder is it that as she pinned it on the hero's breast Queen Victoria was moved to tears of sympathy and pity.

There were several V.C.'s gained in and around Ladysmith during the memorable siege of that town which well deserve mention. Listen to the story of how Privates Scott and Pitts of the Manchester

Regiment won the coveted decoration. In one of the Boer assaults early in 1900 the Manchesters were given the task of holding Cæsar's Camp, a position in the long ridge of hills to the north-east of the town. Here they erected circular stone sangars, in each of which a few men were posted with a plentiful supply of ammunition.

When the attack was delivered, Cæsar's Camp and Waggon Hill in the vicinity received the brunt of it. Before the Boer fire the Manchester Regiment in particular suffered great loss, many of their sangars being captured and occupied by the enemy; but there was one spot in the defences that the Boers failed to carry. In the little sangar where they had been stationed Privates Scott and Pitts swore an oath that they would never give up while breath was left in their bodies, and for fifteen long hours their deadly rifle fire kept the Boers at bay. In the end, as we know, the enemy were compelled to withdraw baffled, whereupon the two plucky privates who had "held the fort" so manfully returned to camp smoke-blackened and—in Scott's case—wounded, to receive the due reward of their heroism.

Yet another brave man of Ladysmith fame was Private J. Barry of the Royal Irish. In the night attack on Monument Hill in January 1901, he was helping to work a Maxim when the Boers surrounded the little party. His comrades having been all shot down, Private Barry was called on to surrender, but this word was not in his vocabulary. He neither intended surrendering nor yielding his gun to the enemy, so hurling a defiance at the latter, he proceeded to smash the breech of the Maxim and render it useless. A few quick blows were sufficient for the

purpose, and the work was done ere the infuriated Boers raised their rifles and shot him dead.

A distinguished fellow-soldier of Barry's was Colour-Sergeant (now Captain) Masterson, the hero of Waggon Hill. In the furious hand-to-hand fight on the hill he was a conspicuous figure, only being overborne at last by sheer force of numbers, and falling with ten wounds in his body and limbs. None of his injuries were mortal, however, and he survived to receive the V.C. and a commission.

Captain Masterson's name and rank, by the way, vividly recall to one's mind the exploit of a Royal Irish Fusilier of earlier days, Sergeant Masterton, the hero of Barossa. Masterton was known as "the Eagle Taker," for the dashing capture of a French Eagle standard after a charge up a hill much in the fashion of the Fusiliers at Waggon Hill, and he too was rewarded by promotion.

With another story of the gallant gunners I must bring this chapter to a close. The scene is Korn Spruit, on the road between Thaban'chu and Bloemfontein. On March 31st, 1900, two batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery were making their way to the Orange Free State capital, when they fell into a Boer ambush. Before the alarm could be raised five guns of the leading battery and a large section of the baggage train had been captured.

Q Battery, under the command of Major Phipps-Hornby, meanwhile was some three hundred yards away from the spruit when the Boers opened fire, and had time to wheel about into position. The enemy's force far outnumbered the British column, but Major Phipps-Hornby and his gunners had no idea of deserting their comrades. Having gained the

shelter of some railway buildings near at hand, the battery—minus one gun which had had to be abandoned—re-formed and at full gallop came again into action. Within close range of the Boers they unlimbered and opened fire, while the teams of horses were taken back to the rear of the buildings for safety.

For a long time the gunners served their pieces in splendid style, but the order came at last to retire. Realising how difficult it would be to hook the teams on to the guns under the terrible fusillade that the Boers were maintaining, Major Phipps-Hornby decided to do without them. Under his direction the men put their shoulders to the wheels literally, helped by some officers and privates of the Mounted Infantry, and by much pushing and hauling they eventually got four of the five guns round to the back of the buildings under cover, saving some of the limbers at the same time.

To rejoin the main body now entailed the crossing of a couple more spruits and a donga which lay within easy range of the Boer guns, a veritable zone of fire. But the gunners had faced danger like this before, and at the call for volunteers many drivers stepped forward. As quickly as possible the horses were put into the traces, the guns hooked on, and off they set, one at a time, on their perilous journey. It was a wild dash for safety, but they got home—all, that is, save one gun and one limber, which after several attempts had to be left behind, all the horses belonging to it being shot down.

It was a V.C. business, this saving of the guns, but when it came to a question of making the award a difficulty arose. Every man of the battery might be

said to have an equal claim to be decorated. As a few Crosses only could be awarded, however, Rule 13 of the original Warrant had to be enforced, under which the honour was conferred upon the battery as a whole, one officer, one non-commissioned officer, one gunner and one driver being elected by their comrades as recipients. Of the two officers, Major Phipps-Hornby and Captain Humphreys, who had taken the leading part in the affair, each had displayed conspicuous gallantry, and each with characteristic generosity nominated the other for the decoration. One would like to have seen both of them gazetted, but the rule had to be adhered to, and, as senior officer, the V.C. was presented to Major Phipps-Hornby. Sergeant Parker, Gunner Lodge, and Driver Glascock hold the other three Crosses of the corps for this notable action.

Yet another hero of Korn Spruit is Lieutenant (now Lieut.-Col.) F. A. Maxwell, of the Indian Army, then attached to Roberts' Light Horse. When the Boer fire was concentrated on Q Battery, he volunteered his assistance and faced the blizzard of lead five times, helping to save two guns and three limbers. It was he, too, who aided in the gallant but futile attempt to bring in the fifth gun, remaining exposed to shot and shell until the last moment. For his bravery Lieutenant Maxwell was awarded the V.C., and it is worthy of note that in announcing the fact the *Gazette* refers to his gallantry during the Chitral campaign, when he recovered the body of Lieut.-Col. F. D. Battye, of the "Guides," under a heavy fire from the enemy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOMALILAND—NIGERIA—TIBET.

WITHIN the last four years we have seen three campaigns of some importance which have added several V.C.'s to the roll. In 1902-3 was the punitive expedition against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland, bringing distinction to Captain Cobbe and others; in 1903 the rising in Nigeria, where, at Sokoto, Captain Wallace Wright (of the Royal West Surrey Regiment), with only one officer and forty men, made a gallant stand for two hours against the repeated charges of 1000 of the enemy's cavalry and 2000 infantry, eventually putting this large force to rout; and in 1904 the Sikkim-Tibet Mission, which yielded a V.C. to a young lieutenant of Ghurkas named Grant. Of these campaigns that in Somaliland heads the list with six Crosses, and the story of how they were won well deserves to be told at length.

The first act of distinction was performed by Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) A. S. Cobbe, D.S.O., at Erego, on October 6th, 1902. In the fight at this place some of the companies were ordered to retire, and Captain Cobbe suddenly found himself left alone in the firing line with a Maxim. He saved the gun

from capture by the enemy, and bringing it back worked it single-handed with such good effect that he may be said to have turned the fortunes of the day at a critical moment in the action. Later on he went to the rescue of an orderly who had fallen under the Somalis' bullets, exposing himself not only to the enemy's fire but to that of his own men, who were replying vigorously. For his gallantry Captain Cobbe was gazetted V.C., receiving the decoration from the hands of General Manning at Obbia, some four months later.

With the fighting at Jidballi two V.C.'s are associated. One is proudly worn by Lieutenant Herbert Carter for saving the life of Private Jai Singh in the face of a determined rush of dervishes; and the other by Lieutenant Clement Leslie Smith, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The latter was serving with the 5th Somali Mounted Infantry at the time. In an onslaught made by the enemy from the bush our men got broken up, and the combat resolved itself into a hand-to-hand affair. Fighting desperately to recover themselves, the Mounted Infantry rallied bravely to their leader's call, but little could be done to stave off defeat. The loyal Somalis were driven back, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground, among the latter being one Rahamat Ali, a Hospital-Assistant. Observing this man's plight, Lieutenant Smith and Dr. Welland of the R.A.M.C. made a desperate attempt to save him.

They had almost succeeded in getting the wounded man on to a horse when one of the many bullets that rained upon them found him, and he was killed. The Somalis now hemmed in the two officers on all sides, so the lieutenant sought to bring out Dr. Welland,

hastily helping him to mount again. The doctor's horse was shot, however, as was a mule which was next seized, and immediately after there was a rush, and Welland was speared. Smith stood by him to the end, endeavouring to keep off the enemy with his revolver, but he had done all that mortal man could do, and it was time to think of his own safety. At that time the dervishes were swarming round him, and, as the *Gazette* notes, it was marvellous indeed that he escaped with his life.

But, notable as were these acts of bravery, it is for the heroic attempt to rescue poor Captain Bruce that the Somaliland campaign will perhaps be best remembered. In that drama of savage warfare, which brings home to us most vividly the difficulties and dangers of bush fighting, three Crosses were gained, inscribing the names of Rolland, Walker, and Gough upon the roll of glory. This is the story of it.

On April 22nd, 1903, Major Gough's flying column, which had been operating in the Daratoleh district, began to fall back upon Danop, owing to shortness in ammunition and the large number of wounded on its hands. All around the little force, in the dense bush, the enemy swarmed thickly, maintaining a harassing fire upon the troops. During the afternoon the rearguard became cut off from the main body, and dropped considerably into the rear. With this section were Captain Bruce, R.A., Major Gough's staff officer, and Captains Rolland and Walker of the Intelligence Department, and when in a little time Bruce fell badly wounded, the look-out for the little party seemed bad indeed.

Having fired at and killed a savage whom he

believed to have aimed the fatal shot, Captain Rolland ran to his comrade's assistance and dragged him to one side of the forest path, where he would be less exposed to the enemy's fire. It was very evident that the wound was mortal, but Rolland—who, by the way, was an old Harrow boy, like Bruce—determined to make every effort to save his friend's body if he could not save his life. While he attended to him two Yaos (men of the King's African Rifles), a Sikh and a loyal Somali of the Camel Corps, bravely stood by them, covering them with their rifles and holding the enemy in check, the latter shouting to each other in joyful anticipation of a speedy victory.

Captain Bruce was a very heavy man, of nearly fourteen stone, and Captain Rolland, who turned the scale at nine and a half, found he could not lift the other. None of the four men could stop firing to help him, or the Somalis would have made a rush, so the despairing officer shouted to the disappearing column in front to halt. But the winding path soon hid it from sight, and Rolland saw that he was left to his fate. The enemy, becoming emboldened, now pressed closer in, and the captain had to leave the wounded man's side and use his carbine and revolver to drive the Somalis back into the bush again. It was hot work, for the natives were in strong force and armed with rifles in addition to their broad-bladed throwing spears.

Suddenly Bruce got to his feet, and Rolland rushed to hold him up; but it was the last flicker of life. The wounded man lurched forward again and fell on his face, dragging Rolland down with him. As the latter turned him over on to his back, Bruce

opened his eyes and spoke for the last time. "They've done for me this time, old man!" he said, and a moment or two afterwards relapsed into unconsciousness.

To Rolland's great relief, he looked up from his friend's body to see Captain Walker "trekking" towards him. His shout had been heard, after all. Together the two tried to carry poor Bruce between them, but it was no use; so Rolland decided to make a dash for the rearguard to get help. It was a terribly long run, and he thought he must get hit every moment, as the bullets pinged about him. He got through safely, however, and seized a Bikanir camel. As he was leading this back he met Major Gough, who asked what was the matter, and on being told at once hastened to Bruce's aid.

Rolland's camel was desperately frightened at the firing and shouting, and the captain had another bad quarter of an hour as he coaxed it and urged it along the bush path, but he reached the others without mishap. With Gough and Walker he now lifted Captain Bruce on to the kneeling camel, and as they did so a third Somali bullet struck the wounded man, almost immediately after which he died. At the same time the Sikh, who had done his duty nobly in protecting his officers, had his arm smashed by a fourth bullet.

The little party were not left alone until 5.30 p.m., when, after some scattering shots, the enemy at last drew off. "It was the hardest day of my life," adds Captain Rolland, in his account of the affair, and we may well believe him. "I fired and fired in that fight till my rifle was boiling hot; even the wood-work felt on fire. Up to 3 a.m. a few biscuits and

cocoa, then a 25-mile ride, a seven hours' fight, and 25 miles back to camp; *i.e.* 50 miles that day; 25 hours without food of any kind, from the 3 a.m. biscuits and cocoa on the 22nd to the 4 a.m. dinner on the 23rd. Oh, the thirst of that day! I had two water-bottles on my camel, and drained them both. Hunger I did not feel."

They buried Captain Bruce the next morning, side by side with another officer who had been killed, Captain Godfrey, laying them to rest just as they were, in their stained khaki uniforms. The silent African bush has many such graves in its keeping.

It was not until some time later that the part Major Gough had played in the rescue of Captain Bruce's body was brought to light. He had promptly reported the heroic conduct of Captains Rolland and Walker, but modestly omitted all mention of his own share in the incident. And when the late Mr. W. T. Maud, the artist-correspondent of the *Graphic*, attempted to send home to his paper a full account of the affair, the Major rigidly censored the despatch so that his name did not occur therein. His heroism, however, could not be overlooked, and as soon as he was free from Major Gough's censorship Mr. Maud made public the true story of the action, whereupon the V.C. was bestowed upon the Major as well as upon Captains Rolland and Walker.

It is interesting to note that Major John Edmond Gough (now Lieutenant-Colonel) is a son of General Sir C. J. S. Gough, V.C., and a nephew of that other distinguished Indian veteran, General Sir H. H. Gough, V.C. He thus establishes a record, for no other family

has ever yet possessed three members entitled to wear the decoration.

To Lieutenant John Duncan Grant, of the 8th Ghurka Rifles, belongs the distinction of winning the last Cross that has been awarded. The scene of his exploit was Tibet, and the date July 6th, 1904. On that day the storming of the Gyantse-jong, the most formidable of the Tibetan strongholds, was successfully carried out, the Ghurkas, as on many a previous occasion, being called on to perform the most ticklish part of the business.

The jong, or fort, at Gyantse is perched high up on a hill, the approach being rendered difficult for an enemy by the bare and almost precipitous nature of the rock-face. There is scarcely any cover available, and an attacking party is exposed to the fire from the curtain and the flanking towers on both sides. All day the artillery had been thundering at the walls with little success, but at last a small breach was made in the curtain, and it became possible for a storming party to force its way through. It became possible, I say, but the task was a truly hazardous one. So little room was there that only one man could go up at a time, crawling on his hands and knees to the hole in the curtain.

Lieutenant Grant, however, with his brave little Ghurkas, was not to be daunted by such heavy odds. Leaving the cover of the village at the foot of the hill, he led the advance up the steep slope. Immediately behind him came Havildar Karbir Pun, as eager to come to close quarters with the enemy as was his leader. Up the slippery face of the cliff they scrambled, while a shower of rocks and stones poured down on

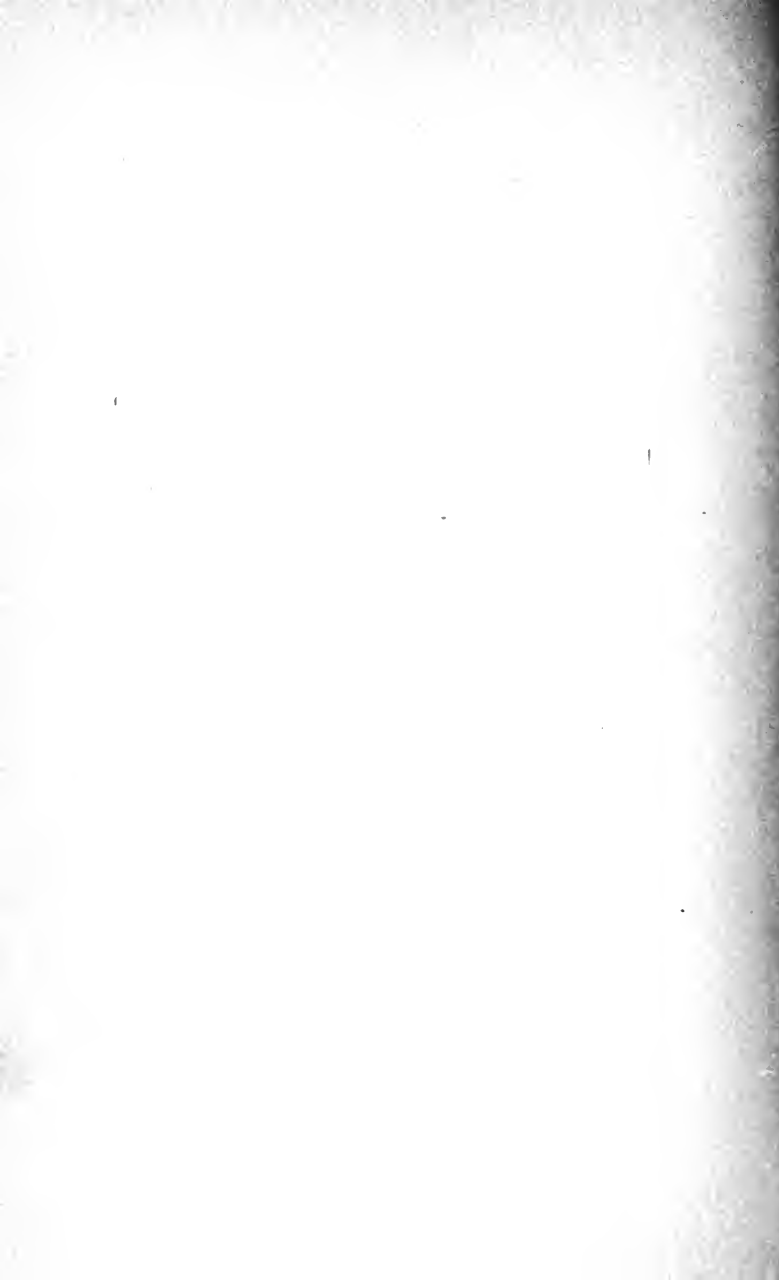
them from the Tibetans above, to say nothing of occasional volleys of jingal bullets; and as they neared the top the lieutenant fell back wounded. Nor did the havildar escape, being hurled back down the rock for thirty feet or more.

Despite their injuries the intrepid couple made another attempt after a brief pause. Covered by the fire of their men, they dashed for the breach, and this time succeeded in their purpose. Grant was the first through, with the faithful Karbir Pun at his heels, their rifles clearing a path for them as they scrambled inside the jong. Then the rest of the Ghurkas quickly poured in, and the issue of the assault was no longer in doubt.

Lieutenant Grant was gazetted in January of the year following. Havildar Karbir Pun—the sepoys of our Indian army not being eligible for the V.C.—received the Indian Order of Merit, which is its equivalent, being conferred for conspicuous bravery in the field.

And so this record of the Victoria Cross and its heroes comes to a close. It is a brave record, indeed, from Lucas down to Grant, and we may well be proud of the gallant fellows, soldiers and sailors, British and Colonials, whose names figure therein. Of late years there has been some complaint that the decoration is in danger of being cheapened by a too liberal distribution, but I cannot think that such is the case. The right to wear the coveted Cross is most jealously guarded; only for acts of conspicuous bravery is it granted; and he would be a bold man who dared to place his finger on any one of the 522 names in the list and say, "That man was not worthy." How

jealously the recipients guard the honour of the decoration for their part is shown by the fact that Rule 15 of the original Warrant has never had to be enforced. No wearer of the V.C. has been struck off the roll for "treason, cowardice, felony, or any infamous crime." And if at times we read of a Victoria Cross being sold (almost invariably for a large amount) to some collector, we may be sure that another V.C. hero has joined the great majority. The instances in which a recipient of the Cross has parted with his decoration in his lifetime are very rare, and this despite the most tempting offers for the same that are known to have been made. For no medal that can be won by the officers and men of either Service is so highly prized when gained as the little bronze Maltese cross bearing the golden words, "FOR VALOUR."



APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

ROYAL WARRANTS.

THE following are the principal Royal Warrants that have been issued in connection with the Victoria Cross.

WAR DEPARTMENT, *February 5th, 1856.*

The Queen has been pleased, by an instrument under her Royal Sign Manual, of which the following is a copy, to institute and create a new Naval and Military decoration, to be styled and designated "The Victoria Cross," and to make the rules and regulations therein set forth under which the said decoration shall be conferred.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc., to all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas, We, taking into Our Royal Consideration, that there exists no means of adequately rewarding the individual gallant services, either of officers of the lower grades in Our Naval and Military Service, or of warrant and petty officers, seamen and marines in Our Navy, and non-commissioned officers in Our Army. And, whereas, the third class of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath is limited, except in very rare cases, to the higher ranks of both services, and the granting of Medals, both in Our Navy and Army, is only awarded for long service or meritorious conduct, rather than for bravery in action or distinction before an enemy, such cases alone excepted where a general medal is granted for a particular action or campaign, or a clasp added to the medal for some especial engagement, in both of which cases all share equally in the boon, and those who,

by their valour, have particularly signalised themselves, remain undistinguished from their comrades. Now, for the purpose of attaining an end so desirable as that of rewarding individual instances of merit and valour, We have instituted and created, and by these presents for Us, our Heirs and Successors, institute and create a new Naval and Military Decoration, which We are desirous should be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the officers and men of Our Naval and Military Services, and are graciously pleased to make, ordain and establish the following rules and ordinances for the government of the same, which shall from henceforth be inviolably observed and kept.

Firstly. It is ordained that the distinction shall be styled and designated "The Victoria Cross," and shall consist of a Maltese cross of Bronze, with Our Royal Crest in the centre, and underneath with an escroll bearing the inscription "For Valour."

Secondly. It is ordained that the Cross shall be suspended from the left breast by a blue riband for the Navy, and by a red riband for the Army.

Thirdly. It is ordained that the names of those upon whom We may be pleased to confer the Decoration shall be published in the *London Gazette*, and a registry thereof kept in the Office of Our Secretary of State for War.

Fourthly. It is ordained that anyone who, after having received the Cross, shall again perform an act of bravery, which, if he had not received such Cross, would have entitled him to it, such further act shall be recorded by a bar attached to the riband by which the Cross is suspended, and for every additional act of bravery an additional bar may be added.

Fifthly. It is ordained that the Cross shall only be awarded to those officers and men who have served Us in the presence of the enemy, and shall have then performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country.

Sixthly. It is ordained, with a view to placing all persons on a perfectly equal footing in relation to eligibility for the Decoration, that neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance or condition whatsoever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery, shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the honour.

Seventhly. It is ordained that the Decoration may be conferred on the spot where the act to be rewarded by the grant of such Decoration has been performed, under the following circumstances:—1. When the fleet or army in which such act has been performed is under the eye and command of an admiral or general officer commanding the forces. 2. Where the Naval or Military force is under the eye and command of an admiral or commodore commanding a squadron or detached Naval force, or of a general commanding a corps or division or brigade on a

distinct and detached service, when such admiral or general officer shall have the power of conferring the Decoration on the spot, subject to confirmation by Us.

Eighthly. It is ordained where such act shall not have been performed in sight of a commanding officer as aforesaid, then the claimant for the honour shall prove the act to the satisfaction of the captain or officer commanding his ship, or to the officer commanding the regiment to which the claimant belongs, and such captain, or such commanding officer, shall report the same through the usual channel to the admiral or commodore commanding the force employed in the service, or to the officer commanding the forces in the field who shall call for such description and attestation of the act as he may think requisite, and on approval shall recommend the grant of the Decoration.

Ninthly. It is ordained that every person selected for the Cross, under Rule 7, shall be publicly decorated before the Naval or Military force or body to which he belongs, and with which the act of bravery for which he is to be rewarded shall have been performed, and his name shall be recorded in a general order together with the cause of his especial distinction.

Tenthly. It is ordained that every person selected under Rule 8 shall receive his Decoration as soon as possible, and his name shall likewise appear in a general order as above required, such general order to be issued by the Naval or Military commander of the forces employed on the Service.

Eleventhly. It is ordained that the general orders above referred to shall from time to time be transmitted to Our Secretary of State for War, to be laid before Us, and shall be by him registered.

Twelfthly. It is ordained that, as cases may arise not falling within the rules above specified, or in which a claim, though well founded, may not have been established on the spot, We will, on the joint submission of Our Secretary of State for War and of Our Commander-in-Chief of Our Army, or on that of Our Lord High Admiral, or Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in the case of the Navy, confer the Decoration, but never without conclusive proofs of the performance of the act of bravery for which the claim is made.

Thirteenthly. It is ordained that in the event of a gallant and daring act having been performed by a squadron, ship's company, or detached body of seamen and marines not under fifty in number, or by a brigade, regiment, troop or company in which the admiral, general, or other officer commanding such forces may deem that all are equally brave and distinguished, and that no special selection can be made by them, then in such case the admiral, general, or other officer commanding, may direct that

for any such body of seamen or marines, or for every troop or company of soldiers, one officer shall be selected by the officers engaged for the Decoration, and in like manner one petty officer or non-commissioned officer shall be selected by the petty officers and non-commissioned officers engaged, and two seamen or private soldiers or marines shall be selected by the seamen, or private soldiers, or marines engaged, respectively for the Decoration, and the names of those selected shall be transmitted by the senior officers in command of the Naval force, brigade, regiment, troop, or company, to the admiral or general officer commanding, who shall in due manner confer the Decoration as if the acts were done under his own eye.

Fourteenthly. It is ordained that every warrant officer, petty officer, seaman or marine, or non-commissioned officer, or soldier who shall have received the Cross, shall, from the date of the act by which the Decoration has been gained be entitled to a special pension of £10 a year, and each additional bar conferred under Rule 4 on such warrant or petty officers, or non-commissioned officers or men, shall carry with it an additional pension of £5 per annum.

Fifteenthly. In order to make such additional provision as shall effectually preserve pure this most honourable distinction, it is ordained that, if any person be convicted of treason, cowardice, felony, or of any infamous crime, or if he be accused of any such offence, and doth not after a reasonable time surrender himself to be tried for the same, his name shall forthwith be erased from the registry of individuals upon whom the said Decoration shall have been conferred, by an especial Warrant under Our Royal Sign Manual, and the pension conferred under Rule 14 shall cease and determine from the date of such Warrant. It is hereby further declared, that We, Our Heirs and Successors, shall be the all judges of the circumstances requiring such expulsion ; moreover, We shall at all times have power to restore such persons as may at any time have been expelled, both to the enjoyment of the Decoration and Pension.

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the nineteenth year of Our Reign, and in the Year of Our Lord, 1856.

By Her Majesty's command,

(Signed) PANMURE.

To Our Principal Secretary of State for War.

On August 10, 1858, the *London Gazette* announced that by a Warrant under her Royal Sign Manual, her Majesty was pleased to direct that the Victoria Cross should be conferred, "subject to the rules and ordinances already made, on Officers and Men of

Her Majesty's Naval and Military Services, who may perform acts of conspicuous courage and bravery under circumstances of extreme danger, such as the occurrence of a fire on board ship, or of the foundering of a vessel at sea, or under any other circumstances in which, through the courage and devotion displayed, life or public property may be saved."

As noted in chapter 15, it was under this clause that Private O'Hea, Dr. Douglas, and several others were gazetted.

Provision for the award of the V.C. to Messrs. Kavanagh, Mangles, and McDonell, who were civilians, was made by a supplemental Warrant, which was announced in the *Gazette* on 8th July, 1859, in the following terms:—

The Queen having been graciously pleased by a Warrant under her Royal Sign Manual, bearing date 13th December 1858, to declare that Non-Military Persons who, as Volunteers, have borne arms against the Mutineers, both at Lucknow and elsewhere, during the late operations in India, shall be considered as eligible to receive the decoration of the Victoria Cross, subject to the rules and ordinances, etc. etc. . . . provided that it be established in any case that the person was serving under the orders of a General or other Officer in Command of Troops in the Field; her Majesty has accordingly been pleased to signify her intention to confer this high distinction on the under-mentioned gentlemen, etc. etc.

The Warrant given below, which was issued in 1881, speaks for itself. It merely restates in plain, unmistakable language the purport of the original Warrant of 1856.

Royal Warrant.—Qualification required for the Decoration of the Victoria Cross.

(This Warrant applies also to the Auxiliary and Reserve Forces.)

VICTORIA R.

Whereas doubts have arisen as to the qualification required for the decoration of the Victoria Cross, and whereas the description of such qualification in Our Warrant of 29th January, 1856, is not uniform. Our will and pleasure is that the qualification shall be "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy," and that Our Warrant of 29th January, 1856, shall be read and interpreted accordingly.

It is Our further will and pleasure that Officers and Men of Our Auxiliary and Reserve Forces (Naval and Military) shall be

eligible for the decoration of the Victoria Cross under the conditions of Our said Warrant, as amended by this Our Warrant.

Given at Our Court at Osborne, this 23rd day of April, 1881, in the forty-fourth year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS.

In the same year, 1881, appeared another Warrant which included as eligible for the Decoration members of the Indian Ecclesiastical Establishment, provided that they were serving under a general or other officer in command of troops in the field. By this provision the Rev. J. W. Adams was gazetted V.C.

Under a later Warrant, dated July 18, 1898, authority was given to increase the Victoria Cross pension from £10 to £50 a year, the condition to be satisfied in such cases being inability to earn a livelihood, in consequence of age or infirmity occasioned by causes beyond an Annuitant's control.

The last Royal Warrant to be issued bears date August 8, 1902, and runs as follows :—

The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the Decoration of the Victoria Cross being delivered to the *representatives* of the undermentioned officers, non-commissioned officers and men who fell during the recent operations in South Africa, in the performance of acts of valour which would, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field, have entitled them to be recommended for that distinction had they survived :—(Here follow the names of Captain Younger, Lieut. Digby-Jones, and others.)

APPENDIX B.

THE FIRST PRESENTATION OF THE V.C.

The names of those who received the Victoria Cross at the first distribution in Hyde Park, on Friday, June 26th, 1857, are given below, in the order in which they were presented to her Majesty.

THE NAVY.

RABY, H. J.	Commander.
BYTHESEA, J.	Commander.
BURGOYNE, H. T.	Commander.
LUCAS, C. D.	Lieutenant.
HEWETT, W. N. W.	Lieutenant.
ROBARTS, J.	Gunner.
KELLAWAY, J.	Boatswain.
COOPER, H.	Boatswain.
TREWAVAS, J.	Seaman.
REEVES, T.	Seaman.
CURTIS, H.	Boatswain's Mate.
INGOUVILLE, G.	Captain of Mast.

THE ROYAL MARINES.

DOWELL, G. D.	Lieutenant.
WILKINSON, T.	Bombardier.

THE ARMY.

GRIEVE, J.	.	.	Sergeant-Major	.	2nd Dragoons	(Scots Greys).
PARKES, S.	.	.	Private	.	4th Light Dragoons	(Queen's Own).
DUNN, A. R.	.	.	Lieutenant	.	11th Hussars	(Prince Albert's Own).
BERRYMAN, J.	.	.	Troop Sergt.-Maj.	.	17th Lancers.	.

THE ARMY—*continued.*

DICKSON, C.	Colonel	Royal Artillery.
HENRY, A.	Captain	Royal Artillery.
DAVIS, G.	Captain	Royal Artillery.
CAMBRIDGE, D.	Sergeant	Royal Artillery.
ARTHUR, T.	Gunner and Driver	Royal Artillery.
GRAHAM, G.	Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
ROSS, J.	Corporal	Royal Engineers.
LENDRIM, W. J.	Corporal	Royal Engineers.
PERIE, J.	Sapper.	Royal Engineers.
PERCY, Hon. H. H. M.	Colonel	Grenadier Guards.
RUSSELL, Sir C., Bart.	Brevet-Major	Grenadier Guards.
ABLETT, A.	Sergeant	Grenadier Guards.
PALMER, A.	Private	Grenadier Guards.
GOODLAKE, G. L.	Brevet-Major	Coldstream Guards.
CONOLLY, J. A.	Brevet-Major	Coldstream Guards (late 49th).
STRONG, G.	Private	Coldstream Guards.
LINDSAY, R. J.	Brevet-Major	Scots Fusilier Guards.
MCKECHNIE, J.	Sergeant	Scots Fusilier Guards.
REYNOLDS, W.	Private	Scots Fusilier Guards.
GRADY, T.	Private	4th (King's Own) Foot.
HOPE, W.	Lieutenant	7th Royal Fusiliers.
HALE, T. E.	Assist.-Surg.	7th Royal Fusiliers.
HUGHES, M.	Private	7th Royal Fusiliers.
NORMAN, W.	Private	7th Royal Fusiliers.
MOYNIHAN, A.	Ensign	8th (The King's) Foot.
EVANS, S.	Private	19th (1st Yorkshire North Riding).
LYONS, J.	Private	19th (1st Yorkshire North Riding).
O'CONNOR, L.	Lieutenant	23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
SHIELDS, R.	Corporal	23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
COFFEY, W.	Private	34th (Cumberland) Foot.
SIMS, J. J.	Private	34th (Cumberland) Foot.
MCWHEENEY, W.	Sergeant	44th (East Essex) Foot.
WALTERS, G.	Sergeant	49th (Herts, Princess Charlotte of Wales's).
OWENS, J.	Corporal	49th (Herts, Princess Charlotte of Wales's).
LUMLEY, C. H.	Brevet-Major	97th (The Earl of Ulster's) Foot.
COLEMAN, J.	Sergeant	97th (The Earl of Ulster's) Foot.

THE ARMY—*continued.*

CLIFFORD, Hon. H. H.	Brevet-Major	.	Rifle Brigade.
WHEATLEY, F. . .	Private	.	Rifle Brigade.
CUNINGHAME, W. J. M.	Captain	.	Rifle Brigade.
KNOX, J. S. . .	Lieutenant	.	Rifle Brigade (late Sergeant Scots Fusilier Guards).
MCGREGOR, R. . .	Private	.	Rifle Brigade.
HUMPSTON, R. . .	Private	.	Rifle Brigade.
BRADSHAW, J. . .	Private	.	Rifle Brigade.
BOURCHIER, C. T. .	Brevet-Major	.	Rifle Brigade.

APPENDIX C.

WARS AND CAMPAIGNS IN WHICH THE VICTORIA CROSS HAS BEEN WON, FROM 1854 TO 1904.

	No. of Crosses gained.
Crimea and Baltic 1854-5	111
Persia 1856-7	3
Indian Mutiny 1857-9	182
China (including the Taiping Re- bellion) 1860-2 ; 1900	10
New Zealand 1860-1 ; 1863-6	15
India (Umbeyla) 1863	2
Japan 1864	3
India (Bhotan) 1864-5	2
*Canada 1866	1
West Africa (Gambia) 1866 ; 1892	2
*Andaman Islands 1867	5
Abyssinia 1867-8	2
India (Looshai) 1871-2	1
Ashanti 1873-4 ; 1900	6
Perak 1875-6	1
Quetta (Beloochistan) 1877	1
South Africa (Kaffir War) 1877-8	1
Afghanistan 1878-80	16
Zululand 1879	23
Basutoland 1879 and 1881	6
India (Naga Hills) 1879-80	1
South Africa (First Boer War) 1880-1	6
Egypt and Soudan 1882 ; 1884-5	8
Burma 1889 ; 1893	3
Manipur (N.E. India) 1891	1
India (Hunza-Nagar) 1891	3

Carry forward, 415

* Not gained in action.

APPENDIX C

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		No. of Crosses gained.
Brought forward,		415
Chitral	1895	1
Matabeleland	1896	3
India (Punjab Frontier)	1897-8	11
Soudan (Khartoum)	1898	5
Crete	1898	1
South Africa (Second Boer War)	1899-1902	78
Somaliland	1902-4	6
Nigeria	1903	1
Tibet	1904	1
Total .		<u>522</u>

APPENDIX D.

COMPLETE ALPHABETICAL LIST OF RECIPIENTS OF THE V.C.

[The date given in each instance denotes when the act of bravery was performed for which the decoration was awarded. The names printed in *italics* are those of recipients who are still living. To assist identification, former, as well as present, titles of regiments are given in cases where the V.C. was won before the Territorial System was adopted. Example: 43rd R. (old title), now known as (1st Batt.) Oxfordshire Light Infantry.]

ABLETT, Private A.	Grenadier Guards . .	Crimea . . .	1855
ADAMS, Rev. J. W.	Bengal Eccles. Estab- lishment	Afghanistan .	1879
ADAMS, <i>Lt.-Col. (now Col.) R. B.</i>	Indian Army	Upper Swat .	1897
ADDISON, Private H.	43rd R. (Oxf. L.I.) . .	Indian Mutiny	1859
AIKMAN, Lieut. (late Col.) F. R.	Indian Army	„ „	1858
AITKEN, Lieut. (late Col.) R. H. M.	„ „	„ „	1857
ALBRECHT, Trooper H.	Imperial Light Horse .	South Africa .	1900
ALEXANDER, Private J.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Crimea . . .	1855
ALLEN, Corporal W.	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
ANDERSON, Private C.	2nd Dragoon Guards .	Indian Mutiny	1858
ANSON, Captain (late Lt.-Col.) the Hon. A. H. A.	84th (York and Lancs.) R.	„ „	1857
ARTHUR, Gunner T.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . .	1855
ASHFORD, <i>Private T.</i>	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Afghanistan .	1880
ATKINSON, Sergeant A.	Yorkshire R. . . .	South Africa .	1900
AYLMER, <i>Captain (now Col.) F. J.</i>	Royal Engineers . . .	Nilt	1891

<i>BABTIE, Major (now Lt.-Col.) W.</i>	Royal Army Med. Corps	South Africa	1899
<i>BAKER, Lieut. C. G.</i>	Indian Police	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>BAMBRICK, Private V.</i>	60th Rifles (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	„ „	1858
<i>BANKES, Cornet W. G. H.</i>	7th Hussars	„ „	1858
<i>BARRY, Private J.</i>	Royal Irish R.	South Africa	1901
<i>BAXTER, Trooper F. W.</i>	Bulawayo Field Force	Rhodesia	1897
<i>BEACH, Private T.</i>	55th (Border) R.	Crimea	1854
<i>BEES, Private W.</i>	Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire R.)	South Africa	1901
<i>BEET, Corporal H. C.</i>	„	„ „	1900
<i>BELL, Private D.</i>	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Andaman I.	1867
<i>BELL, Captain (late Maj.-Gen.) E. W. D.</i>	23rd R. (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	Crimea	1854
<i>BELL, Lieut. F. W.</i>	W. Australian Mt. Inf.	South Africa	1901
<i>BELL, Lieut. (late Col.) M. S.</i>	Royal Engineers	Ashanti	1874
<i>BERESFORD, Captain (late Gen.) Lord W. L. De la Poer</i>	9th Lancers	Zululand	1879
<i>BERGIN, Private J.</i>	33rd (W. Riding) R.	Abyssinia	1868
<i>BERRYMAN, Troop-Sergt. - Major (late Major) J.</i>	17th Lancers	Crimea	1854
<i>BISDEE, Private (now Lieut.) J. H.</i>	Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen	South Africa	1900
<i>BLAIR, Captain (late Gen.) J.</i>	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny	1857
<i>BLAIR, Lieut. (late Gen.) R.</i>	2nd Dragoon Guards	„ „	1857
<i>BOGLE, Lieut. (late Major) A. C.</i>	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	„ „	1857
<i>BOISRAGON, Lieut. (now Major) G. H.</i>	Indian Army	Hunza-Nagar	1891
<i>BOOTH, Col.-Sergt. A.</i>	80th (S. Staffs.) R.	Zululand	1879
<i>BOULGER, Lance-Corpl. (late Lt.-Col.) A.</i>	84th (York and Lincs.) R.	Indian Mutiny	1857
<i>BOURCHIER, Lieut. (late Col.) C. T.</i>	Rifle Brigade	Crimea	1854
<i>BOYES, Midshipman D. G.</i>	Royal Navy	Japan	1864
<i>BRADLEY, Driver F. G.</i>	Royal Field Artillery	South Africa	1901

BRADSHAW, Private J.	Rifle Brigade	Crimea . . .	1855
BRADSHAW, Assistant-Surgeon W.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny	1857
BRENNAN, Bombardier J.	Royal Artillery . . .	„ „	1858
BROMHEAD, Lieut. (late Major) G. S.	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
BROWN, Lieut. (late Col.) F. D. M.	101st R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
BROWN, Trooper P.	Cape Mounted Rifles .	Basutoland .	1879
BROWN-SYNGE-HUTCHINSON, Major E. D.	14th Hussars	South Africa .	1900
BROWNE, Lieut. (now Brig.-Gen.) E. S.	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
BROWNE, Captain (now Col.) H. G.	32nd R. (D. of Corn. L.I.)	Indian Mutiny	1857
BROWNE, Brevet-Major (late Gen.) Sir S. J.	Indian Army	„ „	1858
BUCKLEY, J., Deputy-Assist.-Commis. of Ordnance, Bengal	„ „	„ „	1857
BUCKLEY, Capt. C. W.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1855
BULLER, Captain (now Gen. Sir) R. H.	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Zululand . .	1879
BURGOYNE, Capt. H. T.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1855
BURSLEM, Lieut. (late Capt.) N.	67th (Hampshire) R. .	China . . .	1860
BUTLER, Lieut. (late Major) T. A.	101st R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1858
BYRNE, Private J. . .	86th R. (Royal Irish Rifles)	„ „	1858
BYRNE, Private J. . .	68th R. (Durham L.I.)	Crimea . . .	1854
BYRNE, Private T. . .	21st Lancers	Khartoum . .	1898
BYTHESEA, Lieut. (late Rear-Admiral) J.	Royal Navy	Baltic . . .	1854
CADELL, Lieut. (now Col.) T.	104th R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
CAFE, Lieut. (now Gen.) W. M.	Indian Army	„ „	1858
CAMBRIDGE, Sergt. D.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . .	1855
CAMERON, Lieut. (now Col.) A. S.	72nd (Seaforth) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1858
CARLIN, Private P. .	13th R. (Somerset L.I.)	„ „	1858

<i>CARTER, Lieut. H. A.</i>	Indian Army	Somaliland	1903
<i>CHAMPION, Sergeant-Major J.</i>	8th Hussars	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>CHANNER, Colonel (late Gen.) G. N.</i>	Indian Army	Perak	1875
<i>CHAPLIN, Ensign (now Col.) J. W.</i>	67th (Hampshire) R. .	China	1860
<i>CHARD, Lieut. (late Col.) J. R. M.</i>	Royal Engineers . . .	Zululand	1879
<i>CHASE, Captain (now Col.) W. St. L.</i>	Indian Army	Afghanistan . . .	1880
<i>CHICKEN, G. B. . . .</i>	Royal (Indian) Navy .	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>CLEMENTS, Corpl. J. J.</i>	Rimington's Guides .	South Africa . . .	1900
<i>CLIFFORD, Lieut. (late Major-Gen. Hon. Sir) H. H.</i>	Rifle Brigade	Crimea	1854
<i>CLOGSTOUN, Capt. H. M.</i>	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny	1859
<i>COBBE, Capt. (now Lt.-Col.) A. S.</i>	Indian Army	Somaliland	1902
<i>COCHRANE, Lieut. (late Col.) H. S.</i>	86th R. (Royal Irish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>COCKBURN, Lieut. H. Z. C.</i>	Royal Canadian Dragoons	South Africa . . .	1900
<i>COFFEY, Private W. . .</i>	34th (Border) R. . . .	Crimea	1855
<i>COGHILL, Lieut. N. J. A.</i>	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand	1879
<i>COGHLAN, Col.-Sergt. (now Sergt.-Major) C.</i>	75th (Gordon) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1857
<i>COLEMAN, Sergeant J.</i>	97th (Royal West Kent) R.	Crimea	1855
<i>COLLIS, Gunner J. . . .</i>	Royal Horse Artillery	Afghanistan . . .	1880
<i>COLVIN, Lieut. (now Major) J. M. C.</i>	Royal Engineers (Indian)	Mamund	1897
<i>COMMERELL, Lieut. (late Admiral Sir) J. E.</i>	Royal Navy	Crimea	1855
<i>CONGREVE, Capt. (now Col.) W. N.</i>	Rifle Brigade	South Africa . . .	1899
<i>CONNOLLY, Gunner W.</i>	Bengal Horse Artillery	Indian Mutiny	1857
<i>CONNORS, Private J. . .</i>	3rd R. (East Kent R., "The Buffs")	Crimea	1855
<i>CONOLLY, Lieut. (late Lt.-Col.) J. A.</i>	49th (Royal Berks) R. .	,,	1854

COOK, Captain J. . .	Indian Army	Afghanistan . 1878
COOK, Private W. . .	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1859
COOPER, Boatswain H.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
COOPER, Private J. . .	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Andaman I. . 1867
CORBETT, Private F. .	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Egypt . . . 1882
COSTELLO, Lieut. (now Capt.) E. W.	Indian Army	Malakand . . 1897
COULSON, Lieut. G. H. B.	King's Own Scottish Borderers	South Africa . 1901
CRAIG, Sergeant J. . .	Scots Guards	Crimea . . . 1855
CRANDON, Pte. H. D. .	18th Hussars	South Africa . 1901
CREAGH, Capt. (now Maj.-Gen. Sir) O'M.	Indian Army	Afghanistan . 1879
CREAN, Surg.-Capt. T. J.	Imperial Light Horse .	South Africa . 1901
CRIMMIN, Surg. (now Lt.-Col.) J.	Indian Medical Service	Burma . . . 1889
CROWE, Lieut. J. P. H.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1857
CUBITT, Lieut. (late Col.) W. G.	Indian Army	„ „ 1857
CUNINGHAME, Lieut. (late Col. Sir) W. J. M.	Rifle Brigade	Crimea . . . 1854
CURTIS, Private (now Corporal) A. E.	East Surrey R. . . .	South Africa . 1900
CURTIS, Boatswain's Mate H.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
DALTON, Assistant-Commissary J. L.	Army Service Corps .	Zululand . . 1879
DANAHER, Trooper (now Sergeant) J.	Nourse's Horse . . .	South Africa . 1881
DANIELS, Midshipman E. St. J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1854-5
D'ARCY, Captain C. .	Frontier Light Horse .	Zululand . . 1879
DAUNT, Lieut. (late Col.) J. C. C.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
DAVIES, Lieut. (now Capt.) L. A. E. P.	King's Royal Rifle Corps	South Africa . 1901
DAVIS, Captain (late Maj.-Gen.) G.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . . 1855

DAVIS, Private J. . .	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1858
DAY, Lieut. (late Capt.) G. F.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
DE MONTMORENCY, Lt. Hon. R. H. L. J.	21st Lancers	Khartoum . . 1898
DEMPSEY, Private D. .	10th (Lincolnshire) R. .	Ind. Mutiny 1857-8
DIAMOND, Sergeant B.	Bengal Horse Artillery	„ „ . 1857
DICK-CUNYNGHAM, Lt. (late Lt.-Col.) W. H.	92nd (Gordon) Highlanders	Afghanistan . 1879
DICKSON, Lieut. (late Gen. Sir) C.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . . 1854
DIGBY - JONES, Lieut. R. J. T.	Royal Engineers . . .	South Africa . 1900
DIVANE, Private J. .	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Indian Mutiny 1857
DIXON, Captain (late Maj.-Gen.) M. C.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . . 1855
DONOHUE, Private P. .	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1857
DOOGAN, Private J. .	1st Dragoon Guards .	South Africa . 1881
DOUGLAS, Assist.-Surg. (now Lt.-Col.) C. M.	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Andaman I. . 1867
DOUGLAS, Lieut. (now Capt.) H. E. M.	Royal Army Medical Corps	South Africa . 1900
DOWELL, Lieut. (now Lt.-Col.) G. D.	Royal Marine Artillery	Baltic . . . 1855
DOWLING, Private W.	32nd R. (D. of Corn. L.I.)	Indian Mutiny 1857
DOWN, Ensign J. T. .	57th (W. Middlesex) R.	New Zealand . 1863
DOXAT, Lieut. A. C. .	Imperial Yeomanry .	South Africa . 1900
DUFFY, Private T. . .	102nd R. (Royal Dublin Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny 1857
DUGDALE, Lieut. F. B.	5th Lancers	South Africa . 1901
DUNDAS, Lieut. J. . .	Royal Engineers . . .	Bhotan . . . 1865
DUNLEY, L.-Corpl. J. .	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1857
DUNN, Lieut. (afterwards Lt.-Col.) A. R.	11th Hussars	Crimea . . . 1854
DURRANT, Private E.	Rifle Brigade	South Africa . 1900
DYNON, Sergeant D. .	53rd R. (Shrops. L.I.)	Indian Mutiny 1857
EDWARDS, Private T. .	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Soudan . . . 1884
EDWARDS, Lieut. (now Maj.) W. M. M.	Highland Light Infantry	Egypt . . . 1882

ELPHINSTONE, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen. Sir) H. C.	Royal Engineers. . .	Crimea . . .	1855
ELTON, Capt. (late Lt.- Col.) F. C.	55th (Border) R. . .	„ . . .	1855
ENGLEHEART, <i>Sergt. H.</i>	10th Hussars . . .	South Africa .	1900
ENGLISH, Lieut. W. J.	2nd Scottish Horse . .	„ „ .	1901
ESMONDE, Capt. (late Lieut.-Col.) T.	18th (Royal Irish) R. .	Crimea . . .	1855
EVANS, Private S. . .	19th (Yorkshire) R. . .	„ . . .	1855
<i>FARMER, Sergeant D. .</i>	Cameron Highlanders .	South Africa .	1900
<i>FARMER, Lance-Corpl.</i> (now Corporal) J. J.	Army Hospital Corps .	„ „ .	1881
FARQUHARSON, Lieut. F. E. H.	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1858
FARRELL, Q.-M. J. . .	17th Lancers . . .	Crimea . . .	1854
FFRENCH, Lieut. A. K.	53rd R. (Shrops. L.I.) .	Indian Mutiny	1857
FINCASTLE, Lieut. (now Maj.) Viscount	16th Lancers . . .	Upper Swat .	1897
FINDLATER, Piper G. .	Gordon Highlanders .	Dargai . . .	1897
FIRTH, Sergeant W. .	West Riding R. . .	South Africa .	1900
FITZ-CLARENCE, Capt. (now Maj.) C.	Royal Fusiliers . . .	„ „ .	1899
FITZGERALD, Gunner R.	Bengal Horse Artillery	Indian Mutiny	1857
FITZGIBBON, Hospital- Apprentice A. F. . .	Indian Medical Service	China . . .	1860
FITZPATRICK, Private F.	94th R. (Connaught Rangers)	Basutoland .	1879
FLAWN, Private T. . .	„ „ .	„ „ .	1879
FLINN, Drummer T. .	64th (N. Staff.) R. . .	Indian Mutiny	1857
FORREST, Captain G. .	Indian Army . . .	„ „ .	1857
FOSBERY, Lieut. (now Lt.-Col.) G. V.	„ „ . . .	Umbeyla . . .	1863
FOWLER, Private (now Sergeant) E.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Zululand . .	1879
FRASER, Major (late Gen. Sir) C. C.	7th Hussars . . .	Indian Mutiny	1858
FREEMAN, Private J. .	9th Lancers . . .	Indian Mutiny	1857
GARDINER, Col.-Sergt. G.	57th (Middlesex) R. .	Crimea . . .	1855
GARDNER, Quarter- Master-Sergt. W.	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1858

GARVIN, Col.-Sergt. S.	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Indian Mutiny 1857
GIFFORD, Lieut. E. F. (now Major Lord)	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Ashanti . 1873-4
GILL, Sergt.-Major P.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
GLASOCK, Driver H. H.	Royal Horse Artillery .	South Africa . 1900
GOATE, Lance - Corpl. (late Corpl.) W.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1858
GOODFELLOW, Lieut. (now Lieut.-Gen.) C. A.	Royal Engineers . . . , ,	1859
GOODLAKE, Capt. (late Lt.-Gen.) G. L.	Coldstream Guards . .	Crimea . . . 1854
GORDON, Capt. W. E.	Gordon Highlanders .	South Africa . 1900
GORDON, Lance-Corpl. (now Sergt.) W. J.	West India R. . . .	Gambia . . 1892
GORMAN, Seaman J. H.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1854
GOUGH, Capt. (now Gen. Sir) C. J. S.	Indian Army	Ind. Mutiny 1857-8
GOUGH, Lieut. (now Gen. Sir) H. H.	, ,	, , 1857-8
GOUGH, Major (now Lt.-Col.) J. E.	Rifle Brigade	Somaliland . 1903
GRADY, Private (late Sergt.) T.	4th(Royal Lancaster) R.	Crimea . . . 1854
GRAHAM, Lieut. (late Lt.-Gen. Sir) G.	Royal Engineers . . . , ,	1855
GRAHAM, Private P. .	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny 1857
GRANT, Lieut. (now Major) C. J. W.	Indian Army	Manipur . . 1891
GRANT, Lieut. J. D. .	, ,	Tibet . . . 1904
GRANT, Private P. . .	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1857
GRANT, Sergeant R. (orig. gazetted EWART)	5th R. (Northumber-land Fusiliers)	, , 1857
GREEN, Private (late Col.-Sergt.) P.	75th (Gordon) Highlanders	, , 1857
GRIEVE, Sergt.-Major J.	2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)	Crimea . . . 1854
GRIFFITHS, Private W.	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Andaman I. . 1867
GUISE, Major (Lt.-Gen.) J. C.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny 1857
GUY, Midshipman (now Lieut.) B. J. D.	Royal Navy	China . . . 1900

HACKETT, Lieut. (late Lt.-Col.) T. B.	23rd R. (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny 1857
HALE, Assist.-Surgeon (now Surg.-Maj.) T. E.	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Crimea . . . 1855
HALL, Seaman W. . .	Royal Navy	Indian Mutiny 1857
HALLIDAY, Capt. (now Major) L. S. T.	Royal Marine L.I. . .	China . . . 1900
HAMILTON, Capt. (now Major-Gen.) T. de C.	68th R. (Durham L.I.).	Crimea . . . 1855
HAMILTON, Lieut. W. R. P.	Indian Army	Afghanistan . 1879
HAMMOND, Capt. (now Col. Sir) A. G.	„ „	„ . 1879
HAMPTON, Sergeant H.	The King's (L'pool) R. .	South Africa . 1900
HANCOCK, Private T. .	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1857
HARDHAM, Far.-Major (now Lieut.) W. J.	4th New Zealand Con- tingent	South Africa . 1901
HARDING, Gunner (now Chief Gunner) I.	Royal Navy	Egypt . . . 1882
HARRINGTON, Lieut. H. E.	Bengal Artillery. . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
HARRISON, Boatswain's Mate J.	Royal Navy	„ „ 1857
HART, Lieut. (now Lt.-Gen. Sir) R. C.	Royal Engineers. . .	Afghanistan . 1879
HARTIGAN, Sergt. H. .	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1857
HARTLEY, Surg.-Major (now Lt.-Col.) E. B.	Cape Mounted Rifles .	Basutoland . 1879
HAVELOCK, Lieut. H. M. (late Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, Bart.)	10th (Lincs.) R. . . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
HAWKES, Private D. .	Rifle Brigade	„ „ 1858
HAWTHORNE, Bugler R.	52nd R. (Oxf. L.I.) . .	„ „ 1857
HEAPHY, Major C. . .	Auckland Militia . .	New Zealand . 1864
HEATHCOTE, Lieut. A. S.	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Indian Mutiny 1857
HEATON, Private W. .	The King's (L'pool) R. .	South Africa . 1900
HENDERSON, Trooper H. S.	Bulawayo Field Force .	Rhodesia . . 1896
HENEAGE, Captain (late Major) C. W.	8th Hussars	Indian Mutiny 1858
HENRY, Sergt.-Major (late Captain) A.	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . . 1854

HEWETT, Lieut. (late Vice-Admiral Sir) W. N. W.	Royal Navy	Crimea	1854
HILL, Lieut. A. R. (now Major A. R. Hill-Walker)	58th (Northampt.) R. .	South Africa .	1881
HILL, Sergeant S. . .	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny	1857
HILLS, Lieut. J. (now Lieut. - Gen. Sir J. Hills-Johnes, G.C.B.)	Bengal Horse Artillery	„ „	1857
HINCKLEY, Seaman G.	Royal Navy	China	1862
HITCH, Private F. . .	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
HODGE, Private S. . .	4th West India R. . .	Gambia . . .	1866
HOLLAND, Sergeant E.	Royal Canad. Dragoons	South Africa .	1900
HOLLIS, Farrier G. . .	8th Hussars	Indian Mutiny	1858
HOLLOWELL, Private J.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	„ „	1857
HOLMES, Private J. .	84th (York and Lan.) R.	„ „	1857
HOME, Surgeon (now Surg.-Gen. Sir) A. D.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	„ „	1857
HOME, Lieut. D. C. .	Bengal Engineers . .	„ „	1857
HOOK, Private H. . .	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
HOPE, Lieut. (now Lt.-Col.) W.	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Crimea . . .	1855
HORE-RUTHVEN, Capt. Hon. A. G. A.	Highland Light Infantry	Soudan . . .	1898
HOUSE, Private W. .	Royal Berks. R. . . .	South Africa .	1900
HOWSE, Captain (now Major) N. R.	N. S. Wales Med. Staff Corps	„ „	1900
HUGHES, Private (afterwards Corpl.) M.	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Crimea . . .	1855
HUMPSTON, Private (afterwards Sergt.) R.	Rifle Brigade	„ . . .	1855
IND, Shoe-Smith A. E.	Royal Horse Artillery .	South Africa .	1901
INGOUVILLE, Captain of Mast G.	Royal Navy	Baltic	1855
INKSON, Lieut. (now Capt. E. T.	Royal Army Medical Corps	South Africa .	1900
INNES, Lieut. (now Lt.-Gen.) J. J. M'L. . .	Bengal Engineers . .	Indian Mutiny	1858
IRWIN, Private C. . .	53rd R. (Shrops. L.I.) .	„ „	1857

JARRETT, Lieut. (late Col.) H. C. T.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny	1858
JEE, Surgeon (late Dep.-Insp.-Gen.) J.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	„ „	1857
JENNINGS, Roughrider E.	Bengal Artillery . . .	„ „	1857
JEROME, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen.) H. E.	86th R. (Royal Irish Rifles)	„ „	1858
JOHNSTONE, Capt. R. .	Imperial Light Horse .	South Africa .	1899
JOHNSTONE, Stoker W.	Royal Navy	Baltic . . .	1854
JONES, Lieut. (now Lt.-Col.) A. S.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny	1857
JONES, Captain H. M.	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Crimea . . .	1855
JONES, Private R. . .	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Zululand . .	1879
JONES, Private W. . .	„ „	„ „	1879
KAVANAGH, Assist.-Commis. T. H.	Indian Civil Service .	Indian Mutiny	1857
KEATINGE, Capt. (late Gen.) R. H.	Bombay Artillery . .	„ „	1858
KELLAWAY, Boatswain J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1855
KELLS, Lance - Corpl. (late Trum.-Maj.) R.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny	1857
KENNA, Capt. (now Lt.-Col.) P. A.	21st Lancers	Khartoum . .	1898
KENNEDY, Private C.	Highland L.I. . . .	South Africa .	1900
KENNY, Private J. . .	53rd R. (Shrops. L.I.)	Indian Mutiny	1857
KERR, Lieut. W. A. . .	Indian Army	„ „	1857
KIRBY, Corpl. (now Sergt.) F.	Royal Engineers . .	South Africa .	1900
KIRK, Private J. . . .	10th (Lincolnshire) R. .	Indian Mutiny	1857
KNIGHT, Corp. H. J. .	The King's (L'pool) R. .	South Africa .	1900
KNOX, Sergt. (late Maj.) J. S.	Scots Guards	Crimea . . .	1854
LAMBERT, Sergt.-Maj. G.	84th (York and Lancs.) R.	Indian Mutiny	1857
LANE, Private T. . . .	67th (Hampshire) R. .	China . . .	1860
LAUGHNAN, Gunner T.	Bengal Artillery . .	Indian Mutiny	1857
LAWRENCE, Lieut. S.H.	32nd R. (D. of Corn. L.I.)	„ „	1857
LAWRENCE, Sergt. (now Lieut.) T.	17th Lancers	South Africa .	1900

LAWSON, <i>Private E.</i> .	Gordon Highlanders .	Dargai . . .	1897
LE QUESNE, <i>Surg.-Capt. (now Maj.) F. S.</i>	Royal Army Medical Corps	Burma . . .	1889
LEACH, <i>Capt. (now Lt.-Gen.) E. P.</i>	Royal Engineers .	Afghanistan .	1879
LEET, <i>Major (late Maj.-Gen.) W. K.</i>	13th R. (Somerset) L.I.	Zululand . .	1879
LEITCH, <i>Col.-Sergt. P.</i>	Royal Engineers . . .	Crimea . . .	1855
LEITH, <i>Lieut. (late Major) J.</i>	14th Hussars	Indian Mutiny	1858
LENDRIM (or LINDRIM), <i>Corporal (afterwards Q.-M.-Sergt.) W. J.</i>	Royal Engineers . .	Crimea . . .	1855
LENNOX, <i>Lieut. (late Gen. Sir) W. O.</i>	„ „ . . „	„ . . .	1854
LENON, <i>Lieut. (late Major) E. H.</i>	67th (Hampshire) R.	China . . .	1860
LINDSAY, <i>Lieut. R. J. (late Lord Wantage)</i>	Scots Guards	Crimea . . .	1854
LLOYD, <i>Surg.-Major (now Col.) O. E. P.</i>	Royal Army Medical Corps	Burma . . .	1893
LODGE, <i>Gunner I.</i> . .	Royal Horse Artillery .	South Africa .	1900
LUCAS, <i>Lieut. (now Rear-Admiral) C. D.</i>	Royal Navy	Baltic . . .	1854
LUCAS, <i>Col.-Sergt. J.</i> .	40th (S. Lancs.) R. . .	New Zealand .	1861
LUMLEY, <i>Major C. H.</i> .	97th (West Kent) R. .	Crimea . . .	1855
LYONS, <i>Private J.</i> . .	19th (Yorkshire) R. .	„ . . .	1855
LYSONS, <i>Lieut. (now Col.) H.</i>	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Zululand . .	1879
LYSTER, <i>Lieut. (now Lt.-Gen.) H. H.</i>	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny	1858
M'BEAN, <i>Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen.) W.</i>	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1858
M'CORRIE, <i>Private C.</i> .	57th (Middlesex) R. .	Crimea . . .	1855
M'CREA, <i>Surg. J. F.</i> .	Cape Mounted Yeomanry	Basutoland .	1881
M'DERMOND, <i>Private J.</i>	47th (N. Lancs.) R. .	Crimea . . .	1854
M'DONELL, <i>W. F.</i> . .	Indian Civil Service .	Indian Mutiny	1857
M'DOUGALL, <i>Private J.</i>	44th (Essex) R. . . .	China . . .	1860
M'GAW, <i>Lance-Sergt. S.</i>	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Ashanti . . .	1874
M'GOVERN, <i>Private J.</i>	101st R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
M'GREGOR, <i>Private R.</i>	Rifle Brigade	Crimea . . .	1855

M'GUIRE, Sergt. J.	101st R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
M'HALE, Private P.	5th R. (Northumberland Fusiliers)	„ „	1857
M'INNES, Gunner H.	Bengal Artillery . . .	„ „	1857
M'KECHNIE, Sergt. J.	Scots Guards . . .	Crimea . . .	1854
M'KENNA, Col.-Sergt. (now Ensign) E.	65th (York and Lancs.) R.	New Zealand .	1863
M'MASTER, Assist.-Surg. V. M.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1857
M'NEILL, Lieut.-Col. (late Maj.-Gen. Sir) J. C.	107th (Royal Sussex) R.	New Zealand .	1864
M'PHERSON, Col.-Sergt. S.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1857
M'QUIRT, Private B.	95th (Derbyshire) R.	„ „	1858
M'WHEENEY, Sergt. W.	44th (Essex) R.	Crimea . .	1854-5
MACDONALD, Col.-Sergt. (late Capt.) H.	Royal Engineers . . .	„ . .	1855
MACINTYRE, Major (late Maj.-Gen.) D.	Indian Army . . .	Looshai . .	1872
MACKAY, Private D.	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1857
MACKAY, Corporal (now Lieut.) J. F.	Gordon Highlanders	South Africa .	1900
MACKENZIE, Sergeant (now Capt.) J.	Seaforth Highlanders	Ashanti . .	1900
MACLEAN, Lieut. H. L. S.	Indian Army . . .	Upper Swat .	1897
MACMANUS, Private P.	5th R. (Northumberland Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
MACPHERSON, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen. Sir) H. T.	78th (Seaforth) Highlanders	„ „	1857
MADDEN, Sergt.-Major A.	41st (Welsh) R. . .	Crimea . . .	1854
MAGNER, Drummer M.	33rd (West Riding) R.	Abyssinia . .	1868
MAHONEY, Sergt. P.	102nd R. (Royal Dublin Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
MAILLARD, Surg. W. J.	Royal Navy . . .	Crete . . .	1898
MALCOLMSON, Lieut. J. G.	Indian Army . . .	Persia . . .	1857
MALONE, Sergeant J.	13th Hussars . . .	Crimea . . .	1854
MANGLES, R. L.	Indian Civil Service	Indian Mutiny	1857

MANLEY, Assist.-Surg. (late Surg.-Gen.) W. G. N.	Royal Artillery . . .	New Zealand . 1864
MANSEL-JONES, Capt. C.	W. Yorkshire R. . .	South Africa . 1900
MARLING, Lieut. (now Col.) P. S.	King's Royal Rifle Corps	Soudan . . . 1884
MARSHALL, Q.-M.-S. (now Major) W. T. .	19th Hussars	„ . . . 1884
MARTIN-LEAKE, Surg.- Capt. A.	South African Con- stabulary	South Africa . 1902
MARTINEAU, Sergt. H. R.	Protectorate Regiment	„ „ . 1899
MASTERSON, Lieut. (now Major) J. E. I.	Devonshire R. . . .	„ „ . 1900
MAUDE, Captain (late Col.) F. C.	Royal Artillery . . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
MAUDE, Major (late Sir) F. F.	3rd (East Kent) R. . .	Crimea . . . 1855
MAXWELL, Lieut. (now Lt.-Col.) F. A.	Indian Army	South Africa . 1900
MAYGAR, Lieut. L. C.	Victorian Mount. Rifles	„ „ . 1901
MAYO, Midshipman A.	Royal (Indian) Navy .	Indian Mutiny 1857
MEIKLEJOHN, Captain M. F. M.	Gordon Highlanders .	South Africa . 1899
MELLISS, Captain (now Lt.-Col.) C. J.	Indian Army	Ashanti . . . 1900
MELVILL, Lieut. T. .	24th R. (S.W. Borderers)	Zululand . . . 1879
MILBANKE, Captain (now Major) Sir J. P.	10th Hussars	South Africa . 1900
MILLAR, Private D. .	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1859
MILLER, Lt.-Col. F. .	Royal Artillery . . .	Crimea . . . 1854
MILLER, Conductor (late Major) J.	Bengal Ordnance Corps	Indian Mutiny 1857
MITCHELL, Captain of the Foretop S.	Royal Navy	New Zealand . 1864
MONAGHAN, Trumpeter T.	2nd Dragoon Guards .	Indian Mutiny 1858
MONGER, Private G. .	23rd R. (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	„ „ . 1857
MOORE, Lieut. (now Major-Gen.) A. T.	Indian Army	Persia . . . 1857
MOORE, Colonel H. G.	88th R. (Conn. Rangers)	South Africa . 1877

MORLEY, Private S.	Army Service Corps	Indian Mutiny	1855
MOUAT, Surgeon (late Surg.-Gen. Sir) J.	6th Dragoons	Crimea	1854
MOYNIHAN, Sergt. A.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	„	1855
MULLANE, <i>Sergt. (now Sergt.-Major) P.</i>	Royal Horse Artillery	Afghanistan	1880
MULLINS, <i>Capt. (now Major) C. H.</i>	Imperial Light Horse	South Africa	1899
MUNRO, Col.-Sergt. J.	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1857
MURPHY, Private M.	Army Service Corps	„	1858
MURPHY, <i>Private T.</i>	24th R. (S. Wales Borderers)	Andaman I.	1867
MURRAY, <i>Lance-Corpl. (now Corporal) J.</i>	94th R. (Connaught Rangers)	South Africa	1881
MURRAY, <i>Sergeant J.</i>	68th R. (Durham L.I.)	New Zealand	1864
MYLOTT, Private P.	84th (York and Lan.) R.	Indian Mutiny	1857
NAPIER, <i>Sergeant W.</i>	13th R. (Somerset L.I.)	Indian Mutiny	1858
NASH, Corporal W.	Rifle Brigade	„	1858
NESBITT, <i>Capt. R. C.</i>	Mashonaland Mounted Police	Rhodesia	1896
NEWELL, Private R.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny	1858
NICKERSON, <i>Lieut. (now Capt.) W. H. S.</i>	Royal Army Medical Corps	South Africa	1900
NORMAN, Private W.	7th R. (Royal Fusiliers)	Crimea	1854
NORWOOD, <i>Sec. Lieut. (now Captain) J.</i>	5th Dragoon Guards	South Africa	1899
NURSE, <i>Corporal G. E.</i>	Royal Field Artillery	„	1899
O'CONNOR, <i>Sergt. (now Maj.-Gen.) L.</i>	23rd R. (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	Crimea	1855
ODGERS, Seaman W.	Royal Navy	New Zealand	1860
O'HEA, Private T.	Rifle Brigade	Canada	1866
OLPHERTS, <i>Capt. (late Gen. Sir) W.</i>	Bengal Artillery	Indian Mutiny	1857
OSBORNE, <i>Private J.</i>	58th (Northampton) R.	South Africa	1881
O'TOOLE, <i>Sergeant T.</i>	Frontier Light Horse	Zululand	1879
OWENS, Corporal (afterwards Sergt.) J.	49th (Royal Berks.) R.	Crimea	1854
OXENHAM, Corpl. W.	32nd R. (D. of Corn. L.I.)	Indian Mutiny	1857
PALMER, Private A.	Grenadier Guards	Crimea	1854
PARK, <i>Sergeant J.</i>	77th (Middlesex) R.	„	1854-5

PARK, Gunner J. . .	Bengal Artillery . . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
PARKER, Sergeant C. .	Royal Horse Artillery .	South Africa . 1900
PARKES, Private S. .	4th Hussars	Crimea . . . 1854
PARSONS, Lieut. F. N.	Essex Regiment . . .	South Africa . 1900
PATON, Sergeant J. .	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1857
PEARSON, Private J. .	86th R. (Royal Irish Rifles)	„ „ 1858
PEARSON, Private J. .	8th Hussars	„ „ 1858
PEEL, Captain (Sir) W.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . 1854-5
PENNELL, Lieut. (now Capt.) H. S.	Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby R.)	Dargai . . . 1897
PERCY, Lieut.-Col. Hon. H. H. M. (afterwards Lord Percy)	Grenadier Guards . .	Crimea . . . 1854
PERIE, Sapper J. . .	Royal Engineers . . .	„ . . . 1855
PHILLIPS, Ensign E. A. L.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
PHIPPS-HORNBY, Maj. (now Col.) E. J.	Royal Horse Artillery .	South Africa . 1900
PICKARD, Lieut. A. F.	Royal Artillery . . .	New Zealand . 1863
PITCHER, Lieut. (late Capt.) H. W.	Indian Army	Umbeyla . . 1863
PITTS, Private J. . .	Manchester Regiment .	South Africa . 1900
PRENDERGAST, Lieut. (now Gen. Sir) H. N. D.	Madras Engineers . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
PRETTYJOHN, Colour- Sergeant J.	Royal Marine L.I. . .	Crimea . . . 1854
PRIDE, Captain of After- Guard T.	Royal Navy	Japan . . . 1864
PROBYN, Captain (now General Sir) D. M.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
PROSSER, Private J. .	1st R. (Royal Scots) .	Crimea . . . 1855
PURCELL, Private J. .	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1857
PYE, Sergt.-Major C. .	53rd R. (Shrops. L.I.) .	„ „ 1857
RABY, Lieut. (now Rear-Admiral) H. J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
RAMAGE, Sergt. H. .	2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)	„ . . . 1854
RAMSDEN, Trooper (now Lieut.) H. E.	Protectorate Regiment	South Africa . 1899
RAVENHILL, Private G.	Royal Scots Fusiliers .	„ „ . 1899
RAYNOR, Captain W. .	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857

READE, Surg. (late Surg.-Gen.) H. T.	61st (Gloucester) R.	Indian Mutiny	1857
REED, Capt. (now Major) H. L.	Royal Field Artillery	South Africa	1899
REEVES, Seaman T.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1854
RENNIE, Lieut. (late Lieut.-Col.) W.	90th R. (Scottish Rifles)	Indian Mutiny	1857
RENNY, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen.) G. A.	Bengal Horse Artillery	„ „	1857
REYNOLDS, Surg.-Maj. (now Brig. - Surg. - Lieut.-Col.) J. H.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Zululand . .	1879
REYNOLDS, Private W.	Scots Guards	Crimea . . .	1854
RICHARDSON, Sergt. A. H. L.	Strathcona's Corps . .	South Africa	1900
RICHARDSON, Private G.	34th (Border) R. . . .	Indian Mutiny	1859
RICKARD, Q.-M. W.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1855
RIDGEWAY, Capt. (now Col.) R. K.	Indian Army	Naga Hills	1879
ROBERTS, Chief Gun- ner J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . .	1855
ROBERTS, Lieut. F. S. (now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts)	Bengal Artillery . .	Indian Mutiny	1858
ROBERTS, Lieut. Hon. F. H. S.	King's Royal Rifle Corps	South Africa	1899
ROBERTS, Private J. R.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny	1857
ROBERTSON, Sergt.- Maj. (now Lieut.) W.	Gordon Highlanders .	South Africa	1899
ROBINSON, Seaman E.	Royal Navy	Indian Mutiny	1858
RODDY, Ensign (after- wards Col.) P.	Indian Army	„ „	1858
RODGERS, Private G.	71st R. (Highland L.I.)	„ „	1858
ROGERS, Sergt. J.	South African Con- stabulary	South Africa	1901
ROGERS, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen.) R. M.	44th (Essex) R. . . .	China . . .	1860
ROLLAND, Capt. G. M.	Indian Army	Somaliland	1903
ROSAMOND, Sergt.- Maj. M.	„ „	Indian Mutiny	1857
ROSS, Corporal J.	Royal Engineers . .	Crimea . . .	1855
ROWLANDS, Capt. (now Gen. Sir) H.	41st (Welsh) R. . . .	„ . . .	1854

RUSHE, Sergt.-Major D.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny	1858
RUSSELL, Captain (late Lt.-Col.) Sir C.	Grenadier Guards . .	Crimea	1854
RYAN, Private J. . .	102nd R. (Royal Dublin Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
RYAN, Lance-Corpl. J.	65th (York & Lances.) R.	New Zealand .	1863
RYAN, Drummer M. .	101st R. (Royal Munster Fusiliers)	Indian Mutiny	1857
SALKELD, Lieut. P. .	Bengal Engineers . .	„ „	1857
SALMON, Lieut. (now Admiral of the Fleet Sir) NOWELL	Royal Navy	„ „	1857
SARTORIUS, Capt. (now Maj.-Gen.) E. H.	59th (East Lances.) R. .	Afghanistan .	1879
SARTORIUS, Capt. (now Maj.-Gen.) R. W.	Indian Army	Ashanti . . .	1874
SCHIESS, Corporal F. C.	Natal Native Forces .	Zululand . .	1879
SCHOFIELD, Capt. (now Maj.) H. N.	Royal Field Artillery .	South Africa .	1899
SCHOLEFIELD, Seaman M.	Royal Navy	Crimea	1854
SCOTT, Captain (late Maj.) A.	Indian Army	Quetta . . .	1877
SCOTT, Private R. . .	Manchester Regiment	South Africa .	1900
SCOTT, Sergt. (now Lt.-Col.) R. G.	Cape Mounted Rifles .	Basutoland .	1879
SEELEY, Seaman W. .	Royal Navy	Japan	1864
SELLAR, Lance-Corpl. (late Sergt.) G.	72nd (Seaforth) Highlanders	Afghanistan .	1879
SHAUL, Corporal (now Sergeant) J. D. F.	Highland Light Infantry	South Africa .	1899
SHAW, Capt. (late Maj.-Gen.) H.	18th (Royal Irish) R. .	New Zealand .	1865
SHAW, Sapper S. . .	Rifle Brigade	Indian Mutiny	1858
SHEBBEARE, Capt. R. H.	Indian Army	„ „	1857
SHEPPARD, Boatswain J.	Royal Navy	Crimea	1855
SHIELDS, Corporal R. .	23rd R. (Roy. Welsh Fus.)	„	1855
SIMPSON, Q.-M.-Sergt. (late Major) J.	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny	1858
SIMS, Private J. J. . .	34th (Border) R. . . .	Crimea	1855
SINNOTT, L.-Corpl. J. .	84th (York & Lances.) R.	Indian Mutiny	1857
SLEAVON, Corporal M.	Royal Engineers . .	„ „	1858
SMITH, Gunner A. . .	Royal Artillery . . .	Soudan	1885
SMITH, Lieut. C. L. .	Duke of Cornwall's L.I.	Somaliland .	1904

SMITH, Captain (late Col.) F. A.	43rd R. (Oxf. L.I.) . .	New Zealand . 1864
SMITH, Lance-Corpl. H.	52nd R. (Oxf. L.I.) . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
SMITH, Corporal J. . .	The Buffs (East Kent R.)	N. W. F. India 1897
SMITH, Sergeant J. . .	Bengal Engineers . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
SMITH, Private J. . .	102nd R. (Royal Dublin Fusiliers)	„ „ 1857
SMITH, Lieut. (now Major) J. M.	Indian Army	Hunza-Nagar 1891
SMITH, Corporal P. . .	17th (Leicester) R. . .	Crimea . . . 1855
SMYTH, Captain (now Major) N. M.	2nd Dragoon Guards . .	Khartoum . . 1898
SPENCE, Troop-Sergt.-Major D.	9th Lancers	Indian Mutiny 1858
SPENCE, Private E. . .	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	„ „ 1858
STAGPOOLE, Drummer D.	57th (Middlesex) R. . .	New Zealand . 1863
STANLACK, Private (now Sergeant) W.	Coldstream Guards . .	Crimea . . . 1854
STEWART, Captain (late Major Sir) W. G. D.	93rd (Arg. and Suth.) Highlanders	Indian Mutiny 1857
STRONG, Private G. . .	Coldstream Guards . .	Crimea . . . 1855
SULLIVAN, Boatswain's Mate J.	Royal Navy	„ . . . 1855
SUTTON, Bugler W. . .	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Indian Mutiny 1857
SYLVESTER, Assistant-Surgeon W. H. T.	23rd R. (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	Crimea . . . 1855
SYMONS, Sergeant G. .	Royal Artillery . . .	„ . . . 1855
TAYLOR, Captain of Forecastle J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
TEESDALE, Lieut. (late Maj.-Gen. Sir) C. C.	Royal Artillery . . .	„ . . . 1855
TEMPLE, Assist.-Surg. (now Lt.-Col.) W.	„ „	New Zealand . 1863
THACKERAY, Lieut. (now Col. Sir) E. T.	Bengal Engineers . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
THOMAS, Bombardier J.	Bengal Artillery . . .	„ „ 1857
THOMPSON, Lance-Corporal A.	42nd (Black Watch) Highlanders	„ „ 1858
THOMPSON, Private J.	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	„ „ 1857

TOMBS, Major (late Maj.-Gen. Sir) H.	Bengal Artillery . . .	Indian Mutiny 1857
TOWSE, Captain E.B.B.	Gordon Highlanders . .	S. Africa . 1899, 1900
TRAVERS, Major (late Gen.) J.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
TRAYNOR, Sergt. W. B.	West Yorkshire R. . .	South Africa . 1901
TREVOR, Captain (now Maj.-Gen.) W. S.	Royal Engineers . . .	Bhotan . . . 1865
TREWAVAS, Seaman J.	Royal Navy	Crimea . . . 1855
TURNER, Lieut. (now Col.) R. E. W.	Royal Canadian Dra- goons	South Africa . 1900
TURNER, Private S. .	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	Indian Mutiny 1857
TYTLER, Lieut. (late Lt.-Col.) J. A.	Indian Army	„ „ 1858
VICKERY, Private (now Corporal) S.	Dorsetshire R. . . .	Dargai . . . 1897
VOUSDEN, Captain (late Col.) W. J.	Indian Army	Afghanistan . 1879
WADESON, Ensign (late Col.) R.	75th (Gordon) High- landers	Indian Mutiny 1857
WALKER, Lieut. (late Gen. Sir) M.	30th (East Lancs.) R. .	Crimea . . . 1854
WALKER, Captain (now Lt.-Col.) W. G.	Indian Army	Somaliland . 1903
WALLER, Lieut. (late Lt.-Col.) W. F. F.	„ „	Indian Mutiny 1858
WALLER, Col.-Sergt. G.	60th R. (King's Royal Rifle Corps)	„ „ 1857
WALTERS, Sergt. G. .	49th (Royal Berks.) R.	Crimea . . . 1854
WANTAGE, Lord. See LINDSAY.		
WARD, Private C. . .	Yorkshire L.I. . . .	South Africa . 1900
WARD, Private H. . .	78th (Seaforth) High- landers	Indian Mutiny 1857
WARD, Sergeant J. . .	8th Hussars	„ „ 1858
WASSALL, Private S. .	80th (S. Staff.) R. . .	Zululand . . 1879
WATSON, Lieut. (now Gen. Sir) J.	Indian Army	Indian Mutiny 1857
WATSON, Lieut. (now Capt.) T. C.	Royal Engineers . . .	Mamund . . 1897
WHEATLEY, Private F.	Rifle Brigade	Crimea . . . 1854
WHIRLPOOL, Private F.	109th (Leinster) R. . .	Indian Mutiny 1858

<i>WHITCHURCH, Surg.-</i>	Indian Medical Service	Chitral . . .	1895
<i>Capt. (now Maj.) H. F.</i>			
<i>WHITE, Major (now</i>	92nd (Gordon) High-	Afghanistan .	1879
<i>Field - Marshal Sir)</i>	landers		
<i>G. S.</i>			
<i>WILKINSON, Bombar-</i>	Royal Marine Artillery	Crimea . . .	1855
<i>dier T.</i>			
<i>WILLIAMS, Private J.</i>	24th R. (S. Wales	Zululand . .	1879
	Borderers)		
<i>WILMOT, Captain (late</i>	Rifle Brigade . . .	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>Colonel Sir) H.</i>			
<i>WILSON, Capt. (now</i>	Royal Navy . . .	Soudan . . .	1884
<i>Admiral Sir) A. K. .</i>			
<i>WOOD, Lieut. (now</i>	17th Lancers . . .	Indian Mutiny	1858
<i>Field-Marshal Sir)</i>			
<i>H. E.</i>			
<i>WOOD, Capt. (late Col.)</i>	Indian Army . . .	Persia . . .	1856
<i>J. A.</i>			
<i>WOODEN, Sergt.-Maj.</i>	17th Lancers . . .	Crimea . . .	1854
<i>(late Q.-M.) C.</i>			
<i>WRIGHT, Private A. .</i>	77th (Middlesex) R. .	„ . .	1854-6
<i>WRIGHT, Capt. W. D.</i>	Royal West Surrey R.	Sokoto . . .	1903
<i>WYLLY, Lieut. G. G. E.</i>	Tasmanian Imperial	South Africa .	1900
	Bushmen		
<i>YOUNG, Sergt. - Major</i>	Cape Police . . .	South Africa .	1901
<i>(now Major) A.</i>			
<i>YOUNG, Lieut. (late</i>	Royal Navy . . .	Indian Mutiny	1857
<i>Commander) T. J.</i>			
<i>YOUNGER, Capt. D. R.</i>	Gordon Highlanders .	South Africa .	1900



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